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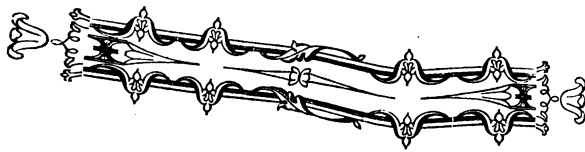


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CORRIGENDA.

Page 56, at line 8, for "son" read "grandson,"
 and line 10, for "grandson" read "son."
 Pages 162 and 164, line 1, for "COURT" read "COUT."



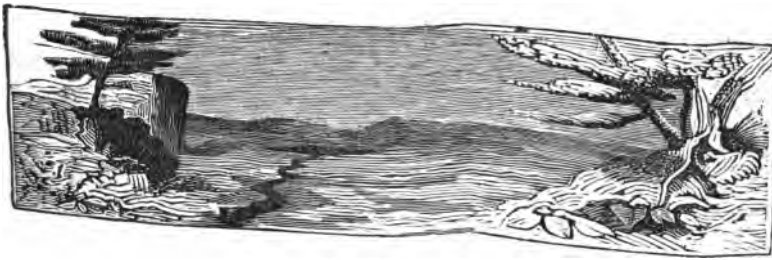


TABLE BOOK

OF

TRADITIONS, LEGENDARY POETRY,

&c., &c.

CUDDY ALDER'S GOOSE PYES,

A Tradition of Weetslett.



ANY of the legendary tales with which we have presented our readers relate to events which have long since passed away, leaving no trace behind them, beyond the interest they may afford in the narration or perusal, and the insight they give us into the rude manners of a half civilised age. It is otherwise with the tale with which we commence our present volume. While we hope it will not fall far short of its predecessors in interest, it will at the same time be seen that the transaction which it commemorates has left real and substantial good fruits behind it.

The parish of Long Benton, in the county of Northumberland, has only been fortunate enough to obtain one permanently endowed charity. The circumstances in which this benefaction originated are peculiar and worth recording. Early in the last century, Mr. Cuthbert Alder, a gentleman of some consideration, living in a very secluded residence on his own property,* at Low Weetslett, had about the festal season of Christmas, made his usual provision for good cheer, and the exercise of hospitality. Among the viands thus stored up was a goodly range of Goose Pyes.

* An estate now belonging to the family of Mr. Ekins, the late rector of Morpeth.

The year 1710 was remarkable for a serious disagreement between employers, which ended in a war in which men were reduced to consideration of their occupation, and maintenance by pilfering, at first, a series of depredations, increased until they assumed an aggravated character of the least scrupulous of these. The known hospitable character of the town yielded at this season an ample booty (it appears more probable) by the selection of the well-stored larder and its plunder. The house as far as regarded its garrison; for Mr. Alder with the preservation of the integuments of the town, visioning the inner, had retained the militia and they were pursuing their operations by day, and there took up arms in this, as in many other cases, the militia was not in numerical force. On the 1st of the knights of the shears took to flight, the full exercise of their daily vocation, they had no stomach for a nocturnal skirmish. In fact the tailors sought refuge from the militia some in another, and one it is said, by an aperture of the chimney flue as a means of escape which already was going on within the town.

Thus abandoned by the militia, Mr. Alder still made good use of his garrison, Alder still made good use of his militia, seconded by the amazonian heroism of the "Trulla" * she hurried to the

* A bold Virago, stout as
As Joan of France, or
Thro' perils both of war
Thro' thick and thin she
In ev'ry adventure h' was
And never him or it for
At breach of wall, or breach
She shar'd i' th' hazard
At beating quarters up,
Behav'd herself with man
And laid about in fight
Than th' Amazonian da

that the savoury goose pyes, in whose com-
had borne a share, should fall a prey to the
Tyne and grace the * huddock of a keel, she se-
as to draw upon herself the main violence of th
the scuffle her arm was broken, and thus w
combat. The scale of victory now inclined to th

Alder being at length overpowered, there
doubt that the ruffians exasperated by his lo
would have added murder to robbery, but for
tion of good feeling in the breast of one of
had been either in Alder's service, (in which
out acquiring some degree of attachment to h
way or other, either in his own person, or that
experienced good offices at Alder's hands, and
punction for the treachery which he had alre
transaction, by pointing out a way of access
interposed to rescue at least the life of his ag
this he succeeded. Probably too the villains
apprehension at this stage of the affair, lest t
the hinds and male servants, who were know
detached outhouse, and they thought it wisest
savoury spoil while the coast was yet clear.

The sensation created by this affair as soon
was most extraordinary; every effort was used t
detection of the perpetrators, and a handsome re
apprehension. For some time however they b
the magistrates. Difficult of access at all times
amphibious mode of life, it is more than prob
screened on this occasion by the members of t
pact fraternity to which they belonged, it wa
matter for the inefficient police of that day to
their haunts. But at length when all hope of
the individuals concerned had well nigh been
their detection was obtained in an unexpected
nary manner, and this by the very individual wh
assault.

Mr. Alder having received some silver, in ex
at a shop on the Quay, at Newcastle, recognized
a coin, which either from being marked, or from
was enabled to identify as part of the property s

* Huddick or Huddock, the cabin of a keel or coal barge

on the night of the burglary keeper whether she could say *fortunately* the mistress of the The slender clue thus obtained stances gradually transpired, searched and confronted by an

To make a long story short, ties to be dealt with according tion for the burglary, and per guilty. The stout and protract Mr. Alder had made elicited exp of his neighbours, and to him als had been offered for the convic noble sense of delicacy he did n of money thus acquired. He re determined to devote it to charita chased therewith a close of land, as Daere's Close, which is situat parish of Tynemouth, which by h churchwardens of Long Benton that part of the parish, know as

Such is the source and origin



LONG BENT

* Dated May 23, 1736. See *Parliament* p. 434.

the bands, his eye unconsciously
of keels as it dropped quietly down.
While gazing thus scarcely conscious
a sound, as of the bleating of a lamb
at first but little heed to a sound
their losses always rung or seemed
of a Tyne-side flock. The sound
and listened again till he became a
delusion of fancy—that it really
it appeared to proceed from the
like every other feature of the
baffle explanation. There remained
cultly lay in the direction from
was not long unsolved; the vessels
recalled the memory of the
pyes. vessels were so gene-

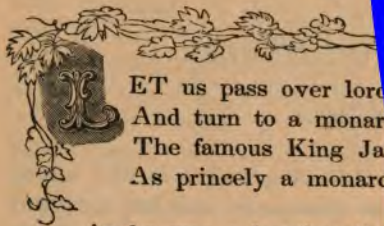
His suspicions were at once
why the same tastes which
Christmas might not also
in Spring. At all events
search. He took to him-
ing light on the mystery
the keels. The even-
haddock of one of the
Thus was the rice
of the day spoiled for
the sheep, now known
plundered kept too
kind. No doubt, it
in due course of
roasted lamb in a
banter of their
second battery of
hand the gently w
pye?" and on the
ivory haddock?"

Pestered and pel-
keelmen for many a
ties of their forefath-
jeers and laughter of
heads in the deep rece-

monarch intended. However
 ballad, and until, by finding
side of the border, we have a
 ENGLISH BORDER, and more so
 The air too is English, and I
 in a forthcoming Number of I

Tollington Park, Middles
 Nov. 21, 1842.

The King



ET us pass over lord
 And turn to a monar
 The famous King Ja
 As princely a monarc

As he was a hunting the
 He dropt all his nobles, an
 In hope of some pastime, a
 Till he came to an ale-hou

And there with a tinkler I
 And him in kind concert s
 "Pray thee good fellow, w
 Which under thy arm thou

"By the mass," quoth the
 And for to drink to thee I
 For altho' thy jacket looks
 I think that my two-pence

"By my soul! honest fello
 And so he sat down with
 They drank to the king, a
 Who'd seen 'em had thoug

As they were a drinking, t
 "What news honest fellow
 "There's nothing of news,
 The king's on the border a

"And much do I wish, I so happy might be,
 Whilst he is a hunting, the king I might see;
 For altho' I've travell'd thro' many long ways,
 I never have yet seen a king in my days."

The king, with a hearty good laughter replied,
 "I tell thee good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
 Thou shalt get up behind me and, I will thee bring
 To the presence of Jamie thy sovereign king."

"But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
 And how shall we tell him from them sir, I pray."
 "Thou'lt easily ken him by this I declare,
 The king will be covered, his nobles all bare."

He got up behind him, and likewise his sack,
 His budget of leather, and tools on his back;
 They rode till they came to the merry green wood,
 His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
 He slyly did whisper the king in the ear,
 Saying "they're all cloth'd so gloriously gay,
 But which amongst them, is the king, sir, I pray."

The king did with hearty good laughter reply,
 "I tell thee good fellow it's thou, or 'tis I,
 The rest are bareheaded, uncover'd all round"—
 With his bags and his budget he fell to the ground.

The king craved his name, "I am John of the dale,
 A mender of kettles, a lover of ale"
 "Rise up Sir John, great honour thou'st wear,
 I make thee a knight of three thousand a year."

Sir John of the dale he has land, he has fee,
 At the court of the king who so happy as he.
 Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,
 And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.

NESHAM.—“DRU



HE villa
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cop, near Appleby, in Westmoreland, matriculated at Oxford as a gentleman of the Inner Temple, and at the age of sixteen entered the University of Cambridge. While he continued in college. “While he continued in college, he avoided the paths of logic and philosophy, and devoted himself to Greek and Roman history, in which afterwards removed to Cambridge, and became “a captain of a foot company, and lieutenant in the county of Westmoreland.” His publications were numerous; the titles are enumerated in the following list. His publication, however, is now proved, to be the author of “Drunken Barnaby;” a production which alone will rescue his name from obscurity. A curious poem, which in doggerel lines occupies two opposite columns, contains the following description of the north of England, thus recorded:—

“Thence to Nes
Valleys smiling
Streaming river
Deck’d with tu
Graced by a lov

This lovely lady was Miss J. Lawson, to whom Henry VI. was married. The wife of the possessions of Nesham, though it is to be hoped, is only spoken in character.

"Thence to Darlington, where I boused,
Till at length I was espoused;
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared:
All night long by th' pot I tarried,
As if I had not been marry'd."

About the year 1644, he became possessed, on the death of his wife's nephew, of half the family estate at Nesham. He seems to have lost his first wife, and the property along with her; as he is said to have removed in the latter part of his life, to Appleton, near Catterick, in Yorkshire, upon what his biographer calls "an employment, or rather a second marriage." He lived to an advanced age, and dying there, May 4, 1673, was buried at Catterick, leaving behind him the character of a well bred gentleman, and a good neighbour."—*Guide to Dinsdale.*

The author of that curious production, *Drunken Barnaby*, is now fully ascertained to be Richard Braithwaite, of Burnishead, in Westmoreland, esq. author of various other works, not anonymous. He is here at least relating a piece of his own history, for he was married at Hurworth, May 4, 1617, to Frances daughter of James Lawson, of Nesham abbey, esq. by Jane, daughter of sir John Conyers. He out-lived his wife, and wrote her epitaph.

"Near Darlington was my dear darling borne,
"Of noble house, which yet bears honor's forme,
"Teese, seated Sockburn, where by long descent
"Conyers was lord."

Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.

LISTON.

When this popular actor was performing in the company of Mr. Stephen Kemble, a dispute arose between the manager and the performers, respecting the arrangements adopted by the former for playing on alternate nights at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, &c., by which the latter were much harassed. A rebellion being likely to ensue, Mrs. K. was understood to have said, that the company might leave as soon as they chose, "for there were actors to be got on every hedge." Shortly after, Liston and some others, walking along the road from Newcastle to Shields, perceived a post-chaise at some distance behind them, which they knew was conveying Mrs. K. to the place of their destination. Immediately, Mr. Liston clambered among the bushes to the top of the hedge; and when the chaise came

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formed rocks of Sewing Shields. A long deep winding ravine, filled with this beautiful forest, occasionally permitting the exposure of rugged rocks and bold projections, through which the river sometimes hurries on in noisy ripples, and sometimes winds slowly round a circular valley, resembling the bed of some ancient lake, but now covered with green and forming a beautiful relief to the darker landscape around.*

But the most attractive feature in the scene is the ruined remnant of Staward Peel [or Fort]. Situated on a bold escarpment of the right bank, and exposing its old grey ruin, and the wall which now encloses a verdant space, the gaze of the spectator is at once arrested, and he is carried back to the stirring events which caused its erection. This was not the fortress of the strong and the proud, from whose massive portals the border Baron issued upon his ruinous and ruthless raid. It was the castle of the weak and the poor. Let it not on that account lose one of its charms in the mind of the spectator. Subject to the constant incursions of the ruthless Scots for so many generations, the inhabitants of Tynedale and the Borders were compelled to adopt in their daily habits and pursuits, and in their most permanent arrangements relating to their property, a regularly organized system of defence. Holding their lands by a species of military tenure they were legally leagued together in perpetual union for the purposes of mutual protection. The far distant *need-fire* or beacon light proclaimed the approach of foes long before the havoc could begin.

“A sheet of flame, from the turret high,
 Waved like a blood flag on the sky;
 All flaring and uneven;
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
 Each with warlike tidings fraught;
 Each from each the signal caught;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night,
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
 Haunted by the lonely earn;
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.”

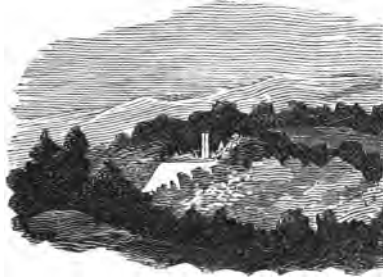
* In wandering about this interesting spot which changes its forms with every devious step, the continental traveller cannot fail to be reminded of the romantic ravines of the Tyrol, or the wooded gorges of the Pyrenees. It is not wonderful that the Swiss peasant who, some years ago, accompanied his master through this country, should on the first burst of the view from Cupola bank, be irresistibly called back to the scenes of his native country, and exclaim with uplifted hands, “Ah! my Fatherland, my own Fatherland.”

Thus warned of the coming of the bitants hastened to place themselves in security, there to remain till the storm, of all such places the most unassailable and the most high angular cliff of great height left by most precipitous rocks, land only by a narrow ridge, a defence, and which even in the place of refuge might in the future. Here then from far and wide the valuable effects of the now peaceful valley have been the ing of the lamb, the crying of the din of war! On, the constant murmers of coming have swept, in continuous breathless people, eager for treasures from the hands of despair, of gladness of doubt and dismay, and daring skill, of which must so often have witnessed foes, are happy in the plation of those captives to oblivion and neglect the theatres of her which hung the de forgotton that they age, that they rely poor," and that the ral beauty with the

Grey Street

It is natural should still be a in the ground but may still excite are accordingly by means of d this sober age

It would appear also that a more modern right to exercise his vocation in the ruins of is a tradition on the subject, by which it seems like other arts, is capable by the proper progressive adaptation to the exigencies of an al



STAWARD PEEL.

Dickey of Kingswool



IN the early part of the in Staward Peel a mar by the appellation of " He was a gentleman being able to accomplish more by cunning, and bloodshed. And he was afraid of no n himself for being able without bodily harm to himself or his victims. tact is as follows:—

On passing a farm-house at Denton Burn, 1 of fat oxen in an adjoining field particularly at and he was resolved to become their possessor done comfortably. Accordingly, skulking about the field and drove them off. The farm loss the following morning set off in pursuit—but track, travelled toward the Tweed without being them. Dickey had in the meantime taken a v arriving at Lanercost, in Cumberland, met with greatly admiring his cattle, bought them. Dickey meet with such a customer—partly for thus riddi

VOL. II.

* Communicated by Mr. W. Patterson, Bishopw

that he could not have account of an excellent mare. Accompanied the old gentleman asked him to sell his mare, for all Cumberland would buy. "I cannot blame you," replied the farmer, "but I will keep her close, as unlikely as it may seem, that the stable should be empty soon. I will keep her close to you—she sleeps in the same stall as the old mare—foot—I keep her at her manger. I will not let you hear her grinding her corn at night. I have recommended his caution, though it is a startling difficulties in his path, but I will do it. "But I hope you have given up the idea." "You shall see it," replied the farmer. The mare was wanted, so after a careful search, the farmer found to be the real thing—just such a mare as he would be impossible to pick, Dickey took his hands with his customer and departed.

The old farmer (who was a hardy fellow) took her accustomed post betook himself to his morning, shivering with cold, and without any covering of any kind. Arising from his bed, he found his blankets spread upon the floor, and he found open. Turning towards the stable, he found empty—his favourite was gone. The farmer locked—stripped him of his covering, and without any noise being heard, and had the mare. His servants—commenced a pursuit—beyond a few yards from his own door, the farmer was merable upon the impudent thief. In the mean time, Dickey (for he was a cunning fellow) directed his flight towards the neighbourhood, directed his flight towards the neighbourhood of his mare that by the break of day he would be safe from all pursuit. On crossing the river, he met a person whom he recognized as the honest farmer. The honest farmer it appeared to him, and he inquired his real character, enquired if he had any more travels, describing them most minutely. The honest farmer hesitated said he had, and directed him to the place he had sold them. "You ride a fine horse," said the honest farmer. "I am completely knocked up with the horse." After much chaffering, a bargain was struck.

the farmer and Dickey parted; the former to seek his stolen property from the owner of the stolen mare, on which he was riding—and the latter to where ever his genius might direct him. The farmer on arriving at Lanercost, instantly recognized his oxen grazing in a field, and rode up towards an elderly person whom he supposed to be the master. “I say friend these are my cattle in your field, how did you come by them?” “And I’m d—d,” replied the other “but that is my mare, how did you come by her?” On each describing the person from whom they had purchased their property they discovered that they had been duped by a rogue of no common order. So ludicrous did the whole appear, even to them who were the sufferers by it, that they joined in a loud peal of laughter on the subject, after which they set about putting matters to right. There was evidently no way of accomplishing this but one, seeing that Dickey was not there to refund the cash he had got, so a fair exchange took place, and so overjoyed was each at the recovery of his property, that in the storm of joy, Dickey was forgotten, and quietly allowed to pocket the price of both mare and oxen.

INTEGRITY.

JOSEPH ATKINSON, of Sunderland bridge, in the neighbourhood of Durham, worked, in his younger days, as a cabinet maker in London. He was one day sent for to mend a bureau, of very curious workmanship. Before he set about his work, he asked the gentleman, who employed him, if he had left nothing of value in the drawers. The gentleman told him, he had taken every thing out of the drawers; he however, opened them before him, and then left him to his work. Atkinson judging, from the appearance of the bureau, that there were many private drawers in it, and knowing, as a workman, where to look for the most secret, came at last to one, which the owner (who had not been long in possession of the bureau) had overlooked. It was full of gold pieces, so closely packed, that they could not be discovered by any motion of the bureau. Atkinson seeing the treasure, instantly broke into a prayer, that he might be able to resist the temptation, and ran to call the master of the house. He came and was not more rejoiced than surprised at the discovery which Atkinson had made. He rewarded him with a handsome present. But his best recompence, he says, has been the heart-felt satisfaction, which he had, through the course of a long life, (he is eighty seven years old) from the consciousness of having resisted a temptation to dishonesty, which no human witness could have betrayed.—*Pennington's Moral Annals*, 1793.



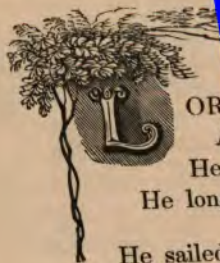
BROWN'S recitation, Scotland, one in MS a third in the poss Epsom, taken from fourth, about one picked off an old wall "printed for the s *Stirling* broad sheet slightly from the E by Hoggett, Durha Jamieson remarks, t not be Beichan, &c., in all the copies," [the name otherwise copies from it.] "a slightly tintured w so] "he has chosen Jamieson enquired of the ballads, wou might have been int be neither Beichan, ancient Northumbria said, with very little to them." In a coll bers, esq., and publi the name of "*Youn* ballads, and Mr. C broadsheets. The *several* broad sheets, have endeavoured expunging everythin

wherever I could avoid it, abstaining from *conjectural emendations*. Whenever I had any doubt about the true reading, from there being a variation in the copies before me, I have adopted that which seemed to be most in character with the ordinary style and language of ancient English Ballads, of which old *printed* copies have been handed down to our times. Although convinced that *Bertram* is the proper name of the Hero, I have adopted "*Beichan*" from Jamieson's copy, not having met with the name of *Bertram* in any printed copy. All the broadsheets read "*Bateman*," but it is so thoroughly *un-Northumbrian* that I could not think of perpetuating the name in the Table Book, and have therefore chosen the more euphonious one of *Beichan*. While, however, I have in one instance rejected the authority of the broadsheets, I have in another chosen to abide by it, for the name of the Turk's daughter is certainly more likely to have been *Sophia* or *Sophie* than *Susie Pye*, as given by Jamieson! It might be curious to enquire, supposing the hero's name to have been *Bertram*, how it got corrupted to *Beichan*, *Bateman* and *Bekie*. In the word *Bertram*, the letter R occurs twice, a letter which many of the Northumbrian peasantry have great difficulty to pronounce in conversation, and which they have still greater difficulty to articulate when singing—this circumstance might have induced the itinerant minstrels of the North, to select a name to which they could give freer utterance. The ballad of Lord Bateman has given birth to two modern specimens of literary waggery, viz: "*The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*," with plates and annotations, by George Cruikshank* [being a copy of the common English Broadsheets, but turned into the vernacular dialect of Cockaigne], and the *Burlesque Drama of Lord Bateman*, produced at the Strand theatre, London, and in which, a series of *tableaux vivans* after Cruikshank, never fails to convulse the audience with laughter. The Editor of Tait's Magazine, took to task the authors of the above productions, and thought their wit might have been expended in a more becoming manner, than in ridicule of a ballad, which, notwithstanding the corruptions of its *worst* copies, and the absurdities contained in those, which we may consider to be the *best*, has ever delighted, and will continue to delight, the lovers of the simple unadorned strains of our country's ancient "*minstrelsie*." The proper air to which the ballad is sung, is given by Cruikshank, though with one or two burlesque *cadenzas*.

J. H. Dixon.

Tollington Park, Middlesex. Dec. 3, 1842.

* Published by Tilt, London. Cruikshank in this work conjectures that the name of the heroine was suggested to the author, by the mosque of *Santa Sophia* at Constantinople—no doubt of it.



OR
 A
 He s
 He longe

 He sailed ea
 Until he cam
 Where he was
 Who handled

 For he viewed t
 Their way of
 But to Mahound
 Would Beicha

¹ Var. "Some foreign country he
Ballad of Lord Bateman.

² *Termagaunt* was a *Saracenic* deity
time after, the introduction of Maho
served in the Bodleian library, but of
(i. e. *Termagant*) and Mahun (i. e. *M*
thing occurs in *Le Roman de Roncevaux*
monsters swear by *Termagaunt*, as Cha

"ther

His name wa
A perlous ma
He sayde, chi

In the British islands, long after the G
the inhabitants, though they were con
exist as *evil spirits*; and so it was in the
Mahometan faith, its professors firmly
whom *Termagaunt* was one of the C
stitious notion was embraced by the C
spirits were *worshipped* by the Mahome
also, that the religion of Mahomet was
but the true God, they believed that th
that they paid divine honours to their
opinion of the authors of the old roman
was the idea entertained by the author
as refusing to "*bend a knee*" either to
word *Termagant* as applied *now* to a sc
above remarks

So on each shoulder they've putten a bore ;
 In each bore they've putten a tye ;
 And they have made him trail the wine
 And spices on his fair bodie.¹

They've casten him in a donjon deep,
 Where he could neither hear nor see ;
 For seven long years they've kept him there,
 Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,
 So stout and strong there grew a tree,
 And unto it was Beichan chained
 Until his life was most weary.²

This Turk he had one only daughter—
 Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see ;
 And every day, as she took the air,
 Near Beichan's prison passed she.³

[And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
 Tho' she was come of an ill kin ;
 And oft she sighed, she knew not why,
 For him that lay the donjon in.⁴]

O so it fell upon a day,
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing,
 [And aye and ever in her ears,
 The tones of hapless sorrow ring.⁵]

¹ Jamieson's copy reads—In every shoulder they've putten a bore ;
 In every bore they've putten a tree ;
 I have substituted each for every, and tye for tree—the meaning I take to be, that a bore
 (i. e. a ring formed from the perforated trunk of a tree) was placed on each shoulder, to
 which were affixed tyes or ropes. In fact he was harnessed, and made to do the work of
 a horse.

² C. Eng. B. S. Lord Bateman—This verse is sadly mutilated here, and the rhythm
 wholly destroyed.

³ Jamieson's copy—This Moor he had but ae daughter,
 Her name was called Susie Pye.
 In "Young Bekie," France is the scene of the captivity, and the heroine is called
 "Burd Isabel."

⁴ This verse was added by Jamieson.

⁵ Added by Jamieson.

"My hounds the
 My hawks the
 My younger bro
 Fair England

And all night l
 Young Beich
 She's stown the
 And to the p

And she has o
 I wot she o
 Ere she could
 He was lock

But when she
 Sore wonde
 He took her
 "Fair Lad

"Have you
 Or does N
 What could
 That out

"I have go
 And half
 I'll give th
 That out

Near Lond.
 With oth
 I'll give th
 That o¹

¹ Lord Bate
 All ni
 She stol
 And s
² O have y
 Or ca

And before seven
Come back age

Now seven long
And sore she l
For ever a voice,
Said "Beichan
So she's set her
And turned he

She sailed east, s
Till to fair Eng
Where a bonnie s
Feeding his sho

"What news, wh
What news ha
"Such news I h
The like was

There is a wed
[I hear the s
But young Lor
For love of o

She's putten her
Gi'en him the
"Here tak e y
For the e goo

When sh e came
She tirl ed soft
And ready was t
To o p en and l

When he came
So b dly she

1 She ack'd up a
d swore L
A y, we are to

2 In Jamieson's cop e with the p
But this does not agre ave therefo
of his weddin." 1 b
more consistent.

And as m
As wou'
And as m
As wou

Its out th
Aye an
Ye mi
And

"O ho
Of a
She's
And

She asks
And a
And to
That l

Lor d Be
And l
"O well
"Tha
For it c
That's

And qu
Of fit
He's ta
And

"O hav
And
And ha
That

¹ Northumberlea—th
I think ~~it~~ probable th
This verse was a partic
quote it to his friends
Gibbie."

² "I will give all
That if So

Her name he's ch~~ange~~
And he's called ~~his~~

Lord Beichan pre~~pare~~
And sang with ~~he~~
"I'll range no m~~ore~~
Now since my lo

THE VICAR

(FROM THE "

" They are n
That once
Where is t
'Tis felt, n"



On being married,
pious husband, at the
placed over many serve
maids, she became als
of the vicar's childre
elder sisters; and bei
return, she felt ev
tained a fond recol
many an innocent
have felt an inter
have visited Woo
house, where she
the church where
pew in which hi

hapless mariner, or the
the rugged shore ;—
agonised view of human
and dead carcases ;—
exercise of hospitalit
fellow-creatures : thus
acts of beneficence, h
by contrasting with a
enjoyments of the pa

The vicar was descended
his ancestors were an
placing William of N
church of —, in Su
number of their mon
year 1752, was amb
stood sponsor at his
ed was in consequen

Though vicar of V
Mr. Latton's situati
deemed humble enou
which he had been
father's good-will by
losing his fellowship
the church.

A minister in th
acter. What come
accompanied with a s
the pale of episcop
spected ; and if incl

But unfortunately
moderate attention
their parishioners, i
is inconsistent with
hounds waited at th
his morning devoti
ters were sometime
ticipate in the spor
ment in which th
horse-racing.—N
horn ; and, as n
ocean. On the r
used to be held ;
his course," for

reduced to a state of almost
much in love with the tra
uncertain riches."

Hexham, Oct. 17th, 1



LC

THE antiquity of the
Camden, Dugdale, and
a nobleman of high rank
James being once on a vi
proceeded to give his maj
progenitors, and at all
remote as to exceed
quite exhausted, st t me
gang no farther; le on the
my saul, I did no he h
The motto of desec
doubtedly remote wall
less conscience is

" I'll have none
None of your j
And I've got a
And I'll ne'er

" Oh charming
And I will go
I'll kill my own
If you will but

" Oh noble sir
Go home to you
For seven long
But I'll ne'er lo

Now seven long
The old woman
The old woman
And he soon car

Now charming
With her hound
" Now all ye fa
And ne'er love

¹ This line occurs in the b
that ballad was popular, and
Charming Mollee" was wr

² It should probably be
In the reign of the "merry
to be attended by two or three
introduced into this country from

recesses of the hills,
 blights and chills the
 to ornament and beaut
 cheering sunbeam, it
 quicken and refresh.
 theme, with which the
 labour

Delightful

They are the tales "to
 nation "lights its lan
 spirit of unquenchable
 tire, till the more than
 fold their "silver lining
 From them genius has
 poetry has owed most
 mind "like a happy br
 and calling forth the mo

At the head of the ar
 supernatural machinery,
 which the romantic deta
 courtiers—and the im
 ages, in which we are a
 nations very unfrequen
 cording to Alanus de
 Arthur in his time had
 of him," "he says," he
 as our pilgrims return
 talk of him; Egypt
 Armenia, Palestine, Celi

But the fame of the m
 by the extraordinary myst
 ly wounded, it is said, in b
 his ungrateful nephew M
 cherished an attachment
 there to re-infuse the fast-
 tions, his grateful affection
 the whole land shall groa
 "And through the
 Wading through the

* Robert Heron

† A

story of a monk who lived ~~six~~ ⁱⁿ ~~centu~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{haunts on which his re} ~~vered~~ ^{pre} ~~pre~~ ^{his own glory. Indeed, it} ~~would be~~ ^{account for the many differ} ~~ent~~ ^{loca} ~~loca~~ ^{hero's charmed fate. One} ~~reason~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{fiction of enchantment was} ~~not new,~~ ^{formed the basis of some} ~~more~~ ^{ancie} ~~ancie~~ ^{excellence usurped the fame and dis} ~~man~~ ^{manner} ~~Thomas of Ercildoune became~~ ^{prophetic skill, while in some parts of} ~~er, as yet an unpoetic name, has ca~~ ^{legend is too extensively diffused to b} ~~the fragment of some pre-existing opin~~ ^{between the tale of Arthur, and those} ~~testify to its remote original. We find~~ ^{narrative in the marvellous account of} ~~long have slept, in a den, under a cliff~~ ^{of Germany, where there is snow al} ~~winter, though men see the light of t~~ ^{All men may see them there; they a} ~~is not changed; neither do their g~~ ^{the people hold them} ~~in great wors~~ ^{wretch once attempte} ~~d to strip one~~ ^{impious arm was drier} ~~up in the att~~ ^{derful resemblance bet} ~~ween the story~~ ^{and an opinion preval} ~~ent among the ear~~ ^{different character—the} ~~detestable~~ ^{“The Tyrant, as he} ~~was disposse~~ ^{all of the sudden, ne} ~~is there so muc~~ ^{of the burial place} ~~of that brutal prince~~ ^{taken up a very fo} ~~lish imagination, of~~ ^{his being preserved} ~~alive in some other r~~ ^{some words of the} ~~Sybil, that mentions a~~ ^{had fled away, but} ~~that should return ag~~ ^{he was the first, who} ~~persecuted the Chri~~ ^{the last of their p} ~~ersecutors; and that he~~ ^{coming of Antichrist,} ~~atly before the~~ ^{shall appear as the} ~~likewise that Ner~~ ^{or him, who is to bri} ~~must make way~~ ^{action upon all mankind} ~~earth, and destr~~

* Annual Review for

† A Relation of the Death of the Primitive Pers

the briary portal of its passage, followed in his floor was infested with t disturbed by his unhal At length his sinking fa which, as he advanced, entered a vast and vaulted fuel, from a broad crevice a flame, that showed all monarch, and his queen thrones and costly cover faithful and deep-toned table before it, the shepherd reverently, but leisurely from its rustic courtiers began to open the garter; and, as the assumed its antient position not before the monarch

“O

On

Who

But

“Of this favourite thing the place where the king’s denunciation, unable to give any account it occurred. But all the and more recent occurrences a rich hoard of treasures many days together for it, but without success

The version of the of the “pomp of suddenly inherited from to be depended upon

A shepherd one suddenly had his appearance he about it a more than hung over its apparently impressed upon pected occurrence,

he laid hold of, and pursuing the path it pointed out, found it led into a cavern, in the recesses of which, as the guiding line used by miners in their explorations of devious passages, it appeared to lose itself. As he approached, he felt perforce constrained to follow the strange conductor, that had so marvellously come into his hands. After passing through a long and dreary vestibule, he was ushered into an apartment in the interior. An immense fire blazed on the hearth, and cast its broad flashes with a wild—unearthly glare, to the remotest corner of the chamber. Over it was placed a huge caldron, as if preparations were being made for a feast on an extensive scale. Two hounds lay couchant on either side of the fire-place, in the stillness of unbroken slumber. The only remarkable piece of furniture in the apartment was a table, covered with green cloth.* At the head of the table, a being considerably advanced in years, of a dignified mien, and clad in the habiliments of war, sat, as it were fast asleep, in an arm-chair. At the other end of the table lay a horn and a sword. Notwithstanding these signs of life, throughout the chamber there prevailed a dread silence, the very feeling of which made the shepherd reflect that he had advanced beyond the limits of human experience, and that he was now in the presence of objects that belonged more to death than to life! The very idea made his flesh creep. He however had the fortitude left, to advance to the table and lift the horn. The hounds pricked up their ears most fearfully, and the grisly veteran “started up on his elbow,” and raising his half unwilling eyes, told the staggered hind, that if he would blow the horn and draw the sword, he would confer upon him the honours of knighthood, to last through time. But such unheard of dignities from a source so ghastly, either met with no appreciation from the awe-stricken swain, or the terror of finding himself alone in the company it might be of malignant phantoms, who were only tempting him to his ruin, became too urgent to be resisted, and therefore proposing to divide the peril with a comrade, he groped his darkling way, as best his quaking limbs could support him, back to the “blessed” daylight. On his return with a reinforcement of strength and courage, all traces of the former scene had disappeared; the crags presented their usual cheerful and quiet aspect; and every

* This piece of domestic garniture, perhaps now confined to the “pauperum tabernas,” was once deemed not inappropriate to statelier abodes. In the inventory of Sir William Hilton, of Hilton, Knt., 7 Oct., 1600, at Hilton, we are presented with the following gratifying glimpse of the detail of a very important department in the mansions of those times. “In the Parlour: one olde large table, with a grene clothe; xviii buffit stools; an olde chare; three litle formes of firdale; 4 tables with armes: a litle liverie cupborde; a pair of virginalls.” (Surtees’ Durham, Vol. ii. p. 34.) This was the sum total!

vestige of the opening of
 ther of the repeated oppo
 of Britain from the "cl
 chamber, he still sleeps o
 or if invited by his ench
 fairy festival, it has char
 he sits besides her—the

Her guest,
 By sad nec

The groundwork of
 tradition common to all
 respecting their twelve
 several variations, in
 scene is sometimes lai
 sometimes in the deep c
 which run so far benea
 nald Scott's book on V
 century. It would be i
 between the horn and
 it is fool-hardy to awa
 to resist it."

THE
MATCHLESSE MAYDE OF MORPETH.

BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.



GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY the author of the following poem, was son of the celebrated Harry Carey, a successful comic writer in the earlier part of the last century; who, though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial and festive songs, never employed his Muse in opposition to the interests of morality. It has been long understood, that Harry Carey was author of the tune and words of "God save the King." This was mentioned by the late Dr. Arnold, and no person has ever laid claim to this popular composition. He was the avowed author of the words and air of the well-known song "Of all the Girls that are so smart," which Incedon and other singers brought again into vogue. Poor Harry Carey, like many who have no regular profession, and devote themselves to the Muses, was at last reduced to such distress, that he did not wait for Nature to relieve him from the burthen of life, and when he was found dead, had only a half-penny in his pocket. How much it is to be regretted, that the man whose song has so often afforded pleasure to loyal and patriotic hearts, and which has at length become the chief national strain, should himself have fallen a victim to poverty and despair!—George Saville Carey, who was a posthumous child, inherited the misfortunes of his father; but he inherited also his talents in a great degree, though they took another direction. He inherited too his moral qualities; for, though he wrote a vast number of Lyric compositions, they are all intended to awaken patriotic, generous, and amiable emotions. He was at first a printer; and attempted the stage early in life, but did not display such abilities as encouraged him to persevere in theatrical pursuits. He afterwards, for more than forty years, supported himself, in a most precarious manner by his writings and by giving lectures on elocution, mimicry, &c., and his imitations of the most celebrated performers of that day are said to have displayed talents of a very superior order. Yet though he went through various vicissitudes of fortune, he always maintained a decent appearance, and supported the character of an honest man. He possessed musical taste and talents that would have raised him to eminence if he had cultivated them with

diligence, or had not been passing over his head." Newcastle, where he had that he wrote his "Mat" which he had heard in that place in 1807, and in that as a fortunate event for the kindness of Providence upon him; and if he had have subsisted by his common asylums of mi

The Mat



LEAF

And

The

The

On such

The ye

A poore olde

Came kno

All supplyan

The stray

A rugge wa

His face

Some mercy

Who has

Benighted

The wye

The floods

My little

Permit me

Untill th

Now anger like the fyre redd,
In Pyrkyne's face appear'd,
He said he had nor strawe nor shedd
To spare the begging herde.

The poore old mann, was bought to turne,
With sorrowe in his hearte ;
But hearde a female in concerne,
Who pleaded on his parte.

'Twas Pyrkyne's daughter, Rachel fayre,
Who near her father stooode,
She urg'd him with a tender prayere,
To give the poore mann foode.

To shelter him from wynde and rayne,
Untill the morne returne ;
How can you heare the poore complayne,
And sleepe without concerne ?

How can your hearte a scene endure,
Which gives such payne to mene ?
While this she sayde, fell faste and pure
The tears from bothe her eyne.

Now Pyrkyne stampt, and now he swore,
If she did not forgoe
Against his will to urge him more,
He eke would serve her soe.

The poore olde mann on hearing **this**,
Retreated soone with speede,
Cry'd, 'Twould in me be much amisse
To scathe the guiltless heade.

To that fayre mayde shall praise be sung,
Who listens to distresse ;
Around her neck shall gems be hung,
A veste of gold her dress.

Knyghtes shall attend that lovelye mayde,
Whose breasts with pitie froughte ;
A garlande shall adorne her heade ;
By purest vyrgynes wroughte.

H

No more he sayde, but
All hopelesse in the v
When no kynde starr be
No cottage lente a ly

I'th' morning when the
Had beene up full h
The good Sir Walter
Came hastening o'er

He rode to yeoman F
At which he knock
And ere he well cou
The doore it was

Sir Knyghte you're
And bow'd him t
I thank you, Sir, th
But with a looke

He enter'd in and
To Rachel turn
He sayde she was
Her lyke was r

Her bashful eyne
But made him
A blush her dim
Which rose fr

Sir Walter then
Have you a s
An humble beg
Of venerable

Such one, cry'd
And though
He begg'd tha
Untill 'twas

He murmur'd
I heeded r
But soon I s
To seeke

Sir Walter then upstarte strayghte
At Pyrkyne's harshe decree,
Cry'd, If that be a poore mann's fate,
What will become of me;

For he had many a want I weene,
When I have only one,
His rayment thynne, his stomache keene,
To aggravate his boone.

But I'll desemble now no more,
No longer weare disguyse,
I was the beggar at thy doore,
Who su'd with pytyous cryes.

Who drench'd with rayne, and pynch'd with colde,
Did aske for foode and reste,
Who feygn'd to be bothe poore and olde,
Forsaken and distress'd.

Confusion flush'd on Pyrkyne's face,
He had no worde to saye,
Guilte made him feele his owne disgrace,
Which heavy on him laye.

Sir Walter then coulde playnly see,
That Pyrkyne was afrayde,
He looked on him steedfastlye
And thus to him he sayde.

Well may'st thou blushe, well may'st thou bende,
While I thy shame reveale;
If thou wou'dst wish me still thy friende,
There's yet one waye to heale.

This fayre young damsell give to me,
There is no other waye
To recompence the injurie
Thou didst me yesterdaye.

I ask no treasure thou cans't give
To add to fortune's store;
For had I myllyons to receive,
I value Rachel more.

She has a mynd
 Than myser's
 Her mynde is a
 Which guyde

If lovely Rache
 A lover lyke
 She to a statel
 And dwelle

At lengthe the
 In accents s
 If you would i
 Such dygniti

If you would
 In pompous
 Where quallit
 And flattery

When they s
 As Rachel
 A colde cont
 To one wh

Sir Walter t
 Contempte
 It soone wil
 When I tl

When I thy
 Thy quall
 Foul Envie
 To see s

It is too m
 To yelde
 Let all my
 Ere you

If you in c
 You mu
 If truthe
 Thon

Then if my father yields consente,
 My hand shall readie be ;
 For ladies fine would sore repente
 To loose a knyghte lyke thee.

Now Pyrkyne he uplifted was
 With rapture and delyghte,
 Extatic joy o'erspread his face,
 His eyne they twynkl'd bryghte.

If this be not the happiest day
 I ever liv'd to see,
 May ev'ry rising hope decay,
 To breede up miserie.

To that fayre mayde shall praise be sung,
 Who listens to distress ;
 Around her neck shall gems be hung,
 A veste of gold her dress.

Knyghtes shall attend that lovely mayde,
 Whose breasts with pitie froughte ;
 A garlande shall adorne her heade,
 By purest vyrgynes wroughte.





STOCK OF NEVILL
AND OF ITS DESCENDANTS
LORDS OF RABENHURST

B



tinued to preserve,
Waltheof, the elder
of Ethelred, A. D.
father; and Edulph
Canute the Dane.

* ARMS :—*Neville*, of
Nevill or Fitz-Maldred,
bull's head Sable, armed

† The historian Hum-
phrey of the family of *Nevill*, in
both from their opulent
appearance in England."

second wife was Elgiva, daughter of king Ethelred, was married three times, and his descendants formed the stock from which during the next century the earls of Northumberland were principally taken. By his first wife he was father of Aldred, who eventually became earl, and had several daughters: of these the youngest, Aldgi was married to Lyulf and was ancestor of the great Northern family of Lumley, earls of Scarborough; the eldest, Aelfled, was married to Siward who, after slaying Edulph the second, the brother of his then deceased father-in-law, who had become earl, obtained for himself the earldom of Northumberland with an authority extending from the Humber to the Tweed.

This was the doughty Siward whose prowess was so extraordinary that the romancers of the following age, in order to account for it, invented for him a most fantastic genealogy. His grandmother, a Danish princess, had, they said, been ravished by a bear, and, in order to carry conviction to the most incredulous they added, that his father bore visible traces of his geniture in long hairy ears, whence he was called *Berne*. In the time of Edward the confessor he (the earl Siward of *Shakspeare*) commanded the English forces in Scotland which assisted in vanquishing Macbeth and placing Malcolm, the rightful heir, on the throne. He had by Aelfled a son, Osbern, called young Siward in the play, who was killed by the Scots: * and the exclamations over his body, put in the mouth of the father by our great dramatist, are said to have had a foundation in history.†

Siward.

Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siward.

Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death.‡

But to return to earl Uchtred, the grandfather of Siward's wife—Descended from him, as genealogists agree, though they differ as to the line through which the descent is to be traced, was Dolfin, to whom the prior of Durham, in 1131, granted the district of Staindropshire, subject to the annual reserved rent of £5.§ His grandson,

* Siward had, by the same wife, another son who after an interval succeeded to his father's earldom, under the name of Waltheof II; the daughter and coheirress of whom married king David I. of Scotland. Hodgson suggests that the title to the possessions the kings of Scotland long held in Tynedale, which is partly in Cumberland, and partly in Northumberland, may have originated in this marriage. *History of Northumberland*, Part 3. Vol. iii. p. 5.

† See Historical Division, Vol. I. p. 38.

‡ Macbeth, Act 5, scene 7.

§ It soon became, whether originally from right or courtesy, a part of the tenure of Raby, that its Lord should also offer to the prior of Durham a stag, on Holy Rood Day, accompanied with the blowing of horns. The skill in this accomplishment of Robert



BRANCEPA

Robert Fitz-Maldred
 ess of Henry de Nev
 himself been heir, th
 of Brancepath and
 inheritance, or in co
 manize, the Saxon lo
 Nevill.

Robert Nevill, the
 held several importa
 of Henry III. His
 the family patrimo
 Ralph Fitz-Randulph
 that period the for
 eclipsed, by their m
 house.

Their son, Ralph
 Edward I, A.D. 1
 He it was who, in

Nevill, the great grandso
 antique verse given in th

* By this marriage th
 they afterwards built a
 flourishing scion the lord

† His eldest brother
 slain at Berwick in the

cipals in command at the victory of Nevill's cross,* gained over the Scots, the 17th October, 1346. After having in the course of a long life filled several high offices, he died A. D. 1367, and was buried—an honour never before conceded to a layman—in the nave of Durham Cathedral, † where the mutilated altar-tomb and effigies of himself and his lady still exist between the pillars of the southern aisle. He left a son, John lord Nevill of Raby, who degenerated neither in spirit nor in conduct; and, extending our view to the next generation beyond, and thus including the first earl of Westmoreland, we find that the line of Raby were forwarded in their ascent to the highest honours to which a subject can aspire, by the unusual fortune of three successive chiefs of the house possessing exactly the species of talent which suited the age in which they were placed.

To John lord Nevill, who was at different periods warden of the East Marches, governor of Bamborough, high admiral of England, lieutenant of Aquitaine and seneschal of Bourdeaux, is to be chiefly attributed the building of the splendid pile of Raby, which in 1379,



RABY CASTLE, DURHAM.

* See Historical Division, Vol. I. p. 120.

† We may not, however, believe that it was his services that principally gained for him this distinction; for we are told that this "favour he obtained from the Prior and convent for a vestment of red velvet richly embroidered with gold silk, great pearls, and images of saints standing in tabernacles by him given to St. Cuthbert. His body being brought in a chariot drawn with seven horses unto the bounds of the church-yard, and carried upon the shoulders of knights into the middle of the church, where the Abbot of St. Maries in York (by reason of the bishop's absence and impotency of the Prior) performed the office of the dead and celebrated the morrow mass." *Dugdale's Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 295. Where follows an account of the costly offerings made on this occasion to the church, for which see also *Historical Division*, Vol. I. p. 132,

he had a li
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arms, and 1
1388, and l
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His son
Westmorela
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placing the
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the honour of
marriage—tha
honour'd Lan
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Vernon answers

"Pray

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ere the dubious vic
a ruinous defeat.

In a second insu
leader" who, being
force against the re
Shipton moor, near

• She (as well as Joh
presentation of the hous
Lancaster to their mother
were afterwards legitimiz
castle where they had bee
commemorated also in the
crest. This crest, on th
illustrious illegitimate scior

† 1 Part, Henry IV., 4
ted duke of Bedford, regent

†

Scepe archbishop of York, to Henry and the scaffold. Some say that he effected this by deceiving the simplicity of the aged prelate in agreeing to all his proposals; others that he persuaded him to disband his followers, as the only means of appeasing the king and procuring a favourable answer to his petitions.*

In the next reign he followed Henry V. into France, and shared in the victory of Agincourt. With the discrimination of character which Shakspeare invariably exhibits, Westmoreland the veteran experienced warrior, recommends Henry to subdue first his troublesome neighbours on the other side the Tweed :—

“For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

Comes sneaking, and so sucks the princely eggs.”†

In the roll of Agincourt the earl marshal had in his train five knights, thirty lances and eighty archers. Of these, the names of some strike familiarly on a northern ear, as sir Thomas Rokesby, sir John Hoton, Edmond Rodham, Roger Ratcliffe, John Swinborne, John Wardale, John Wytton.‡

Shakspeare preserves the consistency of his character by making him wish, as any reasonable man would do before the commencement of so doubtful a battle,—

“Oh that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to day.”§

While Henry, with real or assumed romantic feeling, answers :—

“The fewer men the greater share of honour.”

The strong light in which Shakspeare brings out Westmoreland in his Henry IV. and Henry V. is a proof that he was even then remembered as a subtile and powerful agent in the intrigues of his age. He died full of years and honours in 1426, and is buried under “a right stately tomb of alabaster”|| in the choir of his own collegiate church of Staindrop. The earl had twenty-one children. From his first bed sprung the earls of Westmoreland. But none of his descendants in this, the elder, line seem to have inherited his

* See Lingard's Hist. of England. Shakspeare adopts the former and less creditable version. 2 Part, Henry IV., Act 4, scene 1 and 2.

† Henry V., Act 1, scene 2.

‡ See Sir N. H. Nicolas' Battle of Agincourt.

§ Henry V., Act 4, scene 3.

|| It bears elaborately attired effigies of himself and his two wives: the lady Margaret Stafford, and the daughter of John of Gaunt. Of this tomb two beautiful engravings are given in Surtees' Durham.

talent or his
houses of Sal
with that of P
Abergavenny :
dent preference

During the
never past from
a gallant soldier
Harry the Fifth
who, with thirty
men taking div
leaving two sons

Ralph, the eld
but he did not in
The Yorkshire
with many a depe
were settled on t
He had by Elizabe
John lord Nevill, v
The earl himself di
ther sir John.



The residence

" There are two recumbent mo
posed to be those of this earl, and c
" The remarkable points in these

Sir John Nevill had, together with the bulk of the northern* gentry, during the wars of the roses, been a supporter of the house of Lancaster; and had received from Henry VI., in reward of his fidelity, the constablership for life of his ancient family castles of Sheriff-Hutton and Middleham, which had become forfeited by the rebellion of his kinsman, Richard Nevill, earl of Salisbury. He had been true to his principles to the last, and had fallen in the ranks of the vanquished at the decisive victory of Towton,† which fixed the crown on Edward's brow.

His only surviving son Ralph‡ succeeded his uncle as third earl of Westmoreland, and was one of the chief persons in the army sent under the command of Thomas Howard, earl of Surry, against James king of Scotland, when he had laid siege to Norham. His days are said to have been shortened by grief, for the loss of his only son, Ralph lord Nevill, who was buried in the chapel at Brancepath, on the south side of the quire.

His grandson, another Ralph lord Nevill, succeeded him as fourth earl of Westmoreland. In 1530, his signature was appended to the

the figures. The Lancaster badge, SS," (a collar formed of which letters was, in his monument, hung round the neck of the first earl), "is now discarded; and we find that of York, the white rose in the sun, adopted; from which is suspended the white boar, Richard the Third's device." *Stothard's Monumental Effigies.*

The apparently final overthrow of the house of Lancaster had no doubt led him to tender that allegiance to the house of York implied by these decorations. A vast change from the conduct he had pursued when he could be described as exclaiming amongst his peers:—

"He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain."

Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 1.

* Thus a messenger is described as entering Sandal castle and informing Edward duke of York:—

"The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle"

Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 2.

The inhabitants of the south, on the contrary, supported for the most part, the pretensions of the duke of York:

Warwick.

Northumberland.

Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,

(Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud),

Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Part 3, Henry VI., Act 1, scene 1.

† Towton is near Tadcaster. The battle was fought on Palm-Sunday, 29 March, 1461.

‡ The change in the value of money since those times is curiously shewn by the fact that "this Ralph, after the death of Elizabeth his mother," (sister and co-heir of Edmond Holland, earl of Kent) "had forty pounds per annum allowed him by the king for his maintenance, being then in minority: and in 4 Henry 6. an augmentation thereof to the sum of fifty pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence, to be paid out of the fee-farm of the Town of Newcastle upon Tyne." *Dugdale's Baronage, Vol. 1. p. 299.*

letter t
 lords sp
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 Henry
 Catherin
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 earl had
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Of H
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 and Jan
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 earl of V
 Spanish,

• She wa
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† By the a
 moreland, in
 vest in the cr
jura regalia, h
 was, that the

bishop of Exeter, and then trans-
eclipsed by the transcendent lustre
who, in consequence of his marriage
and heir of the duke of Warwick,
earl of Warwick and under that title

"Proud setter up and pull
He after having dethroned Henry



BARNARD

of the family, the king had intended be-
Elizabeth Plantagenet. Before howeve
and uncle of the intended bridegroom,
duke was in consequence degraded from
wards, by her marriage with Henry V
roses.

* By this marriage the earl obtained
Baliol's English estates, amongst which
fiscated possessions of Bruce and Bali-
castle of Barnard to Guy Beauchamp,
the Beauchamp's held, with one slight in
the heiress of the last of these brought
earl of Warwick, whose daughter Ann
Richard III. He, when duke of G
Henry VII. after the death of Richar
of the Beauchamps, and widow of th
pose only of acquiring it himself; as i
afterwards vested in the Staffords, du
through the marriage of his father wit
moreland of the Nevill name.

† Part 3 I

the battle of Nevil's-Cross, from one of that family, about a hundred years ago. Some puritanical enthusiasts, in the heat or conclusion of the fight, to have been erected in consequence of the battle, clearly a well-known station. According to Stow, on the north side of the Tyne

John Copland, in taking London, had two of his teeth knocked out.

"Jhon off Cowp
Off forss nouch
The kyng twa t
With a dynt off

"This battell," says Stow, in the year [1346]. The prisoners were taken by the masse, David le Bruse excepted, who received a deadly wound in his head, and he was brought up, and conveyed to London, in sight of all the people, to the tower, neere to the sayde tower, neere to the tower.
—*Annales, &c.*

SIR DAVID HAMILTON
WITH SIR EDWARD



The n
Tec
When
With
Sir Phi
May
The flo
Er fa

1 Mu

It was in the wa
 That thai furt
 Fro covaitise² c
 Tho schrewes
 Schent war tho
 And ailed⁵ u
 For at the Ne
 Nedes bud⁷

At the ersbisso
 Now will i
 For he may, w
 Assoyl us o
 Both Dorem
 Thai wald
 The wirschip
 With wapp
 Mekil wirsch
 And wele
 For syr Dav
 Was in th

When sir D
 Satt on h
 He said of
 Haved he
 Bot hinde
 A wight
 Talked to
 And ker
 Thare was
 So dugl
 The fair
 Haved

Sone tha
 Brought
 And Wi
 With

¹ Wane of the Moon.
⁵ Suffered.
⁹ Weapon.

² Cove
⁶ Unal
¹⁰ Ger

The Scottes, with
Thus went the
For to win Ingl
Whils Edward
For Cuthbert o
Haved thair n
Tharfore at Ne
Law gan thair
Thare louted th
And leved al
Thus was Davi
Into the tou

¹ Low did they bow.





FRANK ST



N the early pa
at Chesterwo
the name of F
stature—gree
swordsman, a
add those of
of mind, we
midable kind
enemy. He
for several

property, and partly at a very low
and such was the terror of his name
his cattle remained untouched, whi
bours were driven off. He also
pleasure, and when a Hexham
them—his reply was, "Come and
that functionary did not think pr

In the early part of his life, th
people were entrusted to the ca
called county keepers, appointe
At this time the south Tyne w
Williamoteswick castle, whilst
of Leehall, of Leehall, near Belli
of protecting their respective ch
for several years the whole of th
continual uproar with their fet
place, in all of which it is eviden
of courage, as Lowes invariabl
steed. At one time he was so
him by shutting a gate in the
let Lowes through) his horse
Haltwhistle hotly pursued by h
Leehall could recover himself
Lowes had his horse killed by
escaped by throwing himself up
cumstance is thus alluded to in
evidently written by a follower

Oh had Lee

As he wa

He wad hav

And lette

treacherous rascals, I'll make t
you," discharging his weapon at
lantern, staggered across the stai
steps, shot through the heart!
over the wall and fled in all di
house, closed the door and retir
had happened.

On the following morning, a
a sheet of blood at the door, at
bouring wood, where, in a has
midnight robber.

In 1715, Stokoe, along with
unfortunate Earl of Derwent
the established government. I
high wall with his horse, but
hide from his pursuers, his fu
France.

We next find him in Londo
others, with the intention of
leader, to his native Dilston th
refuse the lifeless corpse to t
there an Italian swordsman o
ing any man in England to
persuasion of his companions
The skill of the foreigner co
onist with his rapid movem
off his guard—when at a f
the sword into his heart.
antagonist kept to one par
ease any attempt at a cut
immoveable stolidity of his
lounge, when in a moment t
that of Stokoe passed thro
for a second and then expir
moment he fell, "Well done
known, he withdrew with
ceeded in accomplishing th
of the amiable and lamen
of his ancestors. The af
He was a proscribed man.
hood having taken posses
give him up—when he ap
cluded in the general par

hunger is sharper than a thorn¹
(c.)

ison is greener than the grass,
(c.)

e Devil is worse than woman e'er was."
(c.)

e these questions answered had,
(c.)

ht became exceeding glad;
(c.)

ng tried so hard her wit,
(c.)

commended her for it.
(c.)

, as it is verified,
(c.)

of her his lovely bride.
(c.)

t maidens all adieu,
&c.)

ng I dedicate to you.
&c.)

that you may constant prove,
&c.)

men that you do love.
&c.)

e line with the London mendicants; I have in all parts of town
ords "hunger is sharper than a thorn," either pinned to them in
board suspended to the neck.



omy of their remote ancestors, or from some
 s," of which it is the memorial. Perhaps, it
 primitive landmarks, which it would be sacri-
 s it is the trophy of some old battle-field,
 a to the carnage with which it was bedewed,
 which it was contested; perhaps, reared by
 er the tomb of some ancient chieftain, whose
 nger,"—in the days of yore, ere an oblivious
 n the story,—it bore a name, "at which the
 perhaps, it was the rude and unhewn altar,
 ys of heathen idolatry, the Druid priest did
 rifice to sanguinary divinities, and from the
 ove, with which it might have been environed,
 of horror and of blood. The general opinion,
 any unusually bulky stone, which the strength
 lturalist cannot remove beyond the precincts
 variegated with the accumulated lichens of
 eye, in solitary massiveness, upon the waste,
 pot where "bones of mighty chiefs lie hid"—
 urthern Vikingr, had their ill-gotten booty
 order that their posterity, with no other herit-
 might not indulge in disgraceful inaction, or
 f their ruthless race. It is also an accredited
 roubles times, with which past history teems,
 nstrained to adopt the means of concealment,
 such stones offered, to secure their valuables
 e, or Scot, or Pict, or Saxon; till more pros-
 dawn, and they coming back from long exile,
 eld, should possess their patrimonial property,
 expected calm returned not—or the owner hav-
 lands, the prospect of his native scenes never
 more; and his relinquished wealth lies mould-
 dross, in the fields from which hard industry
 led from all benefits it might confer as a portion
 edium.

of such various surmises, while these stones, on
 aken undefined misgivings, from the wild tales
 m, they have likewise become themes of livelier
 incentives they supply to avarice, as being the
 anned treasures. But fearful barriers, sufficient
 est champion in the cause of Mammon, separate
 venturers and "the all-wished-for gold." Argus-
 re hideous and dread than "Demogorgon," have

ulged, but even without the remotest encouragement, labour under a painful constraint, until they are acquainted, as their own household, with domestic affairs. Recognising no merit in privacy, no event of novelty occurred to him was invariably open to him, nor kept a thought within."

of his desperate zeal for communication, more opportunely, than this revelation. It was tempting, and hitherto unbroached theme to the auditory, and to captivate "the ears of the young," "like fire to heather set," the fame of it, became blazed abroad, and the bruit thereof, in sequel, reached the ears of more individuals, all his zest for popular applause, would have been it, who made no scruple of appropriating to himself, the information so obligingly furnished. When the nocturnal hints were repeated, became that James, who added procrastination to his idleness, resolved to make a complete story of his life, the "spolia opima,"—the "golden harvest," which he had been devising for him, as the result of his labours. Arriving at the spot, he found indeed that it had been violently represented; but it had been violently represented, and upon examining its former resting place, amidst a triangular pit, that bore moulded impressions of some more solid nucleus having once been of sufficient ample size to satisfy the utmost wishes of the possessor after a competency of the world's riches:—it was gone,—the coffer had vanished,—and to the world there remained no other compensation of the loss with which he had been haunted, than a with-unreserved indulgence of a tattling, and unguarded disposition.

Between Lilburn and Middleton, rests a stone, which of the "Religio loci" is not to be removed while the things it maintains its stability. Two hinds, with intrepid intrepidity of their class, resolved, maugre the mystery it shrouded, and if fortune fav-

involved three most important principles and none other, by him perfect—the beginning—the middle—and the end. Alas! we have witnessed the realization, whose beginning was term was chaos—and whose end was nothing.

awful calling, have received special benefit, from the riches derived. Illusory as fairy treasures, they have gone away from their possessors, without their enjoying any perceptible advantage from them. As a maxim applicable to the bulk of mankind, it is untrue that opulence, easily and unexpectedly procured, leaves its possessor less obtainer, in even a worse state of wretchedness than his poverty. Industry has her rights which are not to be wangled, or with impunity. There are however individuals, even from the crowd, who have secured such a strict and noble adherence to the inferior principles of their nature, that the giddy prospect of prosperity, instead of exciting them to a prodigal profusion, is incompatible with their previous steady attention to the duties of their station, only generates in them increased exertions, in the pursuit of a station found worthy of the eminence to which they have suddenly attained. By this moderate procedure, any unforeseen efflux of wealth, is moulded and incorporated with the products of their previous required gains, that it participates in the blessing which is the reward of patient and well-bestowed labour. As an illustration of these remarks a popular story may be adduced, which the occurrences happened about forty years ago, according to the relators account, the credible testimony of faithful witnesses.

A dwelling situated near the borders of Northumberland, from Haltwhistle, was occupied at the period to which we allude. A family of the name of W—k—n. In front of the house, and at about sixty yards distance, lay a stone of great antiquity, for so tradition amplifies the date, as the flood.

At the dead hour of the night, might be palpably discerned a pale figure, wrapped in a grey cloak, with one of those black bonnets, so familiar to our grandmothers, upon her head, incessantly knock! knock! knocking, in a fruitless endeavour to penetrate the impenetrable rock. Duly as night came round, at her lonely station, in the same low crouching attitude,

discharging the dreary obligations of her destiny, till the grey streaks of dawn admonition to depart. From this the only perceptible effect which she engaged, she obtained the appellation of Nelly. As she perfectly had the inmates of the farm house, in which will reconcile sights and events the most disturbing, become accustomed to Nelly's undeviating, the business of life went forward unimpeded and without apprehension accruing from her shadowy presence. He can make his punctual resort to the neighbouring village, and the liberty of scrutinizing Nelly's antiquated garb,

THE GATHERING ODE

OF

FENWYKE of Northumberland.

The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN FENWICK, ESQ.



THE FENWYKE of Northumberland are of Saxon origin, and take their cognomen from their ancient fastness in the fenny lands in the vicinity of Stamfordham.

By a match with one of the co-heiresses of the ancient house of STROTHER (Temp. Hen. IV.), they obtained the domain of Wallington, which from thenceforth, to the reign of William the Third, conce of the family, and Fenwyke Castle was remains of this once impregnable stronghold house.

marriage with some of the principal families wyke obtained large possessions, which, from the times, required the protection of militaryolute in their own character and disposition, d the shock of many a Scottish inroad, but ge real or supposed wrongs, by a furious raid he enemy. The slogan or gathering cry of the 'enwyke!! a Fenwyke!!! was never heard in der battle field bears witness to their deadly h neighbours.

use of PERCY always ranked the Fenwyke ant of its retainers, and the banner blazing it never appeared in border warfare without nd its gorged Phoenix in the burning flame

Richardson, of North Shields, the translator Teos, published the following gathering ode ts several years ago. He "supposes an in- ve taken place in the absence of the PERCY

me Spearman, come Bowman,
Come bold-hearted Truewicke;¹
pel the proud foe-man;
Join lion-like Bewicke.

om Fenwicke and Denwicke,²
Harlow and Hallington;
und bugle at Alnwicke,
bag-pipe at Wallington:
Elf-hills th' Alarm Wisp³
moulders in pale ray;
ids, babes that can scarce lisp,
oint trembling the bale-way.

ve the plough, leave the mow,
eave loom and smithie;
e with your trusty yew,
rong arm and pithy;
e the herd on the hill,
owing and flying;
e the vill, cot, and mill,—
e dead and the dying.

3, clad in your steel jack,
our war gear in order,
down hew, or drive back,
e Scot o'er the border;
yield you to no man;
und firm in the van-guard;
death in each foe-man,
die on the green-sward.

. 9, 1816.

R.

ewick (or Trewicke), and Bewicke; **names** of clans or
s of Percy, and allies of Fenwicke, the descendants of

nd. Elf-Hills (the Hills of the Fairies) near Cambo
ch on these and the neighbouring eminences.
unted upon the point of a spear, and **set on fire**, when a
rtentious ensign was carried through the border country,
t was the Hot-Trod.

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM,

The Pastoral Post :

FROM ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

and is harmless when the tongue can rhyme.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



ERE it ever our fortune to be in Warwickshire, and to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, the places where Shakspeare was born, where he spent the latter period of his days, and where the remains repose of that frame which once held as powerful an intellect as ever fell to the lot of humanity, would be the first objects of our research.

On witnessing these, and enjoying the arising from them, our gratification would not be less when we visited the mausoleum of Robert Burns attended in the presence of his widow, in the very household, injured and yet compassionate spirit of the Scottish song took its departure. But though these poured forward amongst the number who have poured out, like plentiful streams, into the broad ocean—and have thereby acquired popularity of the most kind, and are many who have contributed to the same in no small degree, they performed scarcely ever arrest our attention. More forcibly, perhaps, if we reside in a town or village of the latter description lived and are buried: even a passing thought about the spots where in last repose, and still fewer have the curiosity to where they resided, or to learn even what tradition is of their history. Yet whoever has given utterance to agreeable ideas, presenting them to us fresh as they are, ought not to be thus neglected; it is, therefore, to glance considerably over the life of John Cunningham as a poet warrants us to include him in our list of Newcastle; and in doing so we wish to be

he became known to men of letters; and on recommendation from a bookseller in London, who intended to literary undertakings, he resolved to abandon the livelihood in a way, more honourable and congenial. Proceeding thither, he was soon convinced he was not, for the bookseller, failing in business, was unable to promise; consequently after a short stay in the city he left it, and again joined the company of his friends in Edinburgh.

He was appointed manager of the play house at the latter end of 1769, Digges, who being aware of Cunningham's genius, treated him with great kindness and respect. The poet engaged with him during the time he was under his management, some of his poems were conferred upon him by writing, as occasion offered, and Epilogues, which were spoken by Mr. Digges, and Mrs. Bellamy. Cunningham also exerted himself to the utmost duty of this actress, by making her the heroine of several of his pieces. At length, he left Edinburgh, and, on the recommendation of Mr. Digges, took up his residence at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which he was greatly attached to, probably from the fact that he was received by a wide circle of friends. He continued at his home, and by his theatrical labours here, and in the neighbouring towns, and the favourable support he received from the different classes he was enabled to procure the means of a comfortable livelihood. What conduced also to his welfare was the notice he gave to Thomas Slack, the editor and publisher of the Newcastle Chronicle, by writing short notices, and reviews for that paper; and this was remunerated in the most liberal manner. Substantial benefits he received—the house of Mr. Digges was often open to the poet in his difficulties. When Cunningham collected all his scattered productions together, and added to them a number of original pieces, he published a volume, the sale of which, if we may judge from the number of subscribers, would yield him an ample livelihood. He was strongly advised by his best friends to dedicate the volume to the Montague of Denton Hall; but this he declined, as attended by a circumstance of the most humiliating nature to the sensitive mind of the poet. David Garrick was the first to offer him a share of his fame—a character, whom Cunningham, for his theatrical talent, would have to be the first man to whom the volume was accordingly dedicated. In awarding him this honour, the poet, with a view to the inheritance of his tribe, walked

manent residence. The warm regard he entertained for him kindness and protection, made him express that he had lived, amongst his Northumbrian friends. In his life, in addition to the symptoms of consumption which carried him off, he was subject to a nervous disorder during a period of that disease, while he lived in Mr. C. Unfortunately burnt the whole of his loose papers. Still he continued to write occasional pieces; and his,* which were the last he penned, prove that he had undergone no perceptible decay.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

I.

Object of the zephyr's kiss,
Rose, come courted to my bower!
On of the banks, the garden's bliss,
And abash yon tawdry flower!

II.

Call us to revoltless doom?
Grief, the opening buds reply;
Suffered to extend our bloom—
Ce born, alas! before we die.

III.

Having passed appointed years,
Days are but days, the scene must close;
When Fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a withering Rose?

with a feeling of melancholy to reflect how Cunningham had to become still darker ere the setting of the sun. Days, which cannot now be ascertained, it would seem the house of Mr. Slack, at a time when his health was in a declining state, and when the attention of a kind friend directed his downward course to the grave. Still, that reality, to his honour be it said, was never withheld from the bard, who, in some verses written about three weeks

is piece together with several particulars of the life of Cunningham, of the Poet's original letters, I am indebted to the kindness of my friend, Mr. Gateshead, whose extensive collections comprise not only many of the passing events of his own time, but nearly all that is valuable, historical, and antiquarian lore of Newcastle, Northumberland &c.

f you in fiede be **slayne**
 ye did rebell
 our slaughter hat the waye
 lls that are in hell.

ecause they did arise
 he Lord of might,
 e now against his powre
 t eternall light
 esse that ye shall make
 dowses in their wo
 your fee in torments great
 r doing so.
 own that you shall leave
 sse you for your deedes,
 shall feele the plague to stretch
 for your yll meedes.

rselves and take advice
 dily repent
 pardon of the Prince
 to you is sent.
 save your bodies yet
 es and eke your good,
 e Devill that hopes by you
 uch Christian blood
 r Queene, and keep in peace
 d evermore.
 render unto him
 anks therefore.

finis (W. S.)

save the Queene.



f that he had no hand in its manufacture, but some of those waggish friends who deceived rendered his life a pleasure; for their ingenious jelling on scenes, by which his existence might and it is but justice to his numerous hoaxers their pecuniary assistance he would have often on necessities. Though credulous he was e was possessed of many virtues; and while cics of the visionary, they respected the man. , gentleman in Durham, with a sight of the to, and on a loud laugh at what the poet action of terrific sublimity, Brown told him or he would not deride a scriptural drawing *had approved!*"

chiefly of a serious nature, (at least it was y and satire were not his forte. Like Dante, omy—he delighted to describe the torments the chains, and the screams of the damned; was his Parnassus, the Styx was his Helicon, flit by Lethe's billows, the muses that inspired asisted chiefly of visions, prophecies, and rhapso- , part of the sacred volume, of the contents of hing recollection. When he was at the advan- t was almost impossible to quote any passage of ut his remembering the book, chapter, and fre- whence it was taken. Of his poetry we cannot e; it had "neither rhyme nor reason," it was ld inscribe on the walls of his cell. His song, ies in Thalaba, was "an unintelligible song" n whose mind when reading it, to use the words of our modern poets, "meaning flashed like The only two lines in his works that have any them are—

en men let Satan rule their heart
y do act the devil's part."

nd as he esteemed it, his best work—his "*monu-*" was a pamphlet published in Newcastle, in 1820, on, at the reasonable price of one shilling; for, ds, Mr. Brown never published in an expensive need that merit would not lie hid though con- but like Terence's beauty, "*diu latere non potest*," ough printed in quarto with the types of a Davi- noticed and neglected. On his once being shown



days and forty nights." Mr. Sykes relates, in relation he put to him, as to how he contrived for to satisfy the cravings of nature, Brown replied, that the eldest of the party of fasters) "only set on to the fire which they boiled water, and then stirred into it salt!"

receptible of flattery, and all his life long, constantly in hymn, purporting to come from Walter Scott, Chatterbox, Wilson, and other great poets; with commendation from the king of England, the emperor of Morocco, Persia, &c. All these he believed to be genuine; he had the habit of showing as curiosities to his friends, who he thought real authors, and laughed in their sleeves at his

he received a large parchment, signed G. R., attested by Lord Nelson and Peel, to which was suspended a huge unguine which he believed to be the great seal of Great Britain. He reported to be a patent of nobility, creating him Viscount of Durham, in the county palatine of Durham. His title had been conferred on him, in consequence of his works, having been the means of converting the heathen; from that moment he assumed the name and style of Viscount, and had a wooden box made for the preservation

pieces, which Brown was in the habit of receiving, and quotations of the authors, whose names were affixed to the end of that the writers were capable of better things.

Coleridge," was a respectable burlesque of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and began:—

It is a ZION'S trumpeter,
And he stoppeth one of three.

Then Mr. Wilson," commenced thus:—

My dreams float round me now,
My spirit where art thou?
Art thou watching the moonbeams smile
In the groves of palm in an Indian isle?
Hast thou hang over the lovely main
Or list to the boatswain's boisterous strain?
Dost thou sail on Sylphid wings
Through liquid fields of air,
Or riding on the clouds afar,
Hast thou gaze on the beams of the Evening star
So beautiful and so fair?

Brown's strange ideas, one was that he was immortal, and lie. Under this delusion, when ill, he refused all medical aid it induced him at the age of ninety, to sell the little he acquired by marriage, for a paltry guinea a week, giving the life of himself and Mrs. Brown, and the life of The property he parted from, in consideration of this was a leasehold house in Sadler-street, Durham, (the been pulled down, soon after the erection of the present it,) which he disposed of to two Durham tradesmen, on a weekly allowance was for some time regularly paid; but on one day, embarrassed in his circumstances, the payment was refused. The poor Brown and his aged wife were thrown on the world, at a time when bodily and mental infirmities rendered them incapable of gaining a livelihood. After this came for a few months an inhabitant of the Durham which he subsequently left for an obscure inn, where, in 1823, he died in a state of misery and penury, aged 92: his wife shortly afterwards died in the same place, and are both interred in the church-yard of St. Oswald. Brown the Durham poet, who with all his eccentricities, harmless and inoffensive old man.

is inserted in a work published by Cochrane and McCrone, *Long of Obscure Poets*, the anonymous compiler of which, not only committed many blunders (and they were many), and without naming the poet taken, but actually held the memoir forth to the public as his own, *non vobis, &c., &c.*

Ancroft.

ANCROFT is a small village not far south of Berwick, consisting now of only a few cottages. The church is situated at the east end of the village, an ancient edifice with a square tower uncovered: in the middle of the tower grew a large ash tree, supported on an arch where its roots were sustained by the decayed walls; but the venerable appearance is highly injured, by a covering of red tiles. It was formerly a large and populous village. Many of shoemakers resided here in the reign of Edward I in making shoes for the army. The foundation is still to be seen in a field south west of the church. It existed a tower here, situate near the church. It was a pair, but now not a vestige remains.

s



And after night-fall, they mounted little, dapper, cream-
 ses, neatly saddled and bridled, with small bells attached
 to reins or mane, the shrill tinkling sound of which, as the
 fastened onward, reached the human ear at a great dis-
 tance, whether bank, furze, wall nor stream stayed them, nor could
 trace of the horse's foot-prints be seen; even their own
 the course of their gambollings left no mark whatever,
 meadow rings in which they danced roundels to their
 under the mellow moonlight. The times, when they
 likely to be seen, were either in the gray gloaming,
 or in the light at break of day. On the evening preceding
 May, they were supposed to possess the power of in-
 vision in various ways on those luckless wights from whom
 they gained injury, or who had treated or spoken of them dis-
 respectfully, and on Hallowe'en, or the night before Roodsmass, a
 general assembly or meeting of the whole fraternity usually
 after which it was no uncommon circumstance if they
 rode or horseback, and traversed a very large tract of country in
 a short space of time.

They resided chiefly in small green hills, sloping gently to the
 openings to their places of abode were undistinguishable
 and a soft mild light without the aid of lamp, moon or
 continually throughout their halls and chambers, which,
 illumination, outvied the gorgeous magnificence of Eastern
 sometimes they preferred to live near, and indeed almost
 habitations; but they were more at home when at a
 distance from mankind, and they held their meetings of merry revelry
 in unfrequented places. Beautiful and romantic spots,
 each opening in a forest, a piece of level sward with a
 tree in the centre, the vicinity of a gushing spring sur-
 rounded by verdant banks, a wild sequestered linn, or the side of a
 rapid, or the waves, twittering over rock and channel, produced
 which, were with them all favourite haunts. Even in our
 places are pointed out as having formerly been the chief
 resort of the 'fin people. A small stream called the Elwin or Allan
 in the Tweed from the north, a little above Melrose,
 is of great salubrity; so also was Beaumont water on the north of
 the great gravelly beds of both are remarkable for a kind of
 which, in a rounded or spiral form, as if produced from the
 water, called "Fairy cups" and "dishes." The chief
 of the lake was a stream which empties itself into the Liddell
 called, Harden burn. On the north side of the
 of the Liddell in Northumberland is a small burn in the rocky

ls were excellent, but had a singular flavour about them, e never before experienced, and which he could not possible. Hence it will be seen that their processions on their amusements, their meetings at stated periods, their abode, their difference of sexes and procreation of children, manners, dress and appearance—all bore a resemblance to, and were closely in imitation of what is practised in the human race. Indeed they seem to have possessed a desire to change their own offspring for those of mortals; more, the chief fears entertained amongst them arose from that they stole away *unchristened weans*, substituting at times their own tiny, sickly children: hence, mothers and fathers accustomed to be particularly careful of new born infants, when the attempt to carry away a scion of the human race was successful, the elves were, however, so liberal as to tend to the child with kindness, and, by degrees, they brought it to partake of their own qualities: it was invisible, and as it grew up, it was stated into their mysteries—in short it lived and was one of themselves. On the other hand, the changeling was a discontented, *yammering* creature: the mother who had it, neither “night’s rest nor day’s ease;” and when it had left the cradle, it was merely a cunning, rickety, stunted, and unhumanity.* If the mother came to know that it belonged to the invisible world, tricks and spells were practised to get it back, and receive back her own child; but as these varied, it is perhaps unnecessary here to bring them before the reader, seeds and herbs of various kinds were likewise superstitious in enabling the possessor both to discover the changeling and to ward off their offensive designs; yet as an ennuise, and the modes of their application would lead us

near Newcastleton in Liddesdale, within the last twenty years, a dwarf, but more frequently “Little Hobbie o’ the Castleton” was alive, a *fairy changeling*. He was a most irascible creature; and when instantly was, by boys and others, he never hesitated a moment to draw the purpose of sacrificing them; but as he was woefully short legged, he was speeded by flight. He was revengeful, and by no means deficient in vigour that a neighbour, William Scott of Kirrdean, an able, stout, brave man invited him to his house—took him up stairs to a room in which he was, with two swords, and, pointing to the weapons, promptly demanded satisfaction. Scott adroitly backed to the door—got it open and hastily fled. The disappointment of his host. He confessed afterwards that power nearly failed him when the deformed being so suddenly disclosed his adjustment.

also dip slightly into the fountain of knowledge, instead of the deep of its wave; and this too often engenders a species of denial of all essences or things which cannot be distinctly seen. These, with probably other causes, drove from the light footed, aerial elves, who for many ages inhabited the solitudes, and which tradition says they quitted with the

On the night when the chief number were supposed to depart, the air was filled from "dusky eve" till dawn with wailing and lamentation.

General dispersion of the fairies, a few would seem to have been here even until a comparatively recent date. Having written upon this subject at considerable length, I may be permitted to bring together some notices chiefly illustrative either of what they were supposed to perform, which have been creditable to the people, the greater number of whom were living in the memory of man. I know that modern examples of this the disadvantage of having to be placed, like a picture in a frame, nearer to the spectator than the distance at which they are, and must therefore, be more palpable than could be the case if the reader will, it is hoped, be liberal enough to make allowance for the experiment. They are the last, faintest of a system, which to me, at least, is not without interest, and they seem like the remaining broken and lonely ruins of a temple, observed when day has departed, and in which they are shrouded in the shadow of night.

One evening as a clergyman, a resident of Redesdale, was returning on horseback from the Whitelee, and had nearly half way between that place and Lumsden, a short distance to the right before him, a party of the country ring and about to commence the tripping of a

Music accompanied them, and its strains were mingled with the babbling of the brook which lapsed away within a good bow-shot from the road. He turned round, and rode towards the place; but in advancing, he reflects of his curiosity betake themselves to flight over which intervened between him and the stream, and on the spot from which the whole plot of ground could be seen, they were no where to be seen. No reasoning or arguments could shake the reverend gentleman's opinion more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of by.

A corn-mill, a little above Rothbury, was occupied, at the close of the last century, by a person of the



ed to think it was the lambs; but then the gray light o' night loot me see the waiter clearly that nae lambs were ed I could see naething ava. I stayed, an stood listenin' no kennin' what to make o't, when a' at yince the plitch-ae owre, an' then there was sic a queer eiry nicher, as o' eds o' creatures la-ughin', cam frae the upper linn, as we doubt that if fairies were still i' the land, they were at ot that night."

ow to the last illustration of this subject, and I account it important, since it affords proof that the ground work of y ballad is in strict keeping with popular superstition in rts of Roxburghshire. I give it in the words of another old Robert Oliver, by name, who lived at Southdean in Jed-died about a dozen years ago. "Speakin' o' Fairies," "I can tell you about the vera last fairy that ever was ay. When my faither, Peter Oliver, was a young man, he ndlee and herdit the Brockalaw. Weel, it was the cus-t yowes i' thae days, and my faither was buchtin' the yowes to twae young, lish, clever hizzies ae night after e little 'daffin' and gabbin,' as the sang sings, gaed on hreesome, Ise warrant ye, till at last, just as it begoud to derk, my faither chanced to look along the lea at the oucht, and what does he see but a little wee creaturie, a' , and wi' lang hair, yellow as gowd, hingin' round its shoul- straight for him, whyles gie'n a whink of a greet, and aye is raisin' a queer, unyirthly cry—'Ha' ye seen Hewie 'ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn?' Instead o' making the y answer, my faither sprang ower the bucht flake to be sses: he could only say 'Bless us too, what's that?' tie lad!' quo Bessie Elliot, a free-spoken Liddesdale re's a wife com'd for ye the night, Patie lad.' 'A wife,' er, 'may the Lord keep me frae sic a wife as that;—'nfessed till his deein' day, he was at the time in sic a fear every hair on his head rise like the birses of a hurcheon.* was nae mair said, and the creaturie—it was nae bigger year auld lassie, but feat and tight, lith and limb, as ony a, and its face was the doonright perfection o' beauty; as something wild and unyirthly in its e'en—they couldna and less be describit—weel as I was sayin, it didna molest 'than it taiglet on about the buchte, ay now and then ry, 'Ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn?' and they could come

* Hedgehog.

not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." for these remarks may be **claimed**, by one, who, if he nee in adulation of worldly **greatness**, has ever felt it der due homage to intellectual worth; and if they bear 1 Mr. Telfer than may be **altogether** acceptable to his 1 be good enough to forgive them, not merely on the macy of twenty years standing, but also on account of t having a tendency to pour out its kindest tribute merit the world is slow to recognise, and, alas, still !!

The Gloampyne Buchte.



E sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;
gloampyne gatherit from the easte,
e dowye world to fill.

onnys Jeany Roole she milket the yowes
uchte aboon the lynne;
were wilde and ill to weare,
hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

m weil, my bonnye Jeany Roole,
e shepherd could say,
me "The Keache i' the Creel,"
e tyme away.

late at e'en, shepherd,
e maiden fair;
ad hear, quo' bonny Jeany Roole,
uting my back is sair.

: round the middel sae sma',
yowes ran bye between,
e buchte he's layd her down,
the dewye green.

re i' the eastern lifte
y e'e they saw;—
e that they might hear
e's deep murmuring fa'.



O who can tell of youth
O who can sing or sae
It is a theme for minstr
 And yet transcends hi

It is a thraldome, well
 To hold the heart in
It is a draught to craze
 Yet mylder than the

O sing me the sang, m
 Now, dearest, sing to
The angels will listen &
 And witness my vow

I mayna refuse, quo' be
 Sae weel ye can me
 And she satte in his ar
 And her voice rang

The liltings o' that syl
 Might weel the wits
 They clearer were thar
 Heard o'er the hylls

The liltings o' that syl
 That rose an' fell so
 They softer were than
 Heard o'er a sleeping

The liltings o' that syl
 Were melody sae tr
 They sprang up-throug
 To the heaven's key

Sing on, sing on, my l
 Sing on your sang s
 Now Chryste me save
 Whence comes that

They turned their gaz
 Where the greeting
 And there beheld a lit
 Come o'er the dark

aye it raised a waesome greet,
utte and an eiry crye,
lle it came to the buchte fauld ende,
here the wynsome payr did lye.

okit around with its snail-cap eyne,
hat made their hearts to groun,
turned upright its grass-green face,
nd opened its goblyne mou' ;

raised a youle, sae loude and lange—
e yerlish and sae shrille;
lirled up throwe the twinkling holes
he second lifte untill.

l the tale as tolde to me,
swear so by my faye;
whether or not of glamourye,
soothe I cannot say.

youling yowte sae yerlish was,
utte and sae lang and loude,
rysing moone like saffron grewe,
d holed ahint a cloude.

round the boddome o' the lifte,
rang the worlde through,
boomed against the milkye waye,
ore it closed its mou'.

neiste it raised its note and sang
e witchinglye and sweete,
moudies powtelit out o' the yirth,
d kyssed the synger's feete.

waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
e theiffe foulmart came nighe;
hurcheon raxed his scory chafts,
d gepit wi' girning joye.

todde he came frae the Screthy holes,
d courit fou cunninglye;
stinkan brockke wi' his lang lank lyske,
otte up his gruntle to see.

O who can tell of youth
O who can sing or say
It is a theme for minstrel
And yet transcends his

It is a thralldome, well I
To hold the heart in
It is a draught to craze
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Now Chryste me save!
Whence comes that v

They turned their gaze
Where the greeting s
And there beheld a littl
Come o'er the darkso

I a waesome greete,
airy crye,
to the buchte fauld ende,
wesome payr did lye.

with its snail-cap eyne,
their hearts to grou,
right its grass-green face,
its goblyne mou' ;

youle, sae loude and lange—
and sae shrille,
browe the twinkling holes
Yifte untill.

as tolde to me,
by my faye ;
or not of glamourye,
I cannot say.

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sae lang and loude,
moone like saffron grewe,
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ed against the milkye waye,
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neiffe foulmart came nighe ;
cheon raxed his scory chafts,
gepit wi' girning joye.

lde he came frae the Screthy holes,
courit fou cunninglye ;
inkan brockke wi' his lang lank lyske,
te up his gruntle to see.

The kidde and martyne
 Among the dewye fe
 The mawkin gogglet i'
 Th'enchauting notes

The pert little eskis th
 And danced a myrth
 The tade held up her
 She lykit the sang s

The herone came frae
 The houlet frae Des
 The auld gray corbie
 While tears downe

The yowes they lap c
 And skippit up and
 And bonnye Jeanye I
 Fell back-out-owre

It might be glamoury
 In sooth I cannot s
 It was the witching t
 The hour o' gloam
 And she that lay in
 I wis was a weel-

Her pulses all were
 Her heart was lou
 Unto that wondrous
 That simple song

O where is
 O where is
 And where
 And Menie
 And where
 The ever
 Is it the g
 Or 'neath
 CH

'he fairest rose you finde,
 May have a taint withinne;
 The flower o' womankind,
 May ope her breast to sinne.—
 The fox-glove cuppe you'll bring,
 The taile of shootinge sterne,
 And at the grassy ring,
 We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.

CHOR.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

And when the blushing moone
 Glides down the western skye,
 By streamer's wing we soon
 Upon her top will lye;—
 Her highest horn we'll ride,
 And quaffe her yellowe dewe;
 And frae her skaddowye side,
 The burning daye we'll viewe.

CHOR.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

—
 aine raise high, the straine fell low,
 fainted fitfullye;
 nnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,
 ee what she might see.

kit hiche to the bodynge hille,
 laighe to the darklynge deane;—
 ard the soundis still ringin i' the lifte,
 naethinge could be scene.

eld her breathe with anxious eare,
 thought it all a dreame;—
 a eiry nicher she heard i' the linne,
 l a plitch-platch in the streime.

a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,
 te, shepherd, lette us gange;
 never mair, at a Gloamyne Buchte,
 ald she singe another sange.



HENHAM

OLD JO

THE SEXTON—OF HE

“Go; of my sexton
 What! he himself
 Yes! he is gone;
 Like flowers we w



MONGST th
 which prese
 there are so
 suits, and s
 continually
 behold thei
 occupation,

agreeable or repulsive, which t
 Of this description of character

It mattered not on what occ
 saw him, he was still the sext
 centre of gravity; he lived in
 cupations under its shadow, a
 of his charge. Morning, noon
 about his business; commonly

besides the sabbath and holidays, the prayer-bell
added them jointly with his son, of the same name; and
had the rope in his hand when the clock struck six,
ring bell.

graves is an employment which, to most men, would be
 alting; it is, however, what all will allow to be neces-
 moreover, John's business, and he went about it with
 is, in all respects, a serious occupation, and, what is
 ttle considered, a very important one. No small skill
 necessary, in many church-yards, and Hexham is one of
 ter the dead, as not to disinter those who have been
 l.
 as well as any man the day

ominant and, at the same time, praiseworthy character-
 ing to the duties of his calling ; and his care to prevent
 ce of unqualified and prying persons, was scarcely less
 Many a time have I dreaded his frown ; and more than
 weight of his heavy hand. Sometimes I have fallen
 pleasure, for getting into the church when there was no
 remaining in the burying-ground after the funeral was
 nee I was so unlucky as to be caught upon the leads of

the church, after the ringers had after a severe handling in the cap the priest: this last affair left such the parties, as to have a salutary of my deep-rooted grudge both a

John Brown was not a sext Blair's Grave. I will not cite a though exquisitely drawn, it is Indeed, they have scarcely any of their profession. John Brown disposition is so little in keeping has gone out of fashion now, "F in our Parish—and little remains of going his annual round at hands, and appeared comfortable a droll nor a toper, but a stern a that if every church-yard had John Brown, a resurrection-man to violate' the sanctuary of the

When old John drew near his than his usual gravity, and disco ostentatious. It is the custom probably in other places, on the honour him with a muffled pe one of the eight, this tribute w important offices, which entitled deed, when his long and faithfu do not know that half the parish token of regard, to have attend did not relish parade; and in his thoughts were employed on n pation of posthumous honours. accustomed peal, and discourag ceremony. "I have been a pla around him, "and I wish to be you will make no needless fuss a

This prohibition was a source to me, who by this time had ge and would have had some spe been so especially useful to soc against it, and his injunction pectable old man had, however his own two sons; he had ini

They have been fortunate enough to succeed him respectively of parish clerk and sexton. He was amiss, in closing this sketch, to glance at an event, interesting, but rendered still more so as it opened the way to introduction to that station, which he occupied in such a manner for a period little short of half a century. He died when Francis Bell died. Poor old Frank, whatever his faults, seems to have discharged his official duties with attention, and a pardonable pride; and he died at his

bed the belfry, one Sunday morning, as usual, to ring for church. He sat down, as is customary, after reaching the ringing-gallery, from the fatigue of ascending the long winding stairs. He observed, that all hands were there, the clock had struck, and they had better set in. There are eight bells in Hexham, seven of the ringers were at their stands, and all won't. The old man was inactive. "Come, Frank," said some of the ringers, "he was silent—all eyes were turned to him; he had stood against the wall, and they thought he slept. He did not wake no more! On old Frank's death, his son, James, became a bell-ringer; and it is somewhat remarkable, too, *died in the church*, in ascending the same bell-loft where his father had occasion to speak already; and in a manner very memorable. Thirty years have elapsed since; but it is, too soon to enter into a minute detail of the circumstances of his death.

On an old Sexton—intended for John Brown.

Alas! thy hand, relentless Death, spares none,
 When e'en thy servants share the common doom;
 The hoary sexton from his post is gone;
 He drops his spade, and finds himself a tomb.
 Adieu to the dead! and sacred be his grave—
 Hail, O earth, receive him to thy breast:
 Let each sweet flow'ret o'er his ashes wave,
 And lay a thousand of his kind to rest.

JOSEPH RIDLEY.

Sept., 25, 1830.

RE-PRINTED FROM THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

YOUNG

Or, The if

A NORTHU



KNOW
ing song
it is fou
to some
waymer
a popul
frequen
dinners
often ca

Romford in Essex, and is indeed
of the cleaver, as the old song of
farmers. Like all songs which
mon ballad printers, there are
below is partly taken from a b
Great St. Andrew street, London
tion of a lady. If it were not
boast of a very respectable age
posed it to be a modern composi
and manner of Lockhart's Spani
that the ballad is at least seven
much older. Young Johnson is
graceful flow in the rhythm, and
places it far above the generalit
to a place, in a work designed
legends and ballads of the 'Nor

Tollington Park, Feb. 2, 1843.

'T WAS Ipson, Gibson and
They had five hundred gu
As they rode o'er Northumber
"O hark! O hark!" says Joh

Then Johnson being a valiant
He rang'd all o'er a neighb'r

"you here," says Johnson "how came you here?" says
ere to relieve you, and unbind you from the tree."

been ten villains fierce, have hand and foot me bound.
me stark naked, and my hair pinned to the ground."
being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,
coat from off his back, to keep her from the cold.

o'er Northumberland. as hard as they could ride,
fingers to her ears, and dismally she cried;
start ten highwaymen,* with weapons in their hand,
p to Johnson, O they bid him for to stand.

stand!" says Ipson, "stand! O no indeed not I"
stand" says Gibson, "I will sooner live than die!"
stand!" says Johnson "I'll stand the while I can,
it was daunted, nor afraid of any man!"

on drew his glittering sword, with all his might and main,
laid upon them, that he eight of them has slain;
fighting the other two, he the woman did not mind,
knife all from his side, and stabbed him deep behind.

all," did Johnson say "I fall unto the ground;
woman I did relieve, has given me my death wound!"
and yielded up his life—"base woman what hast thou

killed the bravest butcher that the sun e'er shone upon."

ned on a market day as the folk were riding by,
s dreadful murder soon they raised the hue and cry.
d one was taken, and in irons strong was bound,
the bravest butcher that did ever tread the ground.

cham's abbey, grey and old, young Johnson's bones were
knell rung, the anthem sung, and Christian rites were

re was raised in Morpeth town, the market place within,
at tree, I trow, that she did shrive her deadly sin.

road-sheet printed at York these worthies are called "ten swaggering

NEWCASTLE

Old



HE follow
society
castle
picture
the app
the fell
ers and
establis
togethe

pondence, accounts, &c., are in
we find enrolled amongst its m
principal families now settled in

"An act for the apperrell of
1554, Mr. Cuthber Ellyson t
against the vices and excesses
and mummyng, what typling
what garded cotes, jagged hose
use of gitternes by nyght, wh
ys by them worne crosse over
doeings are more cumlye and
lie for honest apprentizes!"
"to daunse, dyse, carde, or m
cut hose, cut shoes or pounce
other hoses than sloppes of c
excede 12d.—their shoes and
wives making—they are to we
cuts, pounsyng or gards."

The apprentices of mayors,
the dress articles of this very

"Anno die 1563. the xix da

"It is orderde, lycencyde a

As 1563 by the Governor assy
bert Carre being Apprentyce
shall be lycensyde to marye
Covenant, Act or Statutt na
infrenging anny of the same."

A remarkable order of the

moss troopers, occurs in 1564, prohibiting any person
 dale, Riddesdale, or such like places, to be admitted
 The reason assigned for this restriction will, at this time,
 s strange. "The parties there brought up are known
 cation or nature not to be of honest conversation."
 to "commit frequent thefts and other felonys"—so
 ntices are to be taken, "proceeding from such lewde
 oenitors."*

red by a by-law of this fraternity, November 10th 1603,
 prentices should be forbidden to "daunce, dice, carde,
 any musick either by nyght or by day in the streetes."
 of cloth to be under ten shillings a yard, or of fustain,
 three shillings per yard.—They are not "to weare any
 e on their apparell, neither any silke garters, silke or
 , silke pointes, worsted or Jersey stockings, shoe strings
 apes, pantofles, or corke shoes, hats lyned with velvat,
 ypress hat-bands, or silke strings, nor clokes and daggers,
 ruffled bands but falling bands, plaine without lace, stiche
 of sown work, neither shall they weare their haire longe
 their ears like ruffians." A special gaol or prison was
 r the punishment of the refractory and disobedient, in
 ate of the town, to which a gaoler was appointed with a
 rty shillings per annum.



WESTGATE, NEWCASTLE (1809).

year 1649 a bye law of the society ordered that every
 e should "cutt his haire from the crowne of his heade,
 foreheade bare, his lockes, if any, shall not reach below the

* This act was not repealed till A. D. 1771.

lap of his eare, and the same le
in **caise** any be sicke, he shall w
that **without** lace. And they s
tors; if their hattes be blacke
hatts **their** bands suitable: but
of **them**; neither fancies nor
for **their** apparell shall not exce
shall **wear** no stuff of silke or
made **plaine** up without lace or
them **only** in places needfull—
bands **shall** be plaine without
no **cutts**, boot-hos-tops or cul
leather, long neb'd showes or bo
strings **better** than ferret or
nor bootes but when they ride."

At a court held on the 5th
apprentices refused to conform
till the 7th of December next
"shewing themselves disobedi
open court (where a dish is se
which **their** hair was *cut* round
hayre, and taking from their
their **wilfull** obstinacy were c
allowed no more than two-pe
beare **per diem**." After eleven
governor and fellowship, and
be oblivious of all their misde
on their enlargement, which w

The remarkable appearance
provoked even the satire of th
accordingly we find a broth
mocking them, and calling th
the homely language of that a

There is an order dated in
Apprentice."

A. D. 1655, by a bye law
every apprentice convicted o
hundred pounds sterling.—T
marks; but that sum probabl
now altered to as many poun

January 26th, 1656, an or
the religion of their apprentic
follows: "Whereas in these

ful experience a great apostacy and falling off from
ery, quakerisme and all manner of heresy and unheard
d profaneness."—It then proceeds to enact "that no
quaker, or any who shall not attend duely on his
publicke ordinances, or any who is base begotten,
, or any other way deformed," be taken apprentice
fined an hundred marks.

Worshipful Nicholas Fenwick, Esq., Mayor of the
le upon Tyne, and also Governor of the Fellowship
dventurers of the said town and county, having re-
mpany, at a Court holden the 29th of October, 1697,
tant practices of the apprentices of the members of
their extravagancy and profuseness in apparell, wiggs,
ir behaviour, and vainely mis-spending their time;
ely prevented, will very much tend to the dishonour
ence to their masters, and a great affront to this
al: It is therefore enacted by the Governor, Assis-
and Fellowship of Merchants' Adventurers of the
of Newcastle upon Tyne, that from and after this
697,

tice, until he hath served 7 years, shall be permitted
Fencing or Dancing School, neither to any Music
, or Play Houses, neither shall keep any sort of
nting, or fighting cocks, and after the said term of
t leave of his master.

tice shall use any gold or silver trimming, either in
Hats, neither lining of any garment with any sort

ice shall wear any sort of point lace, or any em-
ther any ruffles at their breasts, necks, or sleeves.
ice shall wear long wiggs, nor any sort of wiggs
fifteen shillings.

ice shall frequent either Taverns or Ale-Houses,
self from his master's house at any time, upon any
ave.

ices shall conform themselves in their behaviour
rs of this Fellowship by uncovering their heads,
y but submissively and all due respect.†

n Lawson. Appren: to Francis Brandling fined 20s. for wearing
his hat, Ruffles at neck, breast and hands contrary to the act."
Mr. Gov: complained of Richd. Thompson, appren: to Edwd.
ad himself rudely to him, by boldly cocking his Hat two several

" 7. No apprentice shall in a
 " **All** apprentices offending in
 for **the** first offence, 40s. for the
fourth, and 10l. for the fifth,
freedom."

times **when** Mr. Gov: spoke to the said
 head **as by** act provided, for which he w
 to **answer** the same."

The Pope

BY TH



HE
 prin
 Ball
 F. S
 Poe
 the
 whi
 ball
 Ma
 follo

of **date**; but Ritson knew
 Rome." It is from first to
 and his Court, disconcerted at
 in Northumberland.

A LAMENTATION FROM ROM
 THAT REBELLES IN ENGLAN

TO THE TUNE OF

ALL you that
 Give care t
 At Rome I was t
 And in the Pop
 But there I could
 He blew me out
 For furst when he
 That Rebelles dyc

hen he with joye
 sporte him selfe with many a toye:
 e then so stout,
 ; from his nose he blew me out.

as he was a slepe,
 to the same againe I goot:
 pt there in so depe,
 at I had almost burnt my coote.
 newes to him was brought that night,
 Rebelles they were put to flight;
 Lord, how then the Pope toke one,
 ealled for a Mary bone.
 Up howgh! make hast,
 overs all be like to waste:
 Ryse Cardnall, up priest,
 Peter he doth what he lest.

en they fell to messe:
 e fryers on their beades did praye;
 Pope began to blesse,
 last he weist not what to saye.
 anced so the next day morne,
 st came blowing of his horne,
 ; Northomberland is take;
 hen the Pope began to quake.
 then rubd his nose;
 pilgrome salve he noynt his hose.
 me here, runne there;
 ayles for anger gan to pare.

Northomberland alone,
 ; many of his wicked ayd,
 as thought not to grone:
 ey hoped well for to aplayd
 partes, to have their hartes desire;
 ow is quenched their flames of fire.
 reatest and the meane beside,
 other youths fast bound must ride.
 ch fast, kepe well,
 youthfull bloud they long to sell:
 st this, dere Pope,
 is it than wherfore ye hope?

When he perc
 The newes
 Upon his knee
 And then S.
 That he would
 To helpe to ay
 And he would
 But Peter sent
 So then he
 The fryers all
 He roarde, h
 The priests the

The Cardnales
 To stay and
 He spurnd then
 Away the[y]
 So there the P
 Good Lord, how
 The stooles aga
 And me out of
 I hopt, I ski
 From place to
 He swore, he
 Till from his c

He courst me
 In the house
 Loth was I to
 And shrind
 Then by and
 With anger he
 He rubde his
 So fell a ralyi
 Fye, fye, b
 He scratchd
 Poll nose,
 Grash the tet

He wept and
 Yea, worse
 Thus raging
 Then out

as not sooner gone from *thence*,
 worse and worse was *his* pretence.
 post he plucked from *the* house,
 left no harbour for a mouse.
 hus now the Popes mad,
 use no better lucke they had;
 orlorne, molest,
 they so ill their meate digest.

en I had vewed all,
 o bring this newes my winges I spred.
 his parplict is he fall,
 wish some would go hold his head;
 certainly he doth yll fare;
 for *the same* I do not care,
 God his power will convince,
 ayd with right his beloved prince.
 en, Pope, radge thou:
 God in heaven hath made a vowe
 kepe all his.
 God is just, our stay he is.

Finis. Qd. Thomas Preston.

in Fletestrete at the Signe of the Paulcon by Wylliam Griffith
 solde at his shoppe in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard. 1570.

Cay of Charlton.

Cay, of Charlton-hall, Northumberland, or, as the
 ally spelt, Key, has the following traditional story
 of its antient patrimony:—At a remote period,
 family having quarrelled with another gentleman,
 settle their dispute by combat within the pound-field
 aving procured the key, they locked themselves in,
 r the wall. Key killed his antagonist, leaped over
 de his escape on foot to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which
 without the jurisdiction of the Marchers. This
 it constituting march or border treason, Key's pos-
 sefited, and he spent his life in great indigence at
 son or grandson, however, found means to be bound
 rewer in Newcastle; and for several generations they
 iness, the family continuing to this day freemen of the
 owers and bakers there.—*Burke's Commoners.*



shire, till we entered Yorksh
ary, and as most of the tow
tour, are familiar to everyb
say no more of them, than
delighted with a cold round
by the birth-place of our g

Still we went northward
town;—then to Durham, th
and down Episcopal City
urbs,) partly picteresque,
miles further, to *Cocken H*
belonging to Mr. Carr.
and we reach'd it safely, i
to pass, before you could
the nature of a ford;—e
you slip into deeper wa
how,—but particularly
however, assured us tha
(which we thought a ver
—the butcher sitting i
had all been swept aw
therefore, that we had
was never known to h
logick we did not thinl
way in the passage, an
We found nobody :
Carr, and *his* devoted

name it seemeth not meet that I should register;—
 that, being a man of little substance, he deem'd it
 his own pecuniary deficiencies, to seek out a man of
 more than himself,—and to become his shadow; accord-
 ingly Carr and Captain Peter were inseparables; upon the
 agreement, which are tacitly understood between two
 ostentation on one side, and adulation on the other.
 party was somewhat discouraging to my father, who
 himself to a weeks stay; the only consolation to be ex-
 pected from her Ladyship, a most amiable and perfectly well bred
 Squire was a deep-drinker,—my father a very shallow
 drinker at all;—Captain Peter, of course, drank as a
 do,—that is, glass after glass, and quart after quart,
 after the example, or rather *ordonnance*, of his sub-
 stance had two modes of addressing the shadow,
 sions;—first, by interrogation, secondly, by assertion;
 av'n't we had enough to-night Peter, what say you?—
 er answer'd and said,—A drop more, Mr. Carr, would
 me;—but, when, on the contrary, it was—“We
 her bottle,” Peter was sure to observe, (getting up, at
 to ring the bell,)—“it will do us a deal of good, Mr.
 d, however, that in the course of seven evenings, there
 which the Patron put the interrogative to Peter;—
 six, he peremptorily declared for another bottle,—and
 other.
 conversation, (if conversation it can be call'd,) it was
 by the Squire, and consisted of the narrative of his
 exploits, and of his travels abroad;—showing how he
 , unmanageable by anybody else, in the Great Square
 town;—how the Great Square was crowded with
 the horse rear'd, and how the Ladies, living in the
 ved their handkerchiefs at him out of the window;—
 of the same sort, at which my father yawn'd, and the
 press'd his admiration, as much as if he had not
 idred times.
 as worshipful Society!”—which did, in no small
 ng and dulness, distress and bore my temperate and
 was happily sent away, in decent time, to bed;—but
 parent had no escape from the dinner-table to the
 or her Ladyship, calmly submitting to the habits of
 was sister to the late Earl of Darlington, father of the present

the Squire,—his protracted guests,—retired very early to sume, have experienced much Sullen, in the Comedy of the

Our morning's exercise was a sedan try infliction of the ever was no early riser:—the Substance;—therefore, when noon, we were enjoying the of Cocken Hall, and in exer

The Coal-waggon Roads. on'd curious, although the than railways, common, present a busy scene of cor with carts going thither, amused by seeing, when drew them taken from the back,—in order to check the would otherwise be too gr

This seemingly Irish practical refutation of the right order of things;—it is very good sense to “coals to Newcastle.”—

In our airings, we of Lumley Castle,—which i

Cocken Hall, for our mi a Lion for travellers, in description of its attraction the excellent Mr. Jos “dingles and bushy deck'd with vines, by view of Finchale Ab

Having touch'd the at which we stopp'd Raby Castle, the sea building rears its lofty

• Mrs. Sullen, in talking dead as a salmon into a furnace, and his hands and matrimony!—He tosses disorders the whole economy comfort is the tuneful sere

aces and battlements;—it stands on those confines of
adjoin to Yorkshire, and commands extensive views
of Darlington (then Lord of the Castle) was an old

my father; and when first we came beneath his roof,
us a warmer picture of ancient hospitality than I had
or may, perhaps, ever see again.

ighted on our road thither;—our days journey had
inpropitious; it rain'd heavily and incessantly; and
h delays, and petty accidents, and vexations, at every
st seven miles, after sun-set, a fog arose;—one of the
oe, and his rider dismounted to grope for it in the
dark;—my father let down the glass, to ask what

in phrase too classical for a north-country post-boy
and the post-boy answer'd in a dialect quite incom-
me translator of Terence. I could not act as inter-
hem; for I knew nothing of the north-country lan-
time, the rain was pelting in upon us, at the chaise
e chilly,—hungry,—impatient,—comfortless,—sitting
post-chaise,—and waiting the issue of a hunt after

through the outer gate-way of the Castle, the vapour
he moat, and we were enveloped in night-fog, while
e carriage-wheels, and the trampling of the horses'
dolefully over the draw-bridge;—we might have fan-
ictims to the darkest times of Gallick despotism, con-
ette de cachet, to linger out our lives in the deepest
e Bastille; but, lo! on the opening of a massive door,
t flash'd upon us;—crack went the whips,—we dash'd
trot,—and, in a moment, drew up,—not to a piazza,
nor a flight of steps in a cold court-yard,—but before
ire, in a spacious Hall. The magical effect of this
n, from destitution to luxury, has never occur'd to
lse,—except in the two last scenes of every Panto-
olumbine out of a Coal-pit, into the Temple of the
nce grief and darkness, enter life and joy! "



THE COURT

BY

FROM THE "MINSTREL



whoever *vis* its it, whether pl
walk or *ride* on horseback.
not extensi*ve*, yet, as a beau
it, and as *the* grounds in this

In somer, w
And leves b

the prospect *is* extremely ple
and meadow-*land* are render
the bleak *moors* to the north

The Cout of Keilder is re
powerful chief *of* this district
Lord Soulis, and *to* have peris
of the Hermitage. Being an
no hurt in the combat; but s
the hostile party held him do
died; and the eddy, in which
Keilder's Pool. His *grave*, at
banks of the Hermitage, at
the burial ground *of* a ru
his memory is *revere*d; a
was expressive of his *str*
which ought rather to spe
neighbourhood of Keilder
Tradition likewise *relate*
whose protection Lord S
indebted for his life, wa
castle of Hermitage, and

William Soulis, Lord of Liddesdale, held possession of Her-
 castle in the reign of Robert the Bruce. His portrait as
 by local tradition is by no means flattering; uniting every
 which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable.
 prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimula-
 eachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every
 e, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil
 Thus, he is added to such a character the mystical horrors of
 oppressing represented as a cruel sorcerer; constantly em-
 his Castle of his vassals, harrassing his neighbours, and
 pose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking
 by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materi-
 beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the
 King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed
 Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost
 o execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling
 ve on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long
 ved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage.
 ngers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to
 at the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived
 e to witness the conclusion of the ceremony.
 e Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian Chief passed in
 sion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the con-
 s of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated
 ss, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice
 The Broden Man of the Muirs is a Fairy of the most malignant
 der, the genuine duergar. Walsingham mentions a story of an
 fortunate Youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during
 s sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he re-
 ained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored
 brains to their station.

Widdershins—German, Widdersins.
 com left, namely, to right.

A direction contrary to the course of the sun;



THE C



The lady
 "Come
 Go you t
 Or on

"The heath-bel
 By Tyne the
 But now we ri
 To hunt in l

"Gin you will
 Sore must th
 For Soulis abh
 And I fear

"The axe he
 'Tis form'd
 No armour of
 Can bear it

"No danger he
 Of addersto
 No Tynedale
 But his he

² An earth-fast stone, or an
 possess peculiar properties. It
 dissipate swellings; but its blow

³ The adderstone, among the
 as, among the Gauls, the *ovum*
 c. 3. The name is applied to
 pose them to be perforated by

plume is seen the holly green,
the leaves of the rowan-tree;¹
casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,
formed beneath the sea.

Margaret dear, have thou no fear!
bodes no ill to me,
never a knight, by mortal might,
I match his gramarye."

Forward bound both horse and hound,
rattle o'er the vale;
wintry breeze through leafless trees
as on the pattering hail.

their course the English fells
opening blue retire;
on before them boldly swells
muir of dun Redswire.

When they reach'd the Redswire high,
beam'd the rising sun;
unless shadows seem'd to fly
g the muir-land dun.

When he reach'd the Redswire high,
bugle Keeldar blew;
and did float, with clamorous note
scream, the hoarse curlew.

Next blast that young Keeldar blew,
wind grew deadly still;
e sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
red wildly o'er the hill.

Third blast that young Keeldar blew,
stood the limber fern;
Wee Man, of swarthy hue,
started by a cairn.

mountain-ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of
An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside
in the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay, the English
were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at Midsummer.— Vide
unities.

His russet w
That cloth
And the hair
As the pur

An urchin,¹ c
Clung cove
The hounds t
As struck b

"Why rises h
Where stag-
Why wakes th
Without the

"Brown Dwarf
Thy name to
"The Brown M
Beneath the

"'Tis sweet, b
To live in an
And sweet to h
Far far from

"But woe betid
The chase's s
And ever that
Whom first a

Says, "Weel n
In thee we h
But, ere the bu
The Wee Br

And onward, or
Young Keeld
And soon they
Around the F

Green vervain r
A powerful se

of yore, its channels deep
stain'd with human gore.

, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
the gray moss upon,
t murmurs from within,
akes the rocking stone.¹

round, young Keeldar wound,
ll'd, in scornful tone,
to pass the barrier ground,
irit of the Stone.

crag rock'd; "I come for death,
to work thy woe!"—
the Brown Man of the Heath,
armur'd from below.

d, onward, Keeldar past,
the winter wind,
ering on the driving blast,
w-flakes fall behind.

'd the muir of berries blae,
re cross on the lee;
r'd the green, the bonny brae,
the birchen tree.

: bonny brae, the green,
ed to the brave,
, of ancient size, is seen,
Keeldar's grave.

only reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held
the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to
ides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the
to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni saga*,
dic bishop, by chanting a hymn over one of these sacred
rival on the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted
". The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reck-
common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme,
young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in
g man:—

ye wish to be leman mine,
off the St John's wort, and the vervine."

red plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

The lonely
The daisy
Where weep
With long

The grave is
The curling
That fatal day
No moss wa

And next they
The holy gr
Where many a
To mark wh

And here, besi
A massy cas
Since first the
The haunted

The restless str
Assails with
And many a tr
The dungeon

Soon from the
A knight acro
"I greet your
"From Soulis

"He heard you
In his green
And bids you to
Within his an

Young Keeldar
"For doubtful

¹ Castles, remarkable for size, st
commonly attributed to the Picts, on
to their skill in masonry, in construc
the foundation-stone with human blood
to this is the Gaelic tradition, accord
forced to bury St. Oran alive, beneath
pitiate the spirits of the soil, who de

'ou open force disdain,
et guile beware.

ere for Mangerton's brave lord
y feast was set,
tless, at the festal board,
l's broad frontlet met.

er, at uncourteous feast,
ery man his brand ;
u 'mid his friends are placed,
a the better hand.

ie bull's ill-omen'd head¹
o grace the feast,
ers, with unerring speed,
each neighbour's breast."

ze they sat at dine,
and proud array ;
y fill'd the blood-red wine,
rry minstrels play.

, hunting song they sung,
of game and glee ;
to plaintive strains their tongue,
nd's luvè and lee."—²

asures next they turn :
k Black Bull of Noroway !"—³
apers cease to burn,
els cease to play.

efore a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent
gnal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pitscottie
it " eftir the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate
ellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bull's head
gn and token of condemnation to the death."
ong known is that which is here alluded to—

en Alysander our King wes dede,
Scotland led in luvè and le," &c.

ild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "*The*
uthor is inclined to believe it the same story with the
g of *Noroway*," the title of which is mentioned in the

Each hunter bold
 Sat an enchanter
 For cold as ice,
 The freezing

Each rigid hand
 Each gazed with
 But Keeldar from
 Unharm'd by

He burst the door
 With yells the
 Before him, with
 His favourite

Ere he could pass
 And, grating
 With creaking,
 A sound like

The iron clash,
 Announce the
 The piteous howl
 The dreadful

With breath drawn
 Stood listening
 And greater still
 As on their

They listen'd for
 Amid the jarr
 They only heard
 The

The death-bell
 The castle gate
 The hurry out
 While marshal
 And

¹ The author is unable to produce
 mill, so well known on the continent
 vestiges of something very similar

ne'er before in Border feud
 Was seen so dire a fray!
 rough glittering lances Keeldar hew'd
 A red corse-paven way.

helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
 To lethal brand could dint;
 other arms could e'er withstand
 he axe of earth-fast flint.

Keeldar's plume the holly green,
 and rowan leaves, nod on,
 vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,
 ough the hilt was adderstone.

up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
 Soulis of Liddesdale;
 ain," he said, "a thousand blows
 il the charmed mail.

in by land your arrows glide,
 ain your falchions gleam—
 il can stay the living tide,
 warm the rushing stream."

v young Keeldar reach'd the stream,
 the foamy linn;
 der lances round him gleam,
 orce the warrior in.

r floated to the side,
 e leaf of the rowan pale;
 spell could charm the tide,
 lance of Liddesdale.

the Cout o' Keeldar's course
 ie lily lee;
 came never hound nor horse,
 er home came he.

c had any effect over a running stream, was a comment
 is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

Where wee
Without
Between tw
The warri

And the hun
Within yo
In a deadly
Till the ru

Each in his l
Each holds
Their keen l
That ne'er

THE BL

FROM



BOU
dead
a t
Hea
Nor
ing,
he

Gollors,* when he was a
his friends, from the s
tide, the boat continue
he attempted to reach,
contrived, though unac
set a small sail and to r
though exceedingly terr
at home, he signified to
to which he had been ex
to understand that he
boat again.

To gollar, sign

EXCISEMEN AND SMUGGLERS.



THROUGHOUT the close of the last and the beginning of the present century; the Borders presented an admirable field for the exertion of those who made no scruple to defraud the crown of some slight portion of its revenue. Salt and especially whiskey were commodities which yielded the smuggler most ample remuneration: they were purchased in Scotland, and conveyed into and sold in the names of those who vended them, amongst whom *alias* Turkey Wull, Jamie Bonnar and Jamie Waugh at position, are still well remembered amongst our peasantry. Boomer was, also, in these days, noted of Holland gin landed there by foreign vessels; and veyed all over the interior of the country. Many and difficulties encountered by the contraband they became general favourites with the public, not a te enough to elude, for a considerable time, the xcise officers. The latter class, again, were, with s of odium; and though that feeling might so far clausibility, it was ever severe in proportion to the h the officer performed his duty. Moreover, the e were no strangers to the weight of taxes which imposed upon them: and they considered it more uity than wrong to supply their wants at the est market. The excellence too of the whiskey cotland was a powerful recommendation in its that not unfrequently it gained admittance into men's house in Northumberland. The late Mr. honest man, who, to do him justice, was no ass, possessed it often of capital quality; and it mory of some individuals that, on one occasion, conveyed down Redesdale for the express use te of one of the principal towns in the north of

cisemen, who were stationed near the Borders, f their commission in repressing the inroads of ts, examples were not wanting to show that ul men. In the neighbourhood of Woodburn,

in Redesdale, towards W
each other; and as these
lers are put to the troul
of considerable difficulty,
through the said localit
fair view of a band of r
side of his horse, appeare
exciseman also came in t
cat and mouse, the wayfa
then began the flight a
gained admittance thro
whip to his horse, hand
cause to think its own
every bone, nerve and
not, however, so eas
horse forward to it
urged on, but the
its hold—then ha
position, to enable
still from the poin
spurring, much of
Through he went at
breaker; but th
him by conceal
which his route
sight, he was clear
Pursuit was needl
ceeded on his way
after night-fall, an
best claim.

*In these days, i
smugglers on hors
Each horse carried
these dealers four
when a party of th
returning with thei
a body of armed so
who with fixed bay
however, the liberali
A waggon and long*

* About half a dozen
selves from the main compa

to a barn or granary in which it was locked up for security, affixed to the entrance. The improvement, meantime, hung off, at a respectable distance, and receiving intelligence amongst some of what had taken place, they returned to the barn, and regained a part of the spoil. It was the "thievish miller" who had exerted himself, during that he could of the plunder, and having been told the conscientious woman gave a hint to the discovered the knave's hiding place, and made it in gallant style. An equal division of course when the poor fellows found they had recovered out of the quantity they brought that morning

of Gages, or Geggie as they were frequently called in the neighbourhood of Coldstream or Wark, and determined smugglers. Allan or Alley man, and being, when he was closely pressed, many are the feats he is said to have performed on a time were pursuing him, and having on the river Tweed near Twizel, where a boat was passing across, they enquired at the small man resided, if a person agreeing with Allan's description. The answer returned was that such a person had been seen over the Tweed.* The pursuers then recovered the river also, and the ferryman, as they made no delay in walking them on board. Before, he snatched the *kent* from the boat, and from him, she flew like an arrow upon the waters were not less astonished than mortified as he himself up to his full height and said, "Now Geggie!" They succeeded in gaining the shoreward for several miles; and Allan withdrew to his district, where, without annoyance, he resumed of his vocation.

Every deserving correspondent for the particulars of a man who had several "hair-breadth escapes." Robert Purvis, a son of Thomas Warton, on the Wansbeck, was born about the time he learned the trade of a weaver; but it

is a *kent* or pole is used, by which motion is given to the river instead of oaring its waters.

seems not to have agreed followed it. He afterwards husbandman, a miller, and gler. In 1828, he was of Morpeth, who captured and escaped. Being well peril; yet having saved purchased a hunting time near the residence cottages a few miles visit to his father at excisemen who effected with only his shirt and dows. His pursuers adjoining wood bore Ox-pool,* where he the others withdrew and he got away fox hunt on Thor but, putting spurs left his enemy far remain in the district, he sold America. Still for when he and our hero was a betook himself the Blythe, the gave intimati serving, sprang and made off comrade, exchanged ran off in sight again withdrew tried a native of that country, and he was very successful till the six years ago.—R. White's MSS.

* Or Oaks-pool, a deep hole in the be



Lines

ON THE DEATH OF
SURTEES, ESQ., OF MAINSFORTH,

AS PUBLISHED IN THE LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH 1842; AND BELIEVED TO BE FROM THE
MOUTH OF MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

ARD TO DIE IN SPRING."

SHORT time after this he was laid upon his sick-bed, when a bright sun reminded him of his favourite time of year, and he said, "I shall never see the peach blossom, or the flowers of spring. It is hard to die in spring!"

"God," he said, "had placed him in a Paradise, and he had every thing that could make a man happy."

Yet eminently calculated as he was to die nervous as his constitution was, he met death with composure—with gratitude and of Him whose beneficence had given and was to take away.—*Memoir of Robert Surtees, Esq.*

spring!" were the touching words he said, stole in—the sunshine round his bed. Spring, when the green earth looks so gay: blossom." 'Twas thus they heard him say.

spirit—Oh! deem it not offence—
d among the things of sense:
ces, where God his lot had cast
honour—bless'd, and blessing to the last.

avenward wending) go mourning all their

willeth) the bitter bread of tears;
idly the soft persuasive word,
de to feel—the terrors of the Lord.

There are whom He leads
Whose service—yea whose
Diffusive, useful, kindly
Receiving, to distribute—

To such this earthly frame
Some vestige of its primal form
And, though immortal longing
The heart awhile contented

“God placed me in a Parad
As grateful still, from all he
And blessed he in life and
Before aught faded here, to

LORD



tively few that have born

There is a resemblance
Mabel of Wallington," in
Table Book. The inc
There are three Seaton
Seaton Delaval, and Mon
determine the one where
must mean the outer-gate
Delaval is the true locality
Delaval. Seaton is describ
brings his lady "o'er the
Durham, would in the presen
village, as 'ayont,' or 'o'er,'
interior of the northern count

rauders of all sorts, we may easily conceive
 ho, *ala'* Johny Cope, liked "to sleep in a hale
 sea voyage to Seaton Delaval, to a *then* more
 and to one making such voyages to and fro,"
 ' and '*ayont*' the sea.

843.

J. H. DIXON.



WE were seven brave sisters,
 Five of us died with child ;
 and nane but you and I, Maisrey,
 So we'll gae maidens mild.¹

tongue now Lady Margaret,
 r folly be ;
 keep your true promise,
 l ayont the sea.

ither Lord nor Knight
 ve e'er shall be,
 Lord Darlington,
 na come here to me.

hour o' twelve was past
 e hour o' ane,
 n came to the yetts,
 nights and ten.

ided the Lady Margaret,
 her o'er the sea ;
 nane that lived on earth,
 was she.

months were come and gane,
 ling took she ;
 ch in a' the land
 er maladie.

applied by the old ballad writers to a young female,
 ive "*mitis*" one of the numerous titles given to the
 any versions of the ancient Hymns the word is trans.
 more properly express the meaning.

Where will I go
That will win
That will gae on
And bring you

O! out then
And knelt on
"O here am I
That will win
That will gae on
And bring you

Then he
As fast is on to
—Says as gan
You ye mus
daughter

But when she
Where there
The cobbs' we
The sharp she

Lord Darlington
And gart the
My halls and bo
If my bonny

haud your tou
Let a' your fo
I bore the bird
I'll suffer her

He that marries
I wot he is a
If he marries he
She'll be frae

I had seven an
This night I
When I come t
I wish that I
I wish that I

Silk,**HUMBRIAN TRADITION.**

MR. ROBT. ROBSON—EDITED BY MR. JAMES HARDY.

"By night
matron, round the blazing hearth,
re infant audience with her tales,
astonishment! of unquiet souls,
the grave to ease the heavy guilt
life conceal'd."

AKENSIDE.

[X]TY or seventy years ago, the inhabitants of the quiet village of Black Heddon, near Stamfordham, and its vicinity, who lived as most other villagers do, with all possible harmony amongst themselves, and relishing no more external disturbance than was consistent with their gentle and sequestered mode of existence, were dreadfully annoyed by the pranks of a preternatural being, which it had obtained, from its manifesting a semblance of a female time, when any of the more timorous of the journey to perform, have they unawares and watched, by this spectral tormentor, who the road—the most suitable for thrilling break forth in dazzling splendour. If the horseback, a sort of exercise for which she she would unexpectedly seat herself behind, There after enjoying a comfortable ride; ness, she would like a thing destitute of and become incorporated with the nocturnal red horseman in blank amazement.

a romantic crag finely studded with trees, of which, "like one forlorn," she loved to light. Here often has the belated peasant, held her dimly through the sombre twilight, of probably corresponding character, is said, by means red untenantable the once noted mansion house of

as if engaged in splitting
 peated stroke some state
 thus stood, and gazed, at
 misapprehended, of the
 cerning whom so various
 by that wondrous ager
 resistless tempest rush
 creaking in violent co
 petuous fury of the bl
 quiver, nor a pensile
 washed by a picturesq
 fall, over which a ven
 impressiveness to th
 limbs of this tree, Si
 in her moody mome
 the storm in the d
 with spirit-like fitf
 the present prop
 Castle, to state, ti
 the terrors of the
 no longer tenant, vi
 time-hallowed can
 rustic when the
 leafless boughs, wi
 ancient fay, the
 verdure of tha, but
 tions of rever
 seat," in mer
 Silky exercise
 Horses which ind
 man, at least, an
 ordinary degree
 perceived the e
 verse pleasure,
 animals, while
 labours. Whe
 force could de
 were all exerte
 and intended c
 whim to revok

* Witchwood,
 umberland the W

story to learn was of unfailing efficacy. One poor wight, a t, was once the selected victim of her mischievous frolics. ro to a colliery at some distance for coals, and it was late ing before he could return. Silky with spirit like pre- ing intimation of the circumstance, waylaid him at a ghastly, ghost-alluring edifice," since called "Silky's little to the south of Black Heddon, on the road between Stamfordham. Just as he had arrived at "the height inence" the keystone, horses and cart became fixed and fate. And in that melancholy plight, might both man ve continued—quaking, and sweating, and paralysed— g light had thrown around them its mantle of protec-

e father of English Botany, in his Herbal, part ii. fol. 143. Cologne, le beryis lyke corall bedes, growyng in greate clusters, whych the ginning of winter." They are frequently the luxurious fare of the cothraustes *Chloris*,) at that period. "The tre groweth in moyste d in Northumberlande, a rowne tre, or a whicken tre, in the south ick-beame tre." Ihre derives the word rowan from *runa*, incanta- se made of the wood in magical arts. As an infallible antidote to ences of a malignant nature, it has long been celebrated, and may e ignorant. Nations bore attestation to its sovereign qualities, and the most select. Rudbeck mentions its sacred character among bes. They inscribed their laws upon its wood, an honour which 2. Bishop Heber noticed a parallel superstition in Hindostan : of mimosa, which at a little distance wears considerably the h. "A sprig worn in the turban, or suspended over the bed, 'nst all spells, evil eye, &c., insomuch that the most formidable ould help it, approach its shade." (Heber's Journal). In the footed it on every emerald hillock, and witches cast their can- at athwart the misty twilight of unenlightened mind—when al fear prevailed, that "the sound of a shaken leaf"—inspired was of paramount importance in Northumberland and else- sion and outhouse was guarded with it in some shape. was secured with a rowan-tree pin, that the evil thing might r addition to the *bit* in his pocket, the ploughman yoked his and with a whip attached to a rowan-tree shaft, drove the lge. Moreover, the ox not unlikely had his horns decorated h, pieces of rowan-tree were inserted, or a portion of the e devices, and similarly garnished with threads might per- il. Thus fenced in person, home, and stall, with "rowan- ricultural labourer bade defiance to sorcery and fiendish quisite to a prosperous voyage on the deep, and sailors to ose incidental to their profession, had over and above their pelling preservative on board their vessel. It is by no a withered prototype of "Norna the Reim-kennar," e steeps "where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains ivelihood, by vending winds and consecrated mountain J. H.

tion—had not a neighbour
 opportunely carried some
 On the arrival of this season
 scattered senses, and the
 the fashion prescribed on
 tion, of seeing them apply
 draught. The charm was
 both he and the coals, reach
 ever, as long as he lived, reach
 spell-proof, by being furnished
 means being disposed of
 at his expense, and that

She was wayward that of
 in the office of that and c
 istic misdirection, old fa
 species of hobgoblin a m
 her disembodied . And
 one benevolent a career, sh
 from first to last, ion for t
 gloried in with a perfe
 customary with being surp
 English Lexicon that "stur
 between the hographer,*
 had thorough hours of suns
 practice of doing cleaned th
 comfortable a ing, especially
 to rest, Silky and decent app
 the morning would silentl
 trary, if the presented a soc
 they generally house had be
 arranged with the best

At length a term had ar
 and the peaceably disposed
 the repose so long mutual
 had long been surmised, k
 matters, that she was the t
 died very miserable, in con
 before overtaken by her m
 on that account she could r
 referred to, a domestic fem
 of a house at Black Hedd

* Journey

way, and from it there dropt, with a prodigious black, shapeless and uncouth. The servant size an object so hideous and startling, but fled at the pitch of her voice, "The deevil's in vil's in the house! He's come through the terrible announcement, the whole family were great was the consternation at the idea of being amongst them, in a visible form. In this considerable time elapsed, before any one to face the "enemy," or be prevailed on to ease of their alarm. At last the mistress, who most stout-hearted, ventured into the room, sonage on account of whom such awful appointed—a great dog or calf's skin lay on black and uncomely—but filled with gold.* never more heard or seen. Her destiny was laid—and she now sleeps with her ancestors unperturbed, as do the degenerate and unenraged days.

urred was, at the time, occupied by the Hepples, respectable descendants are yet the proprietors, and who, it is said, a Silky's long hidden treasure so unexpectedly brought

Gallows-hill,

ALLOWS-HILL is a farm house girt with trees on the top of a sloping and fertile hill, which rises behind Hartington, about two miles north east from Cambo, Northumberland. Tradition tells of two brothers of the name of Reay, men of Cyclopean strength and stature, who farmed this place; one of whom, in the twilight of a summer's morning, seeing a band of moss-troopers driving over them, and attacked them single handed, could get up to his assistance, the thieves to his into collops," which his friends collected.—*Hodgson's Northd.*



sufficiently identical
 also says, that he
 MS. ancient or
Ritson "Jack the
 Ballads, which
 then Lord Woodhouselee
 been heard of
 every reason to
 have been fan-

it with
 "has not
 modern, b
 little Scot"
 at the time
 "houselee."

From the
 mentioning
 the King of
 portion of
 were much

generally destr
 King Henry
 Spain, I cor
 the reign of H

Some of
 striking resem
 of this work), and might
 were the production of the
 phrases and verses in ques
 the Northern nations, an
 strels as common property

Motherwell in his book
 these I have adopted in
 respects the ballad, with a
 fourth stanzas, is a transcrip

Tollington Park, Feb. 9. 1

JOHNIE SCOT.



JOHNIE Scot's to the hunting gane,
 chase the deer a-bounding free;]
 Earl Percy's ae Daughter,
 wot a weary woman is she.]

he kitchen gane,
 to the hall,
 the highest towers
 obles all.

nned,]" her father said
 bid it should be,
 a prison strong,
 veritie."

' her mother said,
 l it be!
 a donjon dark,
 er till she dee."

ed his waiting man,
 s Germanie;
 to fair England hie
 that gay ladie.

a silken sark,
 sewed the glove;¹
 the merry green wood
 r true love."

came to Earl Percy's gate,
 he pin;
 e," said the proud porter,
 na let thee in?"

and he rode down,
 aboot;

i. e., the sleeve.

Until he spied
At a window

"Here is a silken
"Thy ain hand
And ye must gae to
To Johnie Scot th

"The castle it is hi
And walled round
My feet are in the
And how can I

My gart
And
My br
Inst
ad of the

But h
Wi' d f paper,
It's lamp at my
To would write
John in fair

Then she has w
And sealed it
And sent it to
Wi' her own

The first line o'
A loud loud
But he had not
Till the saut

"Oh I must up
Whatever me
For to relieve n
And mak her

Then up and spal
A weel spoke w
"If you do go to
I may take farew

spak his father then,
k weel the same ;
ir England go,
ne'er come hame."

spak his uncle then,
c bitterly ;
England go,
thee companie."

pak then gude King James,
c manfullie ;
of my good life guards,
im companie."

re all on saddle set,
omely to behold ;
hung o'er Johnie's neck, shined
the yellow gold.

were marching away,
t they were to see ;
so much as a married man,
ompanie.

s the foremost man
ny that did ride ;
he second man,
c by his side.

toun that Johnie came to,
bells be rung ;
ode the toun all o'er,
e mass be sung.

toun that Johnie came to,
drums beat round ;
ude toun that he came to,
trumpets sound ;
, and all his merry men,
t the sound.

came to Earl Percy's gates,
m round about,

And who saw
At a window

"Oh the door
So are the
And my feet win
And how can I

"My garters they
And oh! but th
My breast plate's
Instead of the

But when they c
They tumbled at
None as so read
To pen, and l

"Art thou the D
Or art thou the
Or art thou one
Maybe McNac

"I'm not the dul
Nor yet the K
But I am one of
And Johnie Sc

When Johnie can
He fell low do
"If Johnie Scot

"As I trow w
Then the bravest
Has been [disg

"If she be"—bo
'As I trow w
Her weene shall t
And her my d

¹ The Duke of Mulberry, was in the day.—At the time I suppose (remarks) the name of the King of between England and Scotland, having been the Spanish ambassador of Ayala, the Spanish ambassador

her father, "at eight o'clock
v morn thou hanged shall be."

e Johnie's uncle then,
k bitterlie;
e see fair Johnie hanged,
ht till we dee."

e'er a Tailliant² about your court,
ght duels three?
t I be hanged," Johnie said,
ailliant's sword I'll dee."

on then," said the King,
spoken of thee;
Tailliant in my court,
ou three by three."

he good green wood,
to the plain;
h all her ladies fair,
ith his merry men:
air Johnie flee,
ee him slain.

l, and Johnie fought on,
y' tempered steel;
o' red red blood
; down the field.

l, and Johnie fought on,
right manfullie;
ot alive in a' the king's court
but three.

l at eight in the morn,
ght on till three;

what to make of this word, but thinks it means a
om the French verb *Taillader*. Is it not merely a
?" Early English ballad literature swarmed with
Italian tales of Chivalry and Romance, or *Champion*;
, as synonymous with *Hero*, *Warrior*, or *Turk*, used to
uently hear the words *Jew*, *Goth* and *Turk*, used to

When the Taillian
O'er Johnie's he

But John
He was being
And on eed him
The the point
Tailliant

"A pri

"To est, a prie

"A c wed my lo

To erk, a clerk,

sum her do

"I

"ha' none o

But a none of

I will have m

or this day I've

He ta'en his true

He led her up th

"I have ye any more

You want for to

He put a little horn

He blew it baith

And Honour is unto

In spite of Englar

He put his little

He blew it o'er

And aye the sound

Was "Johnie a



EDWARD WALPOLE

AND THE

F DARLINGTON'S DAUGHTER.

"FLOWERS OF ANECDOTE."

ABOUT the year 1730, Mr. Edward Walpole (afterwards sir Edward, knight of the Bath) returned from his travels on the continent, where the magnificence of his father the famous Sir Robert, who was then prime minister to George II., had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; and so very engaging was he found by the ladies, that he had no other appellation in Italy than that of "the Mr. Walpole." lodgings taken for him in Rennie's, a child's coat-maker, at the bottom of the street, from visits, or public places, he often came out in chat with the young women of the town who had it in her power to make him the beauties of the English court. Her father was at that time, or soon after, postmaster of fifty pounds per annum, on which salary. This young woman had been bound to him, and was employed in the usual duties of a governess (as the old lady used to say) for her parents, however, from their poverty, she was scantily with clothes or money, Mr. Walpole had the address to make her little alarm the vigilance of her mistress, who kept her from the young persons under her care. So beautiful as an angel, with good, though young Rennie had begun to suspect that a coach would not be to the honour of her father. Mr. Clement of her suspicions, who immediately carried her out of the vortex of temptation. His daughter with tears: he told her she should carry her home, where, by living at home, she might chance to be married to some young man, in appearance, acquiesced, but whilst

her father and mistress were behind the shop, the object of the hat or cloak ran directly to the top of it (that late porter knowing her, she was sent. She went into the parlour for dinner, and impatiently waited. Edward entered, and was here ! " What explanations the fair fugitive sat down never after left it. The fruit of the Keppel; Maria, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, the fourth son of Colonel Walpole, the fourth son of the mother died. Never could Edward always cherished for the confinement to her or them only for all of whom he some way was proportioned to his affect of marriage, and gave up his ties; but the threats of his marriage; who avowed, that if he only deprive him of his political rights. It was, however, always said, that had Miss Clement been Lady Walpole.

In the year 1758, his eldest son, the hon. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, was in the rank in society in which they of the Earl of Albemarle were introduced them to persons of quality. They appeared at the first routs and every where but at court. They took them out from the drawing-room. (Keppel) had covered the defect of the family. No one watched them more than the earl of Waldegrave. (Keppel in the kingdom) had long a struggle between his passion and duty, having conquered his own difficulties, the lady's who had prepossessed

eeable. Her very amiable conduct through
 , added respect and esteem to the warmest
 years after their marriage, the small-pox
 d proved fatal. His lady found herself a
 beauty. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed
 and person, his death could not have been
 by his amiable relict. At length she em-
 ld, and love and admiration every where
 l many offers; amongst others, the Duke
 imed his discontent at her refusal. But
 ement was destined to *royalty*! The Duke
 e resisted, and two children, a prince and
 is of their marriage; and hence it came
ability that the descendants of the post-
 t one day have swayed the British sceptre.



TON, FROM THE YARM ROAD.

TO THE
OF A JUVENILE POEM,
BY R



HE few c
Like pa
Wave yel
Inviting
But who the sick
I see no fair an
The shining weap
And clear—with

A single reaper—
Plies awkwardly
He makes the ban
And rears the s

Yet e'en this sight
And single reape
A mood to which
A dream of Rod

On Roddam's Harv
Bid the hot day
Is there a Maiden
Is there a Lover

Dost recollect, whe
'Twas ours to lea
With what delight
I saw thee grace

* Robert Story, the author of the abo
land, and author of "Harvest Home,"
lyrical pieces are exquisitely beautiful,
their author had not unfortunately embar
his fame, by too often appearing before th
no recommendation whatever but their viole
1 The author resided for some tin

—'mid sickles' jar—
 at jests, the laughter-chorus,
 while, extending far,
 half a field before us!

at resting time,
 by Roddam's village-clock,
 now I hear the chime!)
 beside the yellow shock?

when evening came,
 got up with ready glee?
 saw each wearied frame!
 then I danced with thee!

—when half asleep
 lying sate, and easy mother—
 watch we used to keep,
 took'st good care to smother?

fair Moon's radiance pure,
 shed through the window blue,
 on the furniture
 light—for lovers—threw?

thou? and where am I?
 's corn-fields, where are they?
 days when thou wert nigh,
 of my darkest day?

ert; though ne'er perchance
 young fancy drew thee—
 the roughish glance
 my captive heart unto thee!

nk of thee, I scarce
 thee as differing aught,
 once inspired my verse—
 myself a change is wrought.

t that once I bore
 should not bear again;
 e make fast the door,
 rid the window pane!

The toilsome day
Reflection nought
And for the night
One reel would

Suppose us met in
I verging toward
And thou not far
One more the s

We could not cho
The last would
To feel emotions—
Re-wakening b

Is *that* the hand
Thine cannot b
Nor thine that w
A waist that m

And so the truth
But would not,
That youth must f
And ceased to l

On Roddam fields
The parts we to
They toil or toy in
That ne'er shall

Thus when a boy
(A scene that is
I saw the heath blo
Bend to the kiss

And bees and bloo
By Beaumont st
Shall *those* I saw i
Be seen again b

—Well; Time doe
The fate, by mill
And I am "*Roddan*
Thou "*Calder's* fa

THE
AGS OF DURHAM,"

HOW THEY SET AT REST THE QUESTION "WHO WROTE
ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE?"

friend I often ponder o'er
days, alas! now days of yore;
se happy, happy days,
you and I were lawyers' clerks,
premost of the brilliant sparks,
t kept the town a-blaze.

ith regret! I don't repent
lements wasted, time mispent"
says the sacred song—
ces were only *jokes*, our fun
ollity, and made time run
e pleasantly along."

MS. Epistle to — — Esq.

HE tricks and jokes of the North country farmers, have been already alluded to in the Table Book, but they must certainly yield to those of the "Wags of Durham," whose celebrated jokes, practical and otherwise, may be said to have commenced about the year 1821, and to have extended over a space of five or six years; during this time

—————"jollity
Fun and frivolity"

in the good city of Durham, and caused no
ny, and, we need scarcely add, considerable
Those were the times, when knockers made
disappearances, when signs were altered and
Lions, and similar Heraldic monstrosities,
at powers of locomotion, as the tawny inha-
est himself—while ever and anon, Tradesmen
s" errands, and in some instances miles out
rely their labour for their pains. Those were
arket people were ready to split their sides
their *genius loci*, dressed in shirt and cravat!

aced over the fountain or 'parit' in Durham Market place.

—those were the times, with
legend, "The garden of Eden"
 circulation to convulse the
 strange description were
 dering songsters.
 sides us now. He Oh those
 Tragedy," "Nancy" is "
 sel's lament for her ghost,
 Wits of the press Johnny
 bathos and pathos *Day!*
 Squire"

"After this foul
 He thought each deed he'd done
 A priest he called him night he saw
 And he was *id, and unto*
 take another *aged on a gal*

"When he was simple from "

"You cannot doubt he's guilty
 The jury found him guilty, a
 And they took him up on "

There is no matching the a
 were glorious fellows, most ch
 did not limit their exertions,
 no! "Durham saw them sp
 press had the full benefit of
 was perpetrated on the daily
 impossible to glance at a Lon
 headed "The Wags
 graphs he of the day too, c
 Magazine able 'conversion' w
 a remark connected with the
 services silt, obtained ready
 never als, and gave no lit
 periodi ve communions. The
 respect and many were the pre
 arms, a Wags' and even a m
 Durham that they were pursuin
 pulpit ir-being hanged! Ve
 in the 'Wags of Durham' like
 The their wild oats, and one
 sowe stable members of society
 resp

men, and merely summed up their deeds, or rather their mis-
 ings remarking on their dynasty, that "there never were
 ings!" It is not our intention, to give a minute detail of
 icks in general. We could make our readers laugh at our
 if we did so, but we remember the old story of the "Priest
 ostler" and, as we have young readers, refrain. There was
 ir tricks, however, which was so ingeniously contrived, and
 s in many of its results, and which moreover led to a settle-
 e question "Who wrote the lines on the burial of Sir
 e?" that we are induced to give a particular account of it.
 g so, however, we would observe, that in the year 1824,
 i in or near the city of Durham, an eccentric farrier, well
 he cognomen of "Veterinary Doctor Marshall," a title
 only required himself to be addressed by, but which he
 ed to all his letters and poems, instead of his Christian
 "Henry Marshall." We believe the Doctor, though
 moved from his ancient quarters, is still living, and at a
 l age, and we regret to say, in adverse circumstances.
 a poet, and although he has been called the "legitimate
 ames Brown," it is but justice to say, that he was very
 etic talent, to that celebrated personage. There was
 t in Marshall's poems, a stroke of wit would now and
 self, and occasionally a really good idea might be met
 uthed in an uncouth garb. However nothing could be
 between the style of the "Veterinary Doctor" and
 Rev. Charles Woolf, and no one who knew anything
 us of the former, would have thought him capable of
 on Sir John Moore, much less of dishonourably put-
 tle and barefaced claim to their authorship. How-
 on Courier of December 30, 1824, there appeared
 r—

"To the Editor of the Courier.

me, through the medium of your respectable jour-
 nosen as the channel of this communication, from
 abscriber to it, for the last fifteen years) to observe,
 lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, the
 ribes the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, to
 as bare-faced a FABRICATION, as ever was foisted
 lines in question are not written by Woolf, nor by
 n* the author, but they were composed by me. I

ributed to Mr. Deacon, the author of the *Innkeeper's Album*,
 with his name attached.

2 D

published them originally, *s*
Advertiser, a journal i which
 ral poetical trifles as "The l
 the lamented death of Benja
 effusions.

I should not, Sir,
 ral worth owning, have tho
 my eye. I can pro ad not th
 what I have asser ve by the
 my friend and rel d. The f.
 present; it agree tion capt
 this exception, it perfectly
 "Few and short, does not
 Rev. Dr. Alder which I ad
 n of Butterk

South St. Durham, Nov. 1. 18

It is almost unnecessary t
 from the "Durham Wags,"
 ning to end. Marshall had i
 in fact, written to draw fort
 graph, in the "Morning Ch
 might be, to the proof of wl
 lines on the burial of Sir Jo
 late Rev. Charles Woolf."
 through at once, by the good
 ly at it, at the same time th
 with the name of Dr. Mar
 a local satirist, coul
 figured as stance, brought befo
 solitary in

Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep
 of the lines on the burial of
 essor Wilson of Edinburg
 d authorship of two produ
 to might have been appropri
 amin Galley was a poor Dur
 nor did any of Marshall's poe
 ay of quiz or joke. The De
 so respectable a source,
 Alderson—by this personage w
 am, whose claim to rank as a
 ne same imaginary source, which
 umorous article in Hone's Table
 See a

Durham 'Wags' were certainly successful, in raising a good high in that city, where Marshall's character, literary and otherwise, well known; but in the South, in one breast at least, the lettered feelings of a very opposite nature. The anonymous paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, as it turned out, had been inserted by the late John Sidney Taylor, Esq., a gentleman who was one of the features that ever breathed, and whose exertions to amend the criminal code of this country, as well as to put down the brute creation, will be ever remembered. Yet with kindness of disposition, Mr. Taylor ever laboured under strong mental excitement, owing to the weakness of his constitution, and generally debilitated state of health. He and the late Rev. Chas. F. had been bosom friends, and indignant at the claim put forward in Marshall's letter (and which claim of course Mr. Taylor well knew to be false), he, not knowing the letter signed 'H. Marshall, Esq.' a fabrication, treated it as the *bona fide* production of a physician, and in a letter in reply, in which he acknowledged himself to be the inserter of the anonymous paragraph, and incontestably told the truth of what he had there asserted, he penned one of the most powerful and angry philippics, that we ever met with. "not" says he "who this professor of medicine is, but this rudeness strikes me, as being characteristic of the Quack!" "It goes on to advise Doctor Marshall, to "go back to CELSUS" names we dare say the Doctor had never before heard of after telling him that he is "not ambitious of taking his name" Horse balls! recommends him "instead of claiming verses do not belong to him" to "content himself with writing verses tomb stones of his patients!!" *His patients!* reference to Mr. Taylor's angry letter, the Durham Chronicle said "In glancing over the Morning Chronicle of Thursday last, the first thing that attracted our attention, was a long and well thought somewhat elaborate, letter of John Sidney Taylor, in which he maintains, that his deceased friend Mr. Woolf was the author of the lines in dispute, and in which he animadverted in severe language on our worthy fellow citizen Dr. Marshall, who designated a quack, and abused most unsparingly. We do not help pitying the poor Doctor, but we could not refrain at the time from indulging in a hearty laugh, at the idea of a quack of the middle Temple, throwing aside his Brackton, Glanville, &c., and sitting down to pen a philippic against an humble practitioner of the Veterinary art, and thinking (there's the rub!) at the time he was thus employed, he was cutting up a regular 1!!!"

There was one good result
 were proved, beyond a doubt
 Charles Woolf, and he long
 ship, was for ever set at rest
 good reasons for knowing, J
 "Wags of Durham", but said
 was the best practice joke he
 joke, so good, that he Wags
 soon, and therefore as a ser
 suaded Dr. Marsh, that t
 he was not the Author of the
 send up to London, a specim
 actually did! the lines he sen
 pose of clearing Mr. J. his poetical
 death of Mr. J. in Bolton, (
 Watch maker, Elvet, Durha
 but the first four lines, we thi
 the most hard ed sceptic, th
 the burial of John Moore

Bolton the grea
 I hope he's lanc
 He died on Sat
 The twenty sev

In reference to the above
 Chronicle of Oct. 24, 1824,
 which, we know not how just,
 some popular ballads.

One on the Writing

Not a snoring not
 As we sat by our
 And we none of us
 To refrain we we

We in conclave n
 All fear of detect
 By a farthing cane
 And an oil lamp d

No useless masks
 Nor in cloaks for
 But calmly, we di
 With the brandy l



concocting this most ludicrous
 from a M.S. in the possession
Magazine, appears to be the
 rence to the one in the *Z*
 indebted for an account, of
 of *Legendary History*.
 a *Butterby Church* goes in
 and when such an one is
 day?" the customary answer
 Butterby." [A hamlet, in
 Durham.] Butterby church
 St. Giles à Scroggins), a
 privately circulated, describing
 edifice; every arch has been
 has been exalted in song.
found in one of the vaults
 divers miracles performed
 worthy of credit, and equalled
Table Book, page 366.
 its notes, annotations, &c.
 gentleman well known in
 respondent above allude
Society.

THE GILES HIS HOLIE LEGENDE.

BY FATHER PETER, MONKE OF BEAUPAIRE, AND DONE INTO
OF REDEMPTION 1553, BY MAISTER IOHN WALTON, SCHOOL-
MAISTER OF GDALENE HER CHAPEL YARD, DVRHAM: AND DEDICATED TO
MARY, WHOM GOD LONG PRESERVE.



DID ye ne'er hear of St^e. Giles,
The sainte of famed Butterbie steeple?
Here ne'er was his like seen for miles,
, he astonied the people!
was as red as the sun,
eyne were a couple of sloes, sir,
He was big as a tun,
he had a huge bottle nose, sir,
what a strange fellow was he!

Can he never was born,
wagers have been laid upon it!
Found him at Fynchale one morn,
p'd up in an old hood and bonnet:¹
or was taking his rounds,
was wont after his *brick-fast*,
most celestial sounds,
saw something in a tree stick fast,
a bundle of dirty old clothes.

htened, he fell on his knees,
d avēs five,² and ten credos,
thing in the tree, gave a sneeze,
popp'd a hand, and then three toes:

e of the *original*, which is all we have seen, "Maister
a *free* translation—it is as follows:

Cantate nunc, Egidii,
Confessoris Butterbii;
Ecclesiam, illic posuit,
Et turres magnas condidit.
Non talis est, si quæsumus;
Vultus, erat rubricus;
Accinia nigra, oculi;
mator, ille, poculi."

n heavenly bonnet."—*Hone's* version.

"thirteen aves."—*Hone's* copy.

to the
Sainte, whom he
interrogateth,
as followeth
in the next stave.

Now, when
He approa
When what
Not a cop
But lyin

Says
O the pry
But how go
A the babi
At nd for th
length, th
No and said,
w don't s
But help
Or I'll s

The Pryor's
speech, and
the sters reply
of the babies Sainte,
which for its
finis, containeth
a threat
of combuzation.

he pryor sta
To hear su
So he fell on
To our Lac
Sainte Giles i
And led his
Where for ye
A holie and
Was thou

The Pryor's
amazement and
compliance.
Ste Giles becomes
an apte and
diligent fryar, in
due time.

In sanctitie he
Once or twi
And, to quiet
Applied to
To heaven he
And, if he
He'd tell him
And say, "
And it wi

His sanctitie—
his exorcisms,
and somewhat
unsaintlie advi
to the sinner
which, I pray
lector ma
not follow

an angel." M.S. in the p
London.
1 "No
Esq. of
2 "V
a mode
Thoma
and and kind." "This line is
interpolation." Note, in a
Cribb. Esq., M.P.R.
3 "So humbl
4 Howe "De

too the sainte dealt,
 : may be seen to this minute ;
 ng he'd make a rock melt,
 : devil himself might be in it:
 3 when rambling out,
 re's winding stream stopp'd the rover,
 it to turn round about,
 him go quietly over,
 ie river that instant, complied!²

ie often he'd stray,
 etimes look in at the well,³ sir ;
 'll attend to the lay,
 ame by its virtues I'll tell, sir ;
 ng, as wont, the sainte call'd,
 ng tremendously fainte then,
 of 'the lymphe till he stall'd,
 t spake the reverend sainte then,
 blessing be on thee for aye !"

ng, he bent his way home,
 ark the event which has followed,
 : has from that time, become
 for sick folk—for it's hallowed :
 y a pilgrim goes there,
 nany a far distant part, sir,
 usly uttering a prayer,
 3 the sainte's pious heart, sir,
 t gave to the fount so much grace.

hale, his saintship did dwell,
 ae devil got into the cloister,

1. " *Tho' Saint Sathanas.*"—*Hone's copy.*

f the Nab End, a place in the environs of the City of Durewe, has at some period, changed its course—the old course be distinctly traced. Whether this event occurred at the leave to the Antiquary and Geologist to determine. d springs at Butterby, one called "The Sweet Spring" is a rated with carbonate of lime, the second is the "Salt Water" he "Sulphur Well," which is probably the one alluded to in h frequented, and deemed highly efficacious in cutaneous

4 " *The Stuff.*"—*Hone's copy.*

Ye Sainte
quitteth
Fynchale
perforce, and
voweth as to the
destroyers
thereof, that he
will serve them
out!

And left the
And gulp'd
So the sainte
But swore
And pay back
Tho his hid
And red

He buildeth a
kirke at Butterbie,
wherein he
endeth his daies,
in the odour
of sanctitie,
after a
well spent life.

Another kirke
And for ho
Where sinner
And kept c
And thus in
He still pat
His lungs wer
Till death,
And sent

Of his burial
by the monkes
after his decease,
which happened
in the Holie
season of Lente.

It would be to
Of how, wh
Suffice it to s
To regions
His odd life b
He popp'd c
His corse was
And his qui
Clamabí,

Finis

¹ " So forced his warm quarters to
Hone.

² " Which for its Sanctity, famed
Butterby now, yet in days of old, the
Saint Leonard. They stood in a field
stone coffins, vases for holy water, &c
of Durham, Hoggett, Durham, 1824.

³ " That somewhere

es, Proverbs,

&c. &c.,

IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

HAVING expressed your willingness to admit
 y quota of contributions in the shape of
 dages, Proverbs, or Prognostics of the
 easons, the Weather, &c., into the Tra-
 ditional part of your Table Book, I here-
 with send you a supply. I flatter myself
 hat I possess almost the best collection of
 Proverbs on those particular matters or
 subjects, to be met with in the English
 ; them too good, too rich, too valuable an
 "Forgetfulness," I do hereby dedicate them
 for your repository of local events.

Yours most truly,
 M. AISLABIE DENHAM.

PART I.

GENERAL PROVERBS.



WEDDAY'S moon,
 en it will, it comes too soon.
 aturday's moon
 . seven years it comes too soon.
 on soon seen, is long thought of.
 orm comes a calm.
 t rain but it pours down.
 r in the morning
 eard's warning.
 w in the night
 eard's delight.

Drought never bred deart :
 Whoso hath but a mouth
 Shall never in England suffice :
 When the sand doth feed
 England woe and well-a-day
 But when the clay doth feed
 Then it is well for Angle-lan
 After a famine in the stall
 Comes a famine in the hall.

If the cock moult before t
 We shall have weather thick
 But if the hen moult before t
 We shall have weather hard
 No weather is ill if the win
 When the wind is south,
 It blows the bait to the fishes
 As the day lengthens, so t
 If there be a rainbow in th
 But if there be a rainbow in th
 When the wind's in the ea
 It's neither good for man nor
 When the wind's in the south
 It's in the rain's mouth.

A green winter makes a fa
 Hail brings frost in the tail
 A snow year—a rich year.
 Winter's thunder's—summ
 Frost and fraud both end i
 The south wind always brin
 The north wind wet and cold
 The west wind always brings
 The east wind blows it back a
 If the sun in red should set,
 The next day surely will be we
 If the sun should set in grey,
 The next will be a rainy day.

A west wind and an honest
 This rule in gardening neve
 To sow dry and plant wet.
 Good husbandry is good divi
 Corn and horn go together.*

* i. e. when bres

always begins in the horse-manger.
make a noise in the time of cold rain, warm dry weather will
ow.

ing red and a morning grey,
re traveller on his way ;
ning grey, and a morning red,
down rain on a traveller's head.
s on a Sunday before mass,
all the week; more or less.

ng red and morning grey,
ns of a fine day.
ood land where there is a foul way.

ght's dreams on Saturday told,
come true—be they never so old.
the night the temperature fall and thermometer rise,
re fine weather and clear skies.
thers supposed that the malignant influence of the Dog
in conjunction with the Sun, caused the sea to boil, wine
ir, dogs to go mad, and all other creatures to languish ;
it produced fevers and other malignant disorders ! !

PART II.



ew-year's eve night—wind blow south,
etokeneth warmth and growth ;
est, much milk, and fish in the sea ;
uch cold, and storms there will be ;
trees will bear much fruit,—
ee it man and brute.

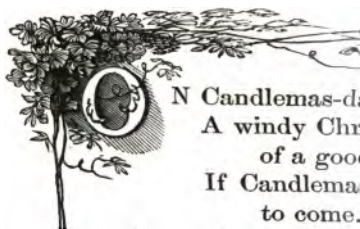
ide
en a cock's stride.
d haws,
snarcs.

ows in Janiveer,
se for't all the year.
ary, January in March I fear.
ots in the sky.
*St. Vincent's day**
ms display,

* 22 January.

Be sure to mark the transien
Which through the casement
For 'tis a token bright and c
Of prosperous weather all the

If St. Paul's day* be fair
It doth betide a happy year
But if by chance it then shou
It will make dear all kinds o
And if the clouds make dark
Then neat † and fowls this y
If blustering winds do blow
Then wars shall trouble the



N Candlemas-day
A windy Chr
of a goo
If Candlema
to come.

If Candlemas-day be cloud
The hind had as lief see hi
As that Candlemas-day be pl

If Candlemas-day be fair a
Winter will have another flig

If Candlemas-day be cloud
Winter is gone, and will not

When Candlemas-day is ec
The snow lies on a hot stone.

February fill dike, be it bla
But if it be white, it's the bet

Of all the months in the ye
If Candlemas-day be dry ar

The half of winter's to come
If Candlemas-day be wet ar

The half of winter's gone at Y
If Candlemas-day is fair and

There 'll be two winters in the

* 25 January.

PART IV.



MARCH comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.

A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.

Upon St. David's day,*

Put oats and barley in the clay.

An ague in the spring,

Physic for a king.

! and Misera,

lm, and Paste-egg-Day.†

day, care away

ay and Easter-day.

nds and May suns

s white and maids dun'd.

kill crow, pie, and cadow,

ok, buzzard and raven,

else go desire them

seek a new haven.

s David,‡ next comes Chad,§

ies Winnold, || as though he was mad.

ch never begs its bread.

s never did good.

ls and April showers,

ay flowers.

s not always green.¶

March dust is a thing,

som of a king.

ts in March you see,

in May will be.

dirt and rye in dust.

falls in our lady's lap,

and beware a rap.**

does not make a spring, nor a woodcock a winter.

ch and a showery April make a beautiful May.

† Or Easter-Day.

Winwaloe; father Cressy ‡ 1 March. § 2 March.

is March 3.

calls him Winwaloe; and father Porter,

¶ 6 March, Spring Quarter commences.

** This sounds rather like a prophecy.

A March wisher, is n
 March birds are best.
 When the sloe tree is
 Sow your Barley whethe

.NO1



cious enough to receive
 guarded against the attac
 erecting of the pier may
 must excite the praise o
 gratitude by every seama
 time of danger, find a sect
 years ago, by an architect
 species of grateful rememb
 still distinguish one of th
 Crawmond was possessed
 to cross a field in which
 with a pick belonging to
 ran outrageously at him:
 eye with a glance of his
 his mastery, he raised hi
 horns, and brought it to t
 scampered off without offer
Tour.



King and a poor Northern Man:

OR,

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

ATTRIBUTED TO MARTIN PARKER.

OR our copy of this very humorous production we are indebted to the edition printed for the *Percy Society*, in 1841, The editor of which, makes the following remarks.—

“Although somewhat modernized in the following copy, there is little doubt that the humorous story of “The King and the poor Northern Man” is much older than in particular places like a narrative of considerable when it was “printed by Tho. Cotes,” whose name bottom of the title-page of the black-letter edition employed, it was intended that the reader should a new one, and that it was the authorship of Martin ebrated and popular ballad-maker: his well known ed quite at the end, after the word “*Finis*,” but not concerned in the imposition, which might be con- cis Grove, the bookseller. No older edition is extant ve reprinted, and as far as yet appears it is the only of it. We find it mentioned in no bibliographical we been able to trace it in any catalogue. is external proof of the an- internal evidence, there of the piece. In Henslowe’s ry, and even of the title of the piece. In Henslowe’s date of 1601, we meet with two entries, the first of

apoyntment of the company, and my sonne, unto
an earnest of a playe called To good to be trewe or
he some of 5^s: the 14 of novmbr. 1601.”

as follows:
apoyntment of Robert Shawe, and Thomas Towne,
aye and Mr. Smythe, in part of payment of a boocke
o be trewe, the 6 of Janewary 1601, the some of 1^s.”
e that as early as 1601 a play had been written by
Richard Hathewaye and Wentworth Smith, called
e true, or the Northern Man,” though the second

title is omitted in
founded upon the
of which are high
to the rustic comic

"That the story
be true" we are not
in a broadside in
Man," printed "by
Corner and London
um. The wording
terially from our
end. The writer
work already in p

"To d

A

And

A

"Per

A

The

T

"Thus we have
his first memoranda
employed, must
divided into what
the tale of "The
be true." This
Hathway, and
was furnished
pamphlet. It
printed, with t
cuts, at the time

"Many of our
a visit to the
abridged, forms
in various modes

The comic story
King and the

"

Before the reprint
generally considered
Mr. Knight, v

we have no authority for supposing, that Mr. [unclear] to do with such prefix. If however, any one of examining the song with the old story, he will at the former is a mere abridgement of, and the latter. We have been given to understand, *Countryman* was, some years ago, sold to a London as a modern composition, and have no doubt Music Publisher has informed us, that he was bringing out an edition of it, by the threat of an action for by the original publisher, to restrain him.

was who palmed off the abridgement as his own, able to say, but whoever he was, he was guilty common than is generally supposed. In *Mac-Is of the London Prentices*, published by the [unclear] is an old ditty which is almost verbatim the [unclear] with in many modern collections as "a new [unclear] ve two instances of literary larceny, we have [unclear] al others not yet discovered, but which the *Percy Society* will bring to light.

A POORE NORTHERNE MAN.

HUMBERLAND MAN, A TENANT TO THE KING, BEING
(A NEIGHBOUR), WENT TO THE KING HIMSELF TO
ANCES. FULL OF SIMPLE MIRTH AND MERRY
PLAINE JESTS.



on to me all around,
tell you a merry tale
nberland man that held some ground,
the Kings land in a dale.

l thereupon,
velt there long before,
in that country,
from off his doore.

es, and are to be sold by Francis Grove, dwelling

Now, for this farne the good old
just twenty shillings a yeare did
At length came cruell death with
and this old farmer he soone di

Who left behinde him an aude w
that troubled was with mickle
And with her cruches she walkt
for she was likewise blinde an

When that his corpes were laid
his eldest sonne possesse did t
At the same rent as the father l
he took great paines and thoug

By him there dwelt a Lawyer fa
that with his farne was not c
But over the poore man still har
because he did gather the Kin

This farne layd by the Lawyer's
which this vild kerne had a n
The deele a good conscience ha
that sought this poore man for

He told him he his lease had fo
and that he must there no lo
The King by such lownes hath
and for you the world is broa

The poore man pray'd him for t
and content himselfe, if he w
And picke no vantage in my le
and I will give thee forty shil

It's neither forty shillings, no fo
Ise warrant thee, so can agree
Unlesse thou yeeld me thy farm
and stand unto my curtesie.

The poore man said he might n
his wife and his bearnes will
If thou wilt with my farne let
thou seemes a good fellow, Ise

The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further in the matter he means to smell.
 The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,
 and make a *submission* to the King him sell.

This poore man now was in a great stond,
his senses they were almost wood:
 thinke, if he had not tooke grace in 's mind
 that he would never againe beene good.

head was troubled in such a bad plight,
 though his eyes were apple gray;
 if good learning he had not tooke
 wod a cast himselfe away.

ghty heart he then did take,
 of his mother did blessing crave,
 farewell of his wife and bearnes;
 ed his heart them thus to leave.

ting with the teares in his eyne,
 tailld dog he out did call:
 gang with me to the King;
 e tooke his leave of them all.

umble staffe on his backe,
 wat, that was of gray,
 blue bonnet, he thought it no lacke;
 he is ganging as fast as he may.

one a mile out o' th' toone,
 is neighbours he did espy:
 th' King? for thither am I boone,
 r I can hye.

ou, neighbour, he sayd,
 ility I make mone:
 ou may ask for the King,
 n dayes journey you have gone.

ig wond so farre
 t him a mile out o' th' toone:
 me, or wee'd neere a come nare;
 ter spent a crowne.

Thus past he a
in raine, and
That ere he can
his dog and h

Hard they did fa
but alas hungry
And many a sup
when in the lan

Full lile we know
and how he *did*
And yet he thought
because he *met* so

At length the top of
and houses so thick
I thinke, *quoth* he, t
for ther's nought th

But when he came in
of every man for the
They told him that *his*
for the King he lies

For Whitehall he then
but as he passed strai
The bulkes with such g
that his *mind* a tone s

Gud God, *unto* himselfe
what a deelee a place I
Had a man, I thinke, a t
himselfe he might *quick*

At night then a lodging *his*
and for his supper he the
He told the host then *heed*
who straight took a candle

Then with spying of farlies
because he *had* never been
He lee so long a bed the ne
the Court was remov'd to

You ha laine too long then, then said his host,
 you ha laine too long by a great while :
 The king is now to Windsor gone ;
 he's further to seeke by twenty mile.

I thinke I was corst, then said the poore man ;
 if I had been wise I might ha consider.
 Belike the King of me has gotten some weet :
 he had neere gone away had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, said the hoste ;
 but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may :
 Be sure it will requite your cost,
 for looke, what's past the king will pay.

But when he came at Windsor Castle.
 with his bumble staff upon his backe,
 Although the gates wide open stood
 he layd on them till he made um cracke.

Why, stay ! pray friend, art mad ? quoth the Porter ;
 what makes thee keepe this stirre to day ?
 Why, I am a tenant of the Kings,
 and have a message to him to say.

The King has men enough, said the Porter,
 your message well that they can say.
 Why, there's neere a knave the King doth keepe
 shall ken my secret mind to day.

I were told, ere I came from home,
 ere I got hither it would be dear bought :
 Let me in, Ise give thee a good single penny.
 I see thou wilt ha small, ere thou't doe for nought.

Gramercy, said the Porter then ;
 thy reward's so great I cannot say nay.
 Yonder's a Nobleman within the court,
 Ile first heare what he will say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
 he sayd he would shew him a pretty sport :
 There's sike a clowne come to the gate,
 as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He calls all knaves
 he raps at the
 He's passing liberty
 heed give a good

Let him in, sayd
 Come in, fellow
 If thou come with
 thy staffe behind

And this cuckold
 what a deele, w
 The King will take
 Ise warrant, whe

Beshrew thy limbes,
 then mayst thou
 I wat not what band
 for want of money

That's to be fear'd, t
 Ise wish you goe i
 For the King he hath
 and among them all

Let him in with his st
 and with that he gav
 If you be Sir King, th
 as I can very well t

For I was told ere I ca
 you're the goodliest m
 With so many jingle jang
 as is about yours, I ne

I am not the King, said
 fellow, although I have
 If you be not the King, he
 you seeme a good fellow

Gramercy, said the Noblem
 the rewards so great, I ca
 Ile go to know the Kings p
 till I come again be sure

Heres sike a staying, then said the poor man ;
 belike the Kings better than any in our countrey.
 I might be gone to th' farthest nuke i'th' house,
 neither lad nor lowne to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
 he said he would shew his Grace good sport :
 Heres such a clowne come to the gate,
 as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves your Highnesse keepes,
 and more than that, he termes them worse.
 Heele not come in without his staffe and his dogge,
 for fear some bankrout will picke his purse.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said our King,
 that of his sport we may see some.
 Weele see how heele handle everything,
 as soone as the match of bowles is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a roome,
 and through many a gallery gay.
 What a deelee doth the king with so many toome houses,
 that he gets um not fild with corne and hay ?

What gares these bables and babies all ?
 some ill have they done that they hang by the walls ?
 And staring aloft at the golden rooffe toppe,
 at a step he did stumble, and downe he falles.

Stand up, good fellow, the Nobleman sayd ;
 what, art thou drunke or blind, I trow ?
 Ise neither am blinde nor drunke, he sed,
 although, in my sowle, you oft are so.

It is a disease, said the Lord againe,
 that many a good man is troubled withall.
 Quoth the Country man then, yet I made your proud stones
 to kisse my backeside, though they gave me a fall.

At last they spide the King in an ally,
 yet from his game he did not start.
 The day was so hot, he cast off his doublet ;
 he had nothing from the wast up but his shirt.

2 G

Loe, yonder's the King, said
behold, fellow; loe, where
Beleevet hee's some unthrif
that has lost his money a

How hapt he hath gat need
this bowling I like not;
Ise warrant that fellow in
he hath his coyne and h

But when he came before
the Nobleman did his c
The poore man followed a
and gave a nod with his

If you be Sir King, then
as I can hardly thinke
Here is a gude fellow tha
is liker to be the King

I am the King, his Grace
Fellow, let me thy cau
If you be Sir King, I me
that was borne and up

There dwels a Lawyer
and a fault in my lease
And all was for felling
to build a house upon

Hast thou a lease here
or canst thou shew to
He put it into the King
and said, Sir, tis her

Why, what if I cannot
that which I cannot,
I have a boy of mine
a will read you as s

Lets see thy lease, the
then from his blacke
He gave it into the K
with foure or five k

Wast neere unloose these knots? said the King:
he gave it to one that behind him did stay.
It is a proud horse, then said the poore man,
will not carries owne provinder along the highway.

Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,
I will not thinke much to unloose a knot:
I would I were so occupied every day.
Ide unloose a score on um for a groat.

When the King had gotten these letters to read,
and found the truth was very so:
I warrant thee, thou hast not forfeit thy lease,
if that thou hadst feld five ashes moe.

I, every one can warrant me,
but all your warrants are not worth a flea;
For he that troubles me and will not let me goe,
neither cares for warrant of you nor me.

The Lawyer he is sike a crafty elfe:
a will make a foole of twenty such as me;
And if that I sald gang hang my sel,
Ise trow, he and I sud neere agree.

For he's too wise for all our towne,
and yet we ha got crafty knaves beside.
Heele undoe me and my wife and bearnes:
alas, that ever I saw this tide!

Thoust have an injunction, said our King;
from troubling of thee he will cease:
Heele either shew thee a good cause why,
or else heele let thee live in peace.

What's that injunction? said the poore man,
good Sir, to me I pray you say.
Why, it is a letter Ile cause to be written:
but art thou as simple as thou shewest for to day?

Why, ift be a letter, Ime neere the better:
keep't to yourselfe and trouble not me.
I could a had a letter cheaper written at home,
and neere a come out of mine owne countrey.

Thou hast have an attachment, s
charge all thou seest to tak
Till he pay thee an hundred
be sure thou never let him

A, wais me! the poore man s
you ken no whit what you
A won undoe me a thousand
ere he such a mickle of mo

And more than this, there's n
that dares anongst him for
For he has got so much guile
that he will make all forfeit

If any seeme against thee to
be sure thou come hither s
A, marry, is that all Ise get
then I may come trotting e

Thou art hard a beleefe, the
to please him with letters I
I see you have taken great p
with all my heart Ile give

Ile have none of thy shilling
man, with thy money God
He threw it into the Kings
the money lay cold next t

Beshrew thy heart, then said
thou art a carle something
Dost thou not see I am hot
the money next to my skin

I neere wist that before, said
before sike time as I came
If the Lawyers in our country
they would not heape up s

The King call'd up his Treasu
and bad him fetch him twen
If ever thy errant lye here awa
Ile bear thy charges up and

So hard they
that he did
That two me
so, making

The poore ma
the Lawyer
Oh, Sir, you
I thinke fro

It was for you
the matter t
I did as neigh
and make a

What a deel d
could not ne
The deel a nei
that would a

He has gin me
but if the Ki
When you hav
I hope you v

He has gin me
but I charge
Pray you that a
which present

Then they did
the Lawyer n
You see the Ki
and unto a po

Then unto a pos
and all men d
The lads, and tl
at him had gr

Ile pay it, Ile p
the attachment
You must neede
till I goe home

Credit! nay, that's it the King forbid:
 he bad, if I got thee, I should thee stay,
 The Lawyer payd him an hundred pound
 in ready money, ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus!
 from troubling poore men they would cease:
 They'd either show them a good cause why,
 or else they'd let them live in peace.

And thus I end my merry tale,
 which shewes the plain mans simplenesse,
 And the Kings great mercy in righting his wrongs,
 and the Lawyers fraud and wickednesse.

FINIS.

M. P.

Early Traits

OF THE

QUAKERS IN THE NORTH.

BY JOSEPH RIDLEY.



It has often been a subject of remark, and sometimes of regret, that there should be none of the Society of Friends, located in Hexham. That a town of so considerable a size should not for a whole generation hold a solitary quaker, whilst places of far less magnitude in various directions are inhabited by them, is not easily accounted for: especially when it is known that Hexham, when less populous was favoured with the residence of some of that fraternity, and that it was once honoured with a visit from the Founder of the sect. The little towns of Allendale, and Alston, have each their Friends' Meeting House; and the small village of Winnowsley has its Quaker's Burying-ground.

In the year 1653, there came to Hexham a little company of interesting strangers. One may imagine them attracting some notice as they entered the town from the east, dressed in plain grey

clothes, with 1
 mounted on ro
 and were direct
 head through a
 Gaping Goose,
 suppose them to
 themselves, they
 the leader of the
 ed by a pair of I
 personage than C

"Then passed
 at the top of a h
 oppose us, but h
 ing day and reno
 those dark count
 were directed to
 and receive him,
 Everlasting Trut
 passed away thro
 country noted for



OLD

* Who the Curate at th
 Lecturer ; and three years :

kable man, and uncompromising preacher, wherever stood against the Established Church; and was equally opposing abuses which were found to exist amongst other; at one place in the North of England, we find him in the Church-yard, and declaring to the people, that there to uphold their idol temples, nor their priests, nor their augmentations, nor their priest's wages, nor their Jewish and heathenish ceremonies and traditions, for he said; and told them that that piece of ground was no other than another piece of ground."

His early associates in the Ministry was Myles Holhead. In the period of their visit to Hexham, above described, "Myles Holhead, and there said to the Mayor, Rulers, and Priests, that God's anger was kindled against them, because they had set at the kingdom of heaven against men, and would not suffer themselves, nor suffer them that would. Because of this he was

But the Mayor being much troubled, sent for the two (for those two had committed Myles to prison), when come, he said, "Myles, we have not done well in committing an innocent man to prison. Pray let us release him. The Sheriff consenting, Myles was released to liberty. Then he declared the word of the Lord in those days, that many were convinced of the truth held forth by him."

we find George Fox, and another eminent Friend in the person of Anthony Pearson, at Newcastle, where they visited several members of the Corporation, particularly Alderman Ledger, who showed great hostility; and with whom they had a discussion. But when a Publick Meeting being obtained, George Fox got a hearing among his Friends, and some friendly people at Gateside."

Memorials of a worthy people are chiefly gathered from Fox's Journal, and partly from a rare Folio, "originally written in Low Dutch, by William Sewell, and by himself translated into English." In the former work there are repeated notices of his labours, and aid by the author to Bishoprick, (Durham) and more particularly to Derwentwater. No doubt Shotley Bridge, and Benfieldside, in the immediate neighbourhood, were scenes of his early ministrations. In 1653, he writes, "I passed through Northumberland to Derwentwater, where there was a great meeting, and the priests threatened that they would come, but none came. The everlasting word of God was freely preached, and freely received, and many hundreds were added to Christ, their Teacher." The founding of the original Quaker's Meeting House in this locality, may probably be dated from

* Willm. Johnson, was Mayor; and Rt. Johnson, Sheriff; at that period.



234

abor
as i
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H
tu
A
ε
'

his day without "divine service," had not the meetings
 voked an unfriendly feeling on the part of the Episcopal
 however effectual the opposition proved, it is not to be
 the "great numbers" who were wont to attend the
 ings on the Chapel-hill, continued to frequent the
 el of St. Helen's. The writer has been present when
 score, including the Priest's family were there; and
 Communion on an Easter Sunday, when the Clergy-
 k were the only male communicants.
 one Quaker inhabitant, and only one, in the Town
 he course of the present generation. That was
 e Bread-baker, and Milk-seller. We recollect but
 said; and have but one incident to record of her.
 ing in speech, may reasonably be expected to talk
 going to be a general illumination—it matters
 object of the rejoicing was—the practice is foolish
 at spake Betty, and said—"I wish the folk had
 ted." The solitary incident may be thought too
 upon paper, but it has a recommendation which
 it will take up little time. Betty's being the only
 ed to appear was sure to be stared at: and it was
 ight of a lass in Prietspopple, who chanced to meet
 , to think that one person so habited would like
 accosting the stranger, she said—"If ye please
 Bowman." "Aye," was the answer, "that's the
 . Does thou know where she lives?"
 in Hexhamshire called the Quaker's Hole, which
 op to explore: but a field known to old people in
 ame of the Quaker's garth, extending from near
 le-hill, to the head of Bone-street, must not be
 of Bone-street, after it had obtained
 Many years ago, but long after it had obtained
 almost if not entirely common. It seemed as if the
 ated, and its owner lost or disinherited. It came
 appropriated; was fenced and cultivated; has been
 now inherited by an heir of the Quaker's late T. Leadbitter,
 was this spot—the Quaker's garth—which was
 of the New House of Correction, that was to be—
 ily numbered with things saved by a wholesome investi-
 ty that has been saved, by a wholesome investi-
 its. We want no New House of Correction at
 an appropriation of the Quaker's Garth, would
 eration.

It has not been the writer of Quakers; but as a tradesman, of any religious persuasion the sketch with a brief notice of fraternity, which was registered period of the occurrence of the

A Glove manufacturer in F a wholesale dealer in —, a payment of a debt due to his failure, which took place in 18 to make up the whole deficiency pounds. This is the more to of a bankrupt, out of whose estate after his failure, and nine years expected. This exemplary trade FRIENDS.

E

On hearing the Rev. D. Cro
Saint Paul lost by preaching C

What Paul m
In so perverse
But had he p
He'd lost —

This epigram appeared in of preservation for its wit, than the worthy clergyman quoted it with great glee. So Crosthwaite of Houghton-le-S of the most effective that ever use of provincial terms, and pr offend a refined ear, but he had "The hearts and and will long be remembered as the thralldom of satan to the ill



the Northumberland Life Boat.

HENRY GREATHEAD, ESQ. THE INGENIOUS INVENTOR.

BY JOHN SHIELD.



At night, and hark! the eastern blast
With fury blows upon the shore.—
The thunder rolls,—the rain pours fast,—
And angry billows madly roar!
The poor sailors' fate falls many a tear,
In every bosom's fill'd with anxious fear.

When returns—still thunders roar—
The wind—the billows foam—
The waves greet their friends on shore,
Again their much-lov'd home?
Oh, so ruthless is the storm,
How safety Hope herself can form!

How mingles with the blast;
The forboding proves too true;
The rocks a ship is cast,
The rigging clings the crew!
The fury of the surge can brave,
The sufferers from a watery grave?

Claims now, Pity, urge,
Not apt to bold exploit the brave:
The Life-Boat cleaves the surge;
The hapless crew to save;
Approach'd—on board are all receiv'd,
Danger, and from death preserv'd.

Now on, ye ruthless winds,
Age, thou trouble not my power,
Thou'd friends and sailor find
With grateful heart, the name
Which did the Life-Boat frame.

TAI
That name shall e
Alike to Fame
Whilst commerce
Whilst British
To latest ages still i
Grac'd with the title

Hor

A NEW-YEAR



after the gigantic trunk
deserving of record as the
and vast, and for its ramif
light "that led astray."

To request a light on t
those retentive of old scrup
will not for any considerati
from their dwellings. A
will adduce such connecti
following. At a farm hou
form the curfew duties to t
obliged to her neighbours
Her master apprised of th
evil would be the consequen
valuable cows perished,—st

About A. D. 746, it app
Zachary, condemnatory of
"at Rome on New year's
take fire out of her house,
(Hospinian, *apud* Brand.

inated in vain as regards this practice in re informed, that the good dames of Lan-ist with equal pertinacity to oppose the decrees of that illustrious diumvirate. A appears likewise to flourish in that hilarious overs of good cheer account requisite to the e of the departing year, when circling the rnabe Googe expresses it,

the yeare they wishe and wishe againe,
cient guise of heathen people vaine."

es, the great festival of *La Bealtine*, was a solemn pomp, at the vernal equinox,—eir year. On that eventful eve, the fires on the land were quenched, and not until the from the sacred mountain, were they permit-fire derived exclusively from that pure flame, e the consecrated guardians. If any individ-hallowed circle, but was indebted for a supply ighbour, the awful doom of excommunication to the undying element whose efficacy he had be that deeply fixed impressions of that night eft traces that still endure, in the superstitious rrowed fire.—From *J. Hardy's Col.*

INSCRIPTION.

he Ferry-hill, which is situated on an eminence the north road between Rushyford and Sun-erland Bridge, in the county of Durham, is a vel-ended house with an ancient enclosed gar-en, now the property of Mrs. Arrowsmith. On e wall of the garden the following inscription s cut:—

w happily seated these Lares are,
o feed on prospect and fresh air,
e moderately every day,
d walk their supper time away."



THE DEAR

BY SIR



ERCY, or
 dale, North
 a huntsman
 casions, six
 which he
 brated de
 hunting party, he was
 Crossar, by whom he was
 these incidents suggested
 in "*The Gem*," at the time
 under the able editorship



P ro
 Up
 Brav
 C
 The pall
 As if to
 His horn
 They

Man, hour
 To wake
 Since Aln
 On Ch
 Keeldar v
 Than Ta
 A peerless
 And ri

The cha
 Together
 Togethe
 By fo

when evening skies were red,
her was their common bed,
ach, as wildering fancy led,
unted in his dream.

the thrilling moment near
in hope and sylvan fear,
cket holds the harbour'd deer,
signs the hunters know;—
yes of flame, and quivering ears,
ake sagacious Keeldar nears;
stless palfrey paws and rears;
archer strings his bow.

ame's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!
t, and horse, and hound pursue;—
oe the shaft that erring flew—
t e'er it left the string!
ll betide the faithless yew!
stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
s drenched the grey-goose wing.

noble hound—he dies, he dies,
h, death has fixed his glassy eyes,
on the bloody heath he lies,
ithout a moan or quiver.
v day may break and bugle sound,
l whoop and hollo ring around,
d o'er his couch the stag may bound,
but Keeldar sleeps for ever.

ated nostrils, staring eyes,
ark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
e knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death—but still
s aspect hath expression drear
f grief, and wonder, mix'd with fear,
ike startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;

TA
Can think he hear
In unreprouched
'The hand that
Dear master, v

'And if it be, th
Which sure some
Since in your se
I in your serv
And you may h
To match the d
But by your co
So true a gue

And to his last
The fatal chanc
'Gainst fearful
And fell ami
E'en with his
'Had Keeldar
Your treachery
I had not di

Remembrance
Long since ha
Conveying hu
Down dark
But Art can
And snatch hi
And, in her C
The scene s

BISHOP EGERTON

ON Dr. John Egerton
one DUE as his agent, to
lease under him, and, in
both the fines and reser
the following toast was fr
the Lord take the Bisho
1796.

Candle-Creel.

CUMBRIAN CUSTOM.

F the attachment to games of chance which the farmers in some of the retired, inland districts of Northumberland, exhibit in the disposal of certain pendicles of their property, a characteristic example has been already presented to the readers of the Table Book, in the custom of *Guse-plays*. An additional instance of their predilection to reward with articles of household worth, successful adventure and skill, exists in they practise, called *Candle-creel*, consisting of candles. After the Martinmas, when the frosty, and "sober suns must set at five and horses are no longer permitted to pass the, but are harboured snugly, in stable and stall, after blasts, unwholesome dews, and pinching winter's approach, and being then no longer on their own sustenance, are dependent for provender on the activity of the clanking flail. These animals, added in the grey of the evening, are left to rest about eight o'clock or "beast-time," when all the place headed by the farmer himself, bearing a five-lantern, are summoned forth, to furnish a bed and litter where wanted, and to curry and rub to provide the light requisite for inspection of the important item of the farmer's domestic arrangements, and sage are the calculations—and manifold the amputation may be procured at the most reasonable least accruing waste. This is at least the fashion "*pejor avis*." In the olden times, the little farmer with the hideous phantom of rack-rent, indulging, converted it into an occasion of festivity. Par-convened at a little side-way ale-house, or in their each man with a *creel* or basket of candles at his side, he hazarded or "lantered" stakes, till the rage of some vigorous competitor bore off the lion's share. He secured a store, sufficient to "look the beasts"

for a whole winter. Thus a
 hour of overflowing happiness
 relish to the unbroken level
 influence over scenes where
 and man remote from intere
 danger of becoming churlish

A BOB

Atween Craig-cross and E
 A bonny bairn there is to
 That'll neither have hands
 To be born in England, b
 again to England to



HIS prophecy
 from time imm
 der Peden the
 shipful person
 and literary property of
 than once detected in re
 before foretold, it may be
 the Author who he may
 in recent times.

About the middle of
 hands or feet at Ballen n
 name was Paterson, soo
 mill, near the head of
 Hawick. Here he was l
 back to England with
 aged 7 years, thus compl
 and thereby confirming
 a belief of Mr. Peder
Journal, No. 61.

OKHOPE RYDE.

ON'S BISHOPRIC GARLAND.

a Bishopric Border song, composed in
taken down by Ritson from the chanting of
e Collingwood the elder, late of Boltsburn,
neighbourhood of Rookhope, who was in-
at Stanhope, the 16th of December, 1785.
ookhope is the name of a valley about five
in length; at the termination of which,
ope burn empties itself into the river
the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in
lead is the top of the vale. The ballad
interest, from the date of the event being
to be the 6th December, 1569, when the
advantage of the public confusion occa-
Westmoreland and Northumberland, and
the bishopric of Durham, determined to
Ritson have been added those of the late
Mainsforth, printed in the "Minstrelsy of



It stands in a pleasant place,
else thieves wad let it be-
they steal our goods ap-
an ill death may they
of Thirlwa' and Willie-
panies thereabout, haver, 2

is said by Fordun, the Scottish
wall, from its having been thirled,
Wyntown also, who most prob-
though in a very ruinous condi-
on the river Tippal. It gave
is a small district or township in
land, mentioned in the old border
Farn Willers, and Speare Edon,
and see the morn they meet them s.,
historian, to be a name,
or perforated, in ancient
ably copied Fordun, calls
dition, is still standing by
name to the ancient family,
the parish of Lanercost,
ballad of Hobbie Noble:—

That is min
And as tl

But yet we
For there
It is a sore
That on i

Lord God ! i
That men
But limmer
That fears

Lord, send u
That every
I trust to Gc
That Wea

For great tro
With Borda
But the great
Was with t

They gather'd
The stoutes
And he that r
I wat he ra

So in the mor
So well I w
In the [foreno
Where some

When they ha
They say'd,
Then they cho
And Symon

Then o'er the
With many
One of them c
"I think thi

¹ This would be abo

a journey ta'en,
o'er yon fell,
with the two earls,¹
Bernard-castell.

far enough,
t women at hame ;
; they can make,
ey were slain."

lead they came,
ght tul' a' had their prey,
oming over the Dry-rig,
holas' day.³

lead they came,
but a mile ;
in four hours
ithin a while.

y gat,
a,
but ane
at Rowley.

first man that did them spy,
t mighty cry ;
Rookhope-burn,
Weardale hastyly.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil
on 15th of November, 1569, at the head of his tenantry
rose of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots, and restoring
Barnard Castle, which was, for eleven days, stoutly
held, afterward, being appointed the Queen's marshal,
peasantry by dozens in a day, to the amount of 800.
slayed by the Scots, with whom he had taken refuge
in August, 1572 ; and the Earl of Westmoreland,
the patrimony of the Nevils, and reduced to beggary,
and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his
subject, in Percy's Collection, (i. 271, 281,) and con-
tinuation.

of Westmoreland: a *poorly* man, a *softly* day, and the

The 6th of December.

Then word
At the E
He was wal
Which st

His wife wa
So well s
She gar'd s
And neith

The bailif g
That such
He was sor
That on r

His brother
With limn
Nineteen blo
What ferly

But yet the
But fast a

¹ Now a stragglin
ranger's lodge, at the
is West-gate, so call

² The mention of
strongly indicative of
gath, a fief, if I may
of Wolsingham, the
successive prelates ;
may be said to claim
(ancient name,) and,
bailiffs of Weardale.
Nevill Epi.—Cuthb.
sey.—Lease of the E.
C. Bp. Tunstall.—R.
Dne Regine.—Geo.
Geo. Rolli vel. Rolla

³ A place in the r
rig, or Smale-burns ;
before 1583.—Rrrso

⁴ A jacket, or st
worn by the peasan
their occasional *skin*
with the same sort of

ghbours near,
him company.

was gathered,
ny,
to never a man
ty.

mber'd a hundred men,
not of the worst;
s'd out of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver,
re the very first."¹

1 Rookhope-head,
s i' Nuketon-cleugh,
men o'ertook the thieves,
gave them fighting eneugh.

ie them fain to flee,
a' out of hand,
e been at home again,
ve been in iron bands.

ce of long seven years
mighten a' had their lives,
aever one of them
ought to have seen their wives.

: the fray began,
ted but an hour,
an lay weaponless,
re wounded in that stour.

at hour was done,
: thieves were slain,
ose that wounded were,
1 prisoners there was ta'en.

ick, and his brother Edie,
, I wot they were both slain;
il, and Lennie Carrick,
n company in their pain.

from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imper-
rison.





JACK STOKOE.

— a man of a strange temperament,
 — a demeanour though of savage mood,
 — and meant
 — something better.

BYRON.



HERE is a little house in one of those broken glens, so numerous in the wild uncultivated moors stretching between the North and South Tyne, that has from the time of its rearing been the haunt of smugglers, poachers and others of the free calling. The appearance of the place sufficiently attests its character, or literally speaking, that of its inhabitants.—There is no direct, immediate dwelling. You first enter an obscure, dirty cove through it, at the imminent hazard of dislocating ruminating cow or a dozing donkey, not to mention piled fragments of heath, bent, wood, tin, &c. left by a-makers for the last dozen years. Through a dusky passage you are ushered into the den of the owner. This consists of one, undivided room, in which furniture, utensils, and a sole wardrobe and patrimony lie at once exposed to floor is of clay—the tenacious mortar-like clay of the North and well laid as such floors commonly are—but discoloured by dirt and broken into shapeless holes, which once marked footsteps in the soft material, have never been without the trouble of being levelled or filled up. This little better illuminated than the one you have left, the window it boasts, being of scarcely greater dimensions than a pane, and as if this did not abundantly render “dark” and exclude the cheering beam, a part of it is stuffed up with a coat, a wisp of hay, a brimless hat, or an endless *et cetera* of needless articles enveloped in an old sack! The “loft” is reached by a set of rough sticks, still bristling with the attempted hatchet—rudely crossed and interlaced with rods and rubbish—and on this is “stowed away” a large quan-

tity of peats, turf, and *hay*. This depository of stores and the or *stee*, as it is styled in those positions in the midst of the floor

About seventy years ago, this yept Jack Stokoe,* a man of character. He carried on an illicit wares, and kept in his the charge of a number of those so well adapted to the purpose. His manner of life was viewed favourably at by the farmers and he ever had the hardihood to enter. It happened however, that a man succeeded to the charge of the been conveyed of the nature of the earliest opportunity, to be with certain intelligence of the decided upon pouncing upon a magistrate for a warrant of who was it seems of the Squ him against such a measure, tremely dangerous man and affairs too intimately scrutinized lar class, and that he regarded kind, as little as that of a dog from what he considered his of his humanity—so after a mission,—alone but well armed

On arriving at the house inmates—and nowise daunted he disclosed to him his error neither spoke, nor stirred for gauger then commenced running in the corner, turning all bulky oatmeal chest behind lifted and tossed over the curiously into every hole and loft filled with hay next a to explore it also. Stokoe

* It may not be improper to call "Frank Stokoe" of a former co

The gauger ascended accordingly, highly satisfied that a bold face will carry a man. Greater part of the hay he tumbled into the out meeting with any thing like the article pointed, he descended the ladder and pressed, "cried the smuggler in a stern voice, time since the gauger entered his house,—own Janet." The girl disappeared for an instant and returned with a large oak sapling, enough. "Now you rascal," cried the smuggler, taking between his visitor and the door—"if ye have set man's house upside down—ye mun leave it that do you mean," exclaimed the astounded for the first time to think that he had met. "Mean!" roared Stokoe, in a furious voice, coudgel above his head, "why I mean you away to its place, or," uttering a tremendous cry every bone in your skin!" The gauger stepped stol from his pocket, but ere he could present own Janet, sent it whirling to the other side of harmlessly exploded,—and in another second, to his face, whilst a glare of savage fury fired agonist, and the scowl of wrath ruffled his ferocity. The terrified gauger supplicated aloud for mercy, every thing, and never to trouble him more the remaining pistol from him—commanded him he fell to accordingly—toiling and carrying the ladders up the rickety ladder, at the utmost bodily hours did he labour, and during the whole of that master stand by him, cudgel in hand, without utter- when he had finished, Stokoe told him to be seated, it could not only not be gainsayed, but was also very eyed. His host then disappeared behind the bed, in a *Brown Janet* of a different description, to wit, a "gray-hen" of brandy, or, as the poet otherwise ex- moonlight run when moon was none." He filled up a raw, and handing it to his guest, desired him to er did not hesitate to comply, but drained the cup t furnished abundant proof, that the non-payment of tribute had deprived the liquor of none of its genuine

Stokoe, "you can go—you are the first that ever

searched my house—and I in col
I forgive you—but mine, if you
your coffin before ye leave hame."

Adages,

CONTINUED



APRIL with his
Plants a flower
On the 3rd
Comes in the c
One swallow

When April blows

It's good both for ha

April and May are the k

A cold April the barn wi

The cuckoo has picked u

He that hath not a pal

his hand cut off.

When the cuckoo comes

Sell your cow and buy you

But when she comes to the

Sell your corn and buy you

In April, the cuckoo sh

In May, he sings both nig

In June, he altereth his t

In July, away he'll fly -

In August, go he must !

* The 15th of April is, i n s
day."

PART VI.



TILL St. James's day* be come and gone,
You may have hops, or you may have none.

He that goes to see his wheat in May,

Comes weeping away.

You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree.

May-day is come and gone,
You art a gosling and I am none.

Come as flowers in May.

Who bathes in May

Shall be laid in clay.

Who bathes in June

Shall sing a merry tune.

Who bathes in July

Shall dance like a fly.

Who d May and a windy,

Shall find a fat barn and a findy.

Who d May makes a fat church-yard.

Who d varn of bees in May

Shall have a load of hay.

Who d rm of bees in June

Shall have a silver *spune*.

Who d rm of bees in July

Shall be worth a fly!

Who d May flood—never did good.

Who d you look at your corn in May,

Shall come weeping away.

Who d u look at the same in June,

Shall come home in another tune.

Who d Then the oak puts on his gosling gray,

Shall have time to sow barley, night and day.

Who d ast not a clout till May be out.

Who d Then the elder is white, brew and bake a peck;

Who d en the elder is black, brew and bake a sack.

Who d May rain kills lice!

* 1st May.

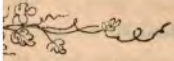


ALM weather i
 Sets corn in tun
 A good leak
 Sets all in tune
 Barnaby brig
 The longest day, and the sho
 A dry summer ne'er made
 When the fern is high as a
 You may sleep an hour at no
 An English summer,—two
 There's no summer but it
 If woolly fleeces spread th
 No rain, be sure, disturbs th



F the first of
 'Twill rain m
 A cherry y
 A plum year
 St. Swithin is ch
 The first cock of
 Frights the cuckoo
 In July some reap rye
 In August, if one will no
 St. Swithin's day† if
 For forty days it will
 St. Swithin's day if th
 For forty days 'twill ra
 No tempest good Ju
 Lest corn come off blu

PART IX.



Two harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident.
 Good nut year,—a good corn year.
 A good harvest leaves little corn.

—
 * blows soft,
 the loft.
 on St. Michael's day,†
 out money all the year.

—
 good blast,
 acorn and mast.

—
 hail,
 sail.

—
 le midnight.
 e day,—cast the cat a castock.
 rries at Yule;
 rn's to bear,
 r.

of new cards and a christmas Fool.
 a fat kirk yard.
 makes a fat church-yard.
 nag on St. Stephen's day,‡
 work for ever and A.

one property which no other month can lay a similar claim to,
 at least six times out of seven, a beautifully fine one!—See

29th September, or Michaelmas day.

‡ 26 December.



THE CHILLING

A 2

Written by Mr. William Air
Tweedside, but now a resident
pieces have appeared in "Whis-
tish Song,"—two publications of



HE hunters
them slu
And a heavy
is hung:
They seek a quarry
The wild Bull of Nor

The ladies fair, in bright a
And noble lords and gallan
To match the monarch of
Who never knew a prison

The milk-white Bull of Cl
The plains around his bro
So swift in flight, so stro
Of shaggy brow and mig

The wild Bull of Northu
Who seeks to face him in
Of bearing high, and ste
Whose hand or nerve ne

One horseman dashes o
And by a circuit wide
Who now with silent
For couch'd among the

The Bull is stirring in
And rushing on in mi
Away he flies before
With horsemen swift up

no more he flies before, but wheeling on his foes,
of flame the noble game his bold defiance throws ;
tail sweeps on the gale, the ground in anger spurns,
on in giant strength the tide of chase he turns.

before him, the mounted hunters fly,
steed at utmost speed the sward is tossing high ;
d horn and brow of scorn, like thunder loud his tone,
quit the noble brute is madly coursing on.

ding, one clear sharp ring sped from behind a tree,
s height of savage might has brought him to his knee ;
e felt, short time he knelt, but sprang with louder roar—
east, a stronger foe, than ere he seemed before.

horseman—one alone—has left the gallant train ;
a furlong from the Bull his steed has felt the rein ;
rifle left the sling, the game with sudden bound,
a single stroke, the horse and rider to the ground.

to shoulder, at a blow, he ripp'd the courser's side :
in torrents gushing ran upon his snow-white hide,—
g cry rose loud and high, as stretch'd upon the plain
r lay, the Bull at bay, blood dropping from his mane.

ing tide, through nostrils wide, he breathes with slaver'd

s aloof, with polished hoof, the green sward as he paws ;
es on his brawny neck lie stretch'd along the crest,
hes of snow, they stand below, against his massive chest.

s lower'd, his knee is bent, his tail is tossing high,—
are set, their points of jet are level with his eye ;—
lies before him, from out the saddle thrown,
is bending o'er him, like thunder loud his tone.

y hand, a yeoman stout sprang from his saddle high,
e rifle from his side, and drew it to his eye ;—
ly aim the bullet sped, when, with a mighty bound,
ch of the wood and wold roll'd headlong on the ground.

is o'er, with deaf'ning roar again he seeks the strife,
an good before him stood, to save his master's life

Still breathing free, he gains h
But deep the stalwart yeoman?

The milk-white Bull of Chilling
With foot at rest upon his che
His steady hand drew forth the
In ruddy gleam, the crimson

The white Bull of Northumb
With height and length, for
swiftest speed;
His hams are stout, and sm
While loose the hide clings

The noble Bull has withers
His horns lie like the wanin
Each graceful limb is round
That knew no fold but head

Glasgow, Oct. 26, 184



COURT

E PASCHAL EGG.

EDITED BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.

THE local song of "*The Pitman's Courtship*" has, in reference to a custom very prevalent in Northumberland and Durham, the following passage:

"And to please the pit laddies at Easter
A dish-full of guilty paste eggs."

Of the many who have sung the song, and observed the practice alluded to, how few have enquired into the why and the wherefore!—and yet the custom of pre- which some deem a purely local one, and counties, would if sought into, be found and widely separated, parts of the globe, to al, and peculiar to no place. It is found and we trace it throughout the north of ly in those countries where, as in the ek church is the religion of the people. bservant of travellers, thus speaks in his he Easter Eggs play a very important part,

St. Petersburg, lying in a plain, little barn-door fowls, must procure her eggs Moscow, in particular, supplies large quantities. In a moderate computation, there cannot be less at Easter in this capital; for as it is al- on greeting an acquaintance, to press an an individual may consume his hundreds. g, than to visit the markets and stalls, re sold. Some are painted in a *variety of* es inscribed on them, but the more usual al Easter greeting "*Christohs vosskress,*" and think of me." The wealthier do not, elves with veritable eggs *died with Brazil* custom to shew their taste and gallantry. o be named, that is not made into Easter lass cutting manufactory, we saw two halls oyed on nothing else, but in cutting flowers ystal. Part of them, were for the emperor

and empress to give away, a fruit makers and confectioners' manship, in elegant boxes filled from the mighty ostrich egg and sugar. Very costly pieces. Some are transparent, and in bouquets, and some have a play pictures of saints and the

In giving the above extracts, to shew how the "pascham" "pit laddie," painted, find their exact counterparts have hitherto only spoken of customs of our Northern of the Greek church. The tries where the *Latin* church Spain,† &c. In Italy, as David Meldola of London, Priest of the Spanish and it is customary at Easter cakes similar to English stuck on the top of them found in one particular practice had its commencement. The same custom is observed (Greek, and Protestant,) the subject, and wish to mise, that the term "pasche" or "pasque," pasque eggs are the *pas*

* By referring to two works the Abbé d'Auteroche's "1589, it will be seen, that in change, since the time of the

† It does not, however, appear, that a respected Catholic pastor of eggs. This may be easily found attached to the egg when he came amongst them

‡ The festival of the Resurrection names; one of these was Anglo Saxons it was first called verb *Oster*, to rise—others at that season. *The fact*

by the early Christians, from the *passover* ceremonies of the Jews. If the reader will refer to a translation of the Jewish daily prayers, by my friend the Rev. D. De Sola, Minister of the Spanish Portuguese Synagogue, London, he will find, that the egg is an important part in the religious ceremonies, observed at the paschal festival. Particular directions are given in the rubric to those prayers, for the preparation and where it is to be placed, [it is not intended to be eaten], and the learned Rabbi in his preface says, in reference to its use amongst his brethren, "*it is used in commemoration of the festive offering formerly brought in the Temple,*" a rational and simple explanation of the matter, with which, taking into consideration the source whence it emanates, I am perfectly satisfied. Every reader of Jewish history, is aware what the Temple offerings were; and that they were various, some of them consisting of living creatures, as doves and lambs. Since the abolition of the Temple service, it has not been customary, amongst the Jews, to make any *living* offerings, but to present in their stead such things as may be deemed appropriate substitutes, and certainly the egg may be regarded as a good offering for the Temple dove. Some of our Historians, who are themselves far more knowing in such matters than any Hebrew Historians have however had recourse to all sorts of fanciful theories, and instead of being rested with an air of mystery, the origin of that, which without much labour, would be as clear as the sun at noon day.

Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland says, "the Jews adopted the egg, to suit the circumstances of their History, as of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in connection with the Passover, as part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb."

Hutchinson in thus accounting for the origin of the practice, seems to take it for granted, that the Egg was an object of veneration amongst the Egyptians, and a religious and national emblem amongst the Egyptians, which is by no means certain. Since the days of Hutchinson there have been much inquiry into, and investigation of Egyptian antiquities, and nothing has been hitherto discovered, to prove that the egg was ever with them either a religious, or even a national emblem. It is not found sculptured on any of their monuments or sarcophagi, except as an hieroglyphic, i. e. as a simple

reference to the Phœnician *Æstarte* (the personified Moon,) and who is identical with *Isis*, *Genetrix*, &c. The word *Oster*, was used in the sense of "*To rise*" from the dead, of the goddess having *risen* from the sea. The real signification of the word is fecundity.

Mr. Sharpe, Esq., the author of some learned works on Egypt, is of opinion that the egg was never either a religious, or national emblem of the Egyptians.

letter. In many myths the Drudical &c., the reproductive power, the pent, the round pillar same mythic worship pressed into the worst without sufficient evidence by them, in any other ple egg, or a symbol of the paschal egg been deliverance from Egypt in use at the passover. D. De Sola assures me feast, till after the death, for the reason assigned in his edition of the *Dictionnaire* no notice of the Paschal ever in the writings of tian origin, nor when accompanied by any prayer Egyptian bondage or

Fanciful, however, the French writer, Brand, a *hard egg* is among reference to an enormous *usement grand*, &c., & proposed caused, by explanation. The simple answer to ancient or modern egg but, whether Rabbi Ziz, as purely allegorical.

Having explained egg, it may be asked observances of a Christian and having no account vague conjecture is a sion to which I can connect over egg, two things was laid, and a resurrection

* Brand says, that the resurrection, may be gathered extract from the Ritual of

Str Gu

A NORTHUMBRIA

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ., A
INSCRIBED TO THE
EDI



them, which will not be
of Sewingshields," by
Lewis mentions one
current, which is not
county of Lancaster,
"The Iron Gates," t
Stanley) following an
to enter a gothic arch
the idea of his

It says much in fav
Northumbria, that
tion, by such minds

The Legend of
pleasing manner by
an excellent MS.
formerly of North
of Messrs. Service

* "This Romance,"
the seat of Earl Grey.

† The whole of th
original work is a dov
been mutilated in a si

speaking of Lewis, we may use the language of Johnson, in his
of Collins, and say, "He loved fairies, genii, giants and monsters;
delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze
the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls or
asian gardens." Lewis was spent in Germany listening to the wild
the youth of Lewis was spent in Germany listening to the wild
fies narrated by the villagers and charcoal burners of the Hartz
untains, till he almost like Collins

"Held each strange tale devoutly true,"
thus his mind was peculiarly fitted, for versifying "the tales of
times of old, the deeds of the days of other years."
Sir Guy the Seeker" has since the publication of the "Romantic
es," been reprinted in a work published at Alnwick called "Metrical
Legends of Northumberland," and also very incorrectly in a peri-
al publication called "Tales of Terror, or Legends of the wild
wonderful," published in 1827, in London. It has been tran-
d into the German, and other languages. The present reprint
refully transcribed from the work in which it first appeared.
e "Metrical Legends" is a poem by W. G. Thompson, called
Coral Wreath, or the Spell-bound Knight," in which the
r has freed the fair captive of Dunstanborough.



LIKE those in the head of a man just dead
Are his eyes, and his beard's like snow;
But when here he came, his glance was a flame,
And his locks seemed the plumes of the crow.

Since then are o'er forty summers and more;
t he still near the castle remains,
pines for a sight of that lady bright,
no wears the wizard's chains.

un nor snow from the ruins to go
force that aged wight;
till the pile, hall, chapel, and aisle,
searches day and night:

ad can he ne'er the winding stair,
ich he past that beauty to see,
a spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
ere none but once may be.

That once, reg
'Twas night
Did patter an
Showed D,

Raised high
In ruined
And where
Its tow

Proud th
For th
Had a ,
That

Nor fl
Its
Save
T'

Lor

L'

rcy, St. George!" quoth glad Sir Guy,
ght the porch with speed;
o the yew, which near it grew,
d his Barbary steed.

r found on that sheltered ground
e sky's increasing gloom,
row he took his casque, and he shook
off, that burthened its plume.

ne stood in mournful mood,
tless sullen air,
his lance, and with indolent glance
the red lightning's glare;

listened to the shower,
clattering roof that fell;
ed twice the lonely hour,
y some distant bell.

that bell could midnight tell,
under roared the thunder,
olt so red whizzed by his head,
st the gates around.

through the dark a
d of lurid-blue;
came, and a form
uck his wondering

glimmering spark

flame
ew!

wan,

was his height;
east below there was seen to flow
of grizzled white:

o'er-spread his hairless head,
n his beard they streamed;
hand a radiant wand
ng iron gleamed.

grain, with flowing train,
ous robe he wore,
a charm to work man's harm
mbroidered o'er;

And this robe was bound his waist
With a triple chain red-hot!—

And still came nigher that phantom
Till he reached the self-same spot

Where stood Sir Guy, while his ha
And his breath he scarce could d

And he crost his breast, for, I wot
'Twas Belzebub's self that he sa

And full on the Knight that gha
Fixt his green and glassy eyes

And he clanked his chain, and he
Ere his words were heard to

—“ Sir Knight, Sir Knight

And your nerves be firm

Sir Knight, Sir Knight! a

In durance waits for you.

“ But, Sir Knight, Sir Knight

That Dame forbear to vie

Or, Sir Knight, Sir Knight!

While you live, you'll sore

—“ That mortal ne'er drew vit

Who witnessed fear in me:

Come what come will, come

Lead on! I'll follow thee!

And now they go both high and

Above and under ground,

And in and out, and about,

And round, and round, and

The storm is hushed,

The owlet's boding

As now through many

A winding stair the

With beckoning hand,

Still on the Wizard

And well could Sir Guy

As up the first flight

At he

which flay'd

led; hear a soft

he sped!

le the second he past with footsteps fast,
e heard a death-bell toll!
le he climbed the third, a whisper he heard,
"God's mercy on thy soul!"—

now at the top the wanderers stop
brazen gate before
massive make; and a living snake
as the bolt, which held the door.

any a fold round the staple 'twas rolled;
ith venom its jaws ran o'er;
that juice of hell, where-ever it fell,
, a cinder burned the floor.

n the monster beheld Sir Guy, he swelled
ith fury, and threw out his sting;
s flashed from each eye, and he reared him on high,
d prepared on the Warrior to spring;

he Wizard's hand extended his wand,
d the reptile drooped his crest,
strove to bite in impotent spite
e ground, which gave him rest!

now the gate is heard to grate,
its hinges turning slow;
n either side the valves yawn wide,
d in the wanderers go.

; a spacious hall, whose sides were all
th sable hangings dight;
whose echoing floor was diamonded o'er
th marble black and white;

of marble black as the raven's back
undred steeds stood round;
f marble white by each a knight
sleeping on the ground;

undred shafts of laboured bronze
fretted roof upheld;
he ponderous gloom of that vaulted room
undred lights dispelled;

And a dead man's arm by
 Each glimmering taper
 And where it was lopt, st
 Thick gouts of clotted

Where ends the room, do
 Its towering front upho
 And one on each hand t
 Which belonged to tw

That on the right holds
 That on the left a he
 And crowns of jet with
 Their eyeless skulls

And both these grim c
 With fingers long a
 Point tow'rds the tom
 A captive Dame is

A form more fair tha
 Since the days of
 Every glance, that fi
 Was worth an En
 And one sweet kiss
 Would have melt

Soon as Sir Guy he
 Knelt low that c
 And her lips of lov
 But he heard no

Then her hands d
 Her hands more
 And like dew's th
 Her tears bega

The warrior felt
 When he saw
 —“ Oh ! what c
 What mortal

1 The female cap

Then out and speak the Wizard;
 Hollow his accents fall!
 "Was never man, since the world began,
 Could burst that crystal wall:

For the hand, which raised its magic frame,
 Had oft clasped Satan's own;
 And the lid bears a name.....Young Knight, the same
 Stamped on Satan's throne;

At its maker's birth long trembled the earth;
 The skies dropt showers of gore;
 And she, who to light gave the wondrous wight,
 Had died seven years before;

And at Satan's right hand while keeping his stand,
 The foulest Fiend of fire
 Shrank back with awe, when the babe he saw,
 For it shocked its very sire!

But hark, Sir Knight! and riddle aright
 The riddle I'll riddle to thee;
 Thou'lt learn a way without delay
 To set yon damsel free.

See'st yonder sword, with jewels rare
 Its dudgeon crusted o'er?
 See'st yonder horn of ivory fair?
 'Twas Merlin's horn of yore!

That horn to sound, or sword to draw,
 Now, youth, your choice explain;
 But that which you choose, beware how you lose,
 For you never will find it again:

And that once lost, all hopes are crost,
 Which now you fondly form;
 And that once gone, the sun
 A sadder wight to warm;

But such keen woe, as never can know
 Oblivion's balmy power,
 With fixed despair your soul will share,
 Till comes your dying hour.

And a dead man's arm by a
 Each glimmering taper bore,
 And where it was lopt, still d
 Thick gouts of clotted gore.

Where ends the room, doth a
 Its towering front uphold;
 And one on each hand two sk
 Which belonged to two gian

That on the right holds a fau
 That on the left a horn;
 And crowns of jet with jewel
 Their eyeless skulls adorn

And both these grim coloss
 With fingers long and lea
 Point tow'rds the tomb, with
 A captive Dame is seen.¹

A form more fair than that
 Since the days of Eve wa
 Every glance, that flew from
 Was worth an Emperor's
 And one sweet kiss from he
 Would have melted a bos

Soon as Sir Guy had met her
 Knelt low that captive maid
 And her lips of love seemed
 But he heard not what she

Then her hands did she
 Her hands more white join
 And like dewdrops that stre
 Her tears began to

The warrior felt his st
 When he saw those
 —“Oh! what can I do
 What mortal can do,

¹ The female captive I believe is pecc

en out and speaks the Wizard;
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 For you never will find it again:
 that once lost, all hopes are crost,
 For now you fondly form;

at once gone, the sun ne'er shone,
 And wight to warm;
 Much keen woe, as never can know
 Man's balmy power,

And despair your soul will share,
 Comes your dying hour.

"Your choice now make for yon I
To burst her bonds endeavour;¹
But that which you choose, beware
Once lost, 'tis lost for ever!"—

In pensive mood awhile now stood
Sir Guy, and gazed around;
Now he turned his sight to the le
Now he fixed it on the ground.

Now the faulchion's blaze attract
On the hilt his fingers lay;
But he heard fear cry,—“you're
And he snatched his hand

Now his steps he addrest to
Now he turned tow'rds th
Till with desperate thought
And prest it to his mouth.

Hark! the blast is a blast so
That the vaults like thunde
And each marble horse stamp
And from sleep the warriors

And frightful stares each ston
As now with ponderous tread
They rush on Sir Guy, poised
Their spears to strike him dead

At this strange attack full swift
I wot, the startled Knight!
Away he threw the horn!
His faulchion keen and bright

But soon as the horn
Was heard a cry of
It seemed the yell of
Made desperate of relief

¹ In the neighbourhood of Dunstanburgh, found, and which are called “Dunstanburgh castles,” peasants to form part of that immense treasure Deliverer.—*Author's note.*

straight each light was extinguished quite,
 ve the flame so lurid-blue
 he Wizard's brow, (whose flashings now
 sumed a bloody hue),
 those sparks of fire, which grief and ire
 om his glaring eye-balls drew!

he stamped in rage, and he laughed in scorn,
 ile in thundering tone he roared,
 w shame on the coward who sounded a horn,
 en he might have unsheathed a sword!"

aid, and from his mouth there came
 vapour blue and dank,
 e poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death,
 the Warrior senseless sank.

ing breaks! again he wakes;
 ! in the porch he lies,
 still in his heart he feels the dart,
 hich shot from the captive's eyes.

the ground he springs! as if he had wings,
 he ruin he wanders o'er,
 with prying look each cranny and nook
 s anxious eye explore;

find can he ne'er the winding stair,
 hich he climbed that Dame to see,
 om spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
 There none but once may be.

earliest ray of dawning day
 eholds his search begun;
 evening star ascends her
 or yet his search is done:

nce the neighbours all the
 y "Guy, the Seeker's" name;
 never he knows one hour's
 om his wish to find the Dame;
 still he seeks, and aye he
 nd seeks, and seeks in vain;
 Knight now call
 name;
 repose
 Dame;
 seeks;
 in;

And still he repeats to
—“Could I find the

Which words he follows
As if his heart would
And, oh! that groan has
It makes all hearers .

The villagers round know
And when they hear :
—“Hark! hark!” they
Groans for the Wizard

Twice twenty springs on
For his wound have been
For still he's found.....B
Disturbs the midnight .

Good peasants, tell, why
—“’Tis the Seeker-Gu.
“His race is run; his sea
God's mercy on his soul

DUNSTAN



any, are entirely gone,
walls. The Whinstone
columnary form, about
the shore rugged, covered
weed. The most modern
tower of considerable height
projecting point of the cliff.



DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

oratory turret. The gateway forming the great entrance to
 le, is built in a very remarkable style—it is formed by a
 arch with a portico and inner gate, and is defended by two
 semi-circular towers, uniting with the superstructure of the
 : these towers after rising about twenty feet, and contain-
 tiers of apartments, support turrets of a square form, now
 rugged and ruinous, as not to allow a conjecture as to
 ginal height. The wall, which extends to the cliffs on
 banks, is guarded by two square bastions and a small sally-
 is terminated by a square tower with a gateway. Near
 eastern tower are the remains of a chapel. Immediately
 s, is the vortex called the *Rumble Churn*, so graphically descri-
 ewis. This gulph has a grand and awful appearance. You
 ediate down upon the abyss, where as the tide rushes
 vaters are lifted many feet above the common level, rising
 he walls of the towers, as if they would surmount the cliff,
 e the plain. The breaking of the waves in foam over the
 oint of the rocks, the heavy spray, the noise of the disturbed
 d the groan which echo returns through the desolate towers,
 hough tremendous.
 this castle was probably a British strength, and afterwards
 Castellum, yet it does not appear to have been mentioned
 ginning of the 14th century, when it belonged to Thomas
 neaster, grandson of Henry III. and general of the confeder-
 which opposed Edward III. He was also owner of Ponte-
 e, where he was taken by the King's troops, and beheaded as

a traitor—though after the treason of its own restored to the family,

In 1462, the Castle since which time it ap of the castle in the r from what is containe History of Northumb Frontiers and Marche Robert Bowes, Knig the Warden general borough" says the B utter wall thereof m also the Gatehowse : it would be a great enemies came to anr land out of Scotland power to remayne an repair, does not howe In the reign of Elizab crown, and so contin Wark—by subsequ of the Tankerville fa

The above account local writers, describ visible alteration app date of their publicat

We cannot quit which occurred a fe Shields. They arriv that time which the and poetically call unsullied brilliancy, ing the venerable ru to shew them the C want to see him—i ticular stress was la an explanation as t sir" said the littl him *I don't*—he ne his company!" A acted as Cicerone meet with a greater

An enquiry amongst the peasantry shewed that the Legend obtained very general credence, and one old woman averred in the most positive manner, that she had met the Seeker! The tourist through the Northern counties should not neglect a visit to Stanborough—It will amply repay him—as a scene of wild and sublime grandeur it is unequalled, and the Tales of Romance interwoven into its History, give an additional interest to its mouldering towers.

THE BIRTWHISTLE WIGHT.

A Border Ballad.



FEW families have been more celebrated for raids and forays, than the Border clan of Birtwhistle. The one who is the subject of the following ballad, appears to be *Andro o' the Birtwhistle*, as he was called. If not altogether a traditional personage, he lived in the reign of Henry VIIIth, and his character has been handed down to us, as a man famed for deeds of gallantry, as well as said, in every respect, to have trod in his footsteps, even to the 18th century; and there are now old Border farmers, who speak of losing cattle in their young days, and end the story by saying, "it was done by them Birtwhistles." The descendants of the clan, are potters and tinklers well known in the Northern dales, and who are said to possess the honesty, if not the daring of their more daring ancestors.

THE BIRTWHISTLE WIGHT.

REDE ye tak tent o' the Birtwhistle wicht,
He forays by day, and he raids by the night;
He cares na for warden, for baillie, or reeve;
Ye may post him at kirk,¹ and he'll laugh in his sleeve;
arry, tho' Hairibee tree were in sight,
ing a chiel is the Birtwhistle wicht!
¹ A Northern village church, is not merely used, for the purpose of posting

The Tyne, and the Ta
 They never could stop
 At the mirk hour o' mi
 He knows every windin
 Unscath'd he can roam,
 For wha wad dare ques

The proud Lord o' Dils
 He has keepers to watc
 The Baron o' Thirlwall
 And auld Gaffer Feathe
 The priest canna claim
 But they a' will pay tyt

The Prior o' Brinkburn
 He patters his avés, and
 At each pause o' the ch
 Booms its dirge thro' the
 He prays to the Virgin
 From the powers o' Hel

Fair lasses o' Cheviot, h
 He'll ne'er kneel at alta
 But tell ye, your eyne h
 The whiles he's preparin
 He'll grieve ye, and leav
 For reckless in love, is

O! gin he were ta'en to
 There'd be starers and
 There'd be shepherds fr
 And his neck-verse² wo
 But it's na in a hurry
 For wary and cute is

parochial or parliamentary not
 requiring publicity, and plac
 those of Auctions, Tradesme
 &c. These latter used form
 in the church, and it was
 prayers, to hear the clerk b
 exhibitions have been ver
 speech, a worthy who had
 been "posted at kirk."

² The "neck-verse" v
 Hairibee was the comm



A SKETCH OF THE
 DESCENDANTS OF JOSCELINE DE LOUVAINE,
 (THE SECOND HOUSE OF PERCY),
 EARLS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, BARONS PERCY, &c.,
 AND TERRITORIAL
 ALNWICK, WARKWORTH, AND PRUDHOE CASTLES,
 IN THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
 BY W. E. SURTEES, ESQ., D. C. L.

as of the North were the Earls of Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmerland at

CHOROGRAPHIA OR SURVEY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.



THE name of Percy, often tragic, but always honourable, is more interwoven than any other with our early minstrelsy and romance. The family which it denoted never perhaps exercised over the destinies of England the mighty power which, during the wars of the roses, was wielded by a junior branch of their northern rivals, the peculiar circumstances rendered it far more the bards. The proximity of the Percies to the them in a continual hostility; which, being

2, p.p. 63-65; and also Bulwer's novel of "The Last of the Beads" of this branch are drawn with fidelity, as

often carried on with pelling, a foray, was r national war: and henc individualized with dra in the vicinity, on the c rival its own sovereign come—by the Douglas the Percies became the national prejudice wou this family, whether the

The
or that of their own co
to enhance its glory.

In taking a survey of
the pristine patriarchs c

“Brave G

With

And, fro

Assum

and descend in their p
lofty line which had be
the favour of its King
Lincolnshire. She beca
of Adeliza, second Quee
son of Godfrey Count o
Brabant.† Yet the p
Prince, on his accepting
either his own name o
He decided the option

† Of the Yorkshire posse
Spofford in the West riding, t
p. 270. In the deanery of
from the era of the conquest,
they had no residence. In
Cliffords, in consequence of a

‡ “They su

The c

Lord Jo

In prii

There is a printed pedigree tr
that of Josceline de Louvaine
of Lorrain, to Charlemagne, an

of Brabant are at this day borne the first of the ninety-two quarterings of the Percy shield.*

Josceline thus acquired by marriage received an amount of the honour of Petworth, in Sussex, which came by the Queen his sister. This was a part of the honour of the Earl of Arundel; the estates of which had reverted to the house of the rebellion of a former Earl, and were now in dower. She, after the death of the King her husband, William de Albini, who thus obtained the Earldom of Arundel: and of him Josceline held Petworth by the name of being his castellan, and, during siege, defending it for forty days.†

The eventual heir of this marriage, William de Percy, Lord of Petworth (whose mother was Isabel de Bruce, daughter of the elder branch of that family which afterwards came to Scotland), had two wives. His second wife was brought to her husband, Dalton, in the bishoprick of Eborac, and bore him Dalton-Percy: ‡ and this was not improbably the first possession acquired by the house of Percy north of

Yorkshire by this second marriage: and the son and heir, Richard, married Eleanor daughter of John Plantagenet, Earl of Surrey, descended from a base-born son of Godfrey, Count of Anjou, the second husband of Maud of Scotland, daughter of Germany.

Richard had two elder sons, his youngest son Henry de Percy, who by his family inheritance of wealth and honours. From Henry came a warrior. He was one of the victors in the

arms than distinguished by its alliances, the house of Percy. The number and rank of the families which are represented by the banner of the house of Percy, whose banner consequently exhibits an assemblage of numerous ensigns—Among which are those of King Henry the Third, and of the blood-Royal, of the Sovereign houses of France, Scotland, and of the ducal houses of Normandy and Brittany, and of the honours altogether unparalleled." Quarterly Review, No.

ol. ii. p. 268. Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. Lord Percy sold this manor to Sir John Nevill of Raby," Lord

ol. iii. p. 98.

Percy,—liv'd there many an English knight—

The brave Douglas,—many a Scottish wight,

Undistinguish'd lie without a name,

Having lost the heralds of their fame."

ment," belonging to the beginning of the last century, edited by John

1817.

battle of Dunbar; and was
 tish wars* during the reign
 alleged to have been rewar
 with the Scotch Earldom of
 wards King of Scotland) w
 the Red Comyn in the Chu
 previously to this, he had re
 Lords, by which the barone
 who acquired Alnwick† in t

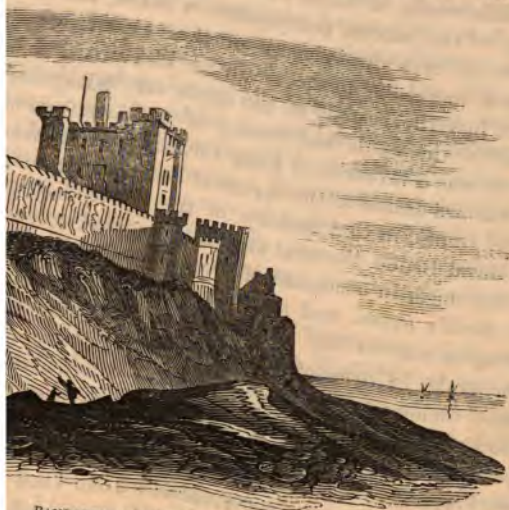


ALN WICK

* He was, in the 25 Ed. I.,
 Uncle the Earl of Warren, wh
 Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 2

† Alnwick, at the time of th
 who was slain in the battle of
 ferred by the conqueror on his
 it to her husband Eustace F
 the last of a line of feudal ba
 Welch wars, granted to King
 liam de Kildare might be all
 before his death, appointed
 trustee for his son, then a

been transmitted to his descendants. He also obtained Corbridge* in Northumberland, by purchase: II., received the governorship of the then royal h. He died in 1315, leaving by his wife the Lady son, Henry, second Baron Percy of Alnwick.



RAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

en reported to have used respecting him, appropriated the eventually sold it to Henry Lord Percy, by a deed dated principal persons of the time, and confirmed by King Lord Percy, in order to perfect his title, took the precaution Sir Gilbert de Aiton, a collateral relative but right heir to deek appears to have appropriated this barony to himself it; so that Lord Percy must have profited by, rather than which has affixed so deep a stain on the otherwise lofty ties of England and Wales, Vol. XII. part 1, by the Rev. 's Britannia, Dugdale's Baronage. It has been asserted de Vescy to the bishop still exists: and it has been express trusts appear, there could have been no implied Castle, published by W. Davison, at Alnwick, Ed. of 1823. ed Percy for centuries scarcely exaggerates kept a court in princely state; so umberland had lived, he speaks of the

"barons and those knyghtes bold,
gentilmen with hym entertheynd,
gennyall men of his houshold,
e as lord worshipfully manteynd."

Stellon's *Elegy on the Death of the 4th Earl of Northumberland*.
Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i. p. 273.

This baron appears well as one of the most in the minority he received an earldom of the Northumbrian fee. He afterwards, in 1326, was driven from some of the barons, passed the press by force the influence of the Prince succeeding to the custody of from him the custody of the grant of the castle and As he was a favourite of Edward Baliol to the large grants, in that court of David Bruce, the rival of the chiefs in command at Nevill's cross, and too Douglas was in the arm the rivalry in arms of the have commenced. His Robert Lord Clifford, who beauty:† and by her he de Percy was made Bishop two; Matilda de Percy mother of the first Earl his eldest son, succeeded 1351-2.

This nobleman had, in Edward III. in the expedition crowned by the victory of Henry Earl of Lancaster. He married the bride was aged fourteen of forty-six, left by her to berland, and father of

† From his family, at an early age (the "Rosamunda") of King Henry III. that Queen Eleanor saw, that she had administered.

‡ She was sister of Henry III. her heiress was first wife to his father's alliance was, by his father

in the drama has vied with history in rendering of the two brothers by blood to the reigning times in which they lived, ensured them the distinction, while their own ability and enterprise sustained by it. Both served with honour in the French wars: both long enjoyed the favour of his weak successor, and by him were elevated to their earldoms: both fortunes, and combined to place the able and of Bolingbroke on his throne: and both, unable to sway with which he wielded the rod of empire in his hand,* endeavoured by open war to depose him in the bold attempt. The details of the lives of would be the history of a great part of the three reigns, and it can here be only attempted to give a few of the more prominent events in which they

of the reign of Richard II., Worcester, then only, was appointed Admiral of the English fleet sent to in behalf of John of Gaunt, the seizure of the King-Edward Leon, to which he had laid claim in right of his second wife Constance of Castile. Five years later he was to conclude a final peace with Charles VI. and relates, the French Monarch "made a Dinner to the King, and caused Syr Thomas Percy to sytte at his right hand, and hym cosyn, by reason of Northumberland's mean time Northumberland, then Lord Percy, had, John of Gaunt, been conspicuous as a protector of the early religious reformer; and had held the office of Marshall of England at the coronation of Richard. He was raised to his Earldom—an accession of

to the open rupture, Worcester is represented as haughtily of the services of his family.

"Our house, my Sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And the same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so poorly."

Henry IV. part 1. scene 3.
Worcester from whose second son Crouchback the mother of Northumberland was descended, was a French Princess; and through her was, of recent alliance to the reigning house of France. We may here observe the address used in these days, by the courtesy of Kings to their higher nobles, who have been handed down from a period when the connection acknowledged matter of fact.

† Hume's History of England, ch. XVII.

honour which we shall find series of brilliant calamities Worcester remained single and by his first wife, Margaret Westmoreland, was father of his noble bearing and rest spur† of the North,"—a brightest of English chivalry the dramatist, and the his vion. His second wife, s bore him no children: yet the easy condition that he arms of Lucy into the Pe Richard, Hotspur avenged tle-on-Tyne, in the life's bl there is no historical autl

* Hotspur was born 20th May, twenty years before Prince Henry has taken the license of a poet in King Henry exclaim:—

That son
In cradle
And call

According to Mr. Tyler's view, i another liberty with historic truth Wales.

† "Sir Henry Percy received he was engaged in perpetual for of Berwick was taken by the Sc that time till the battle of Holm to the first part of Henry IV. in literally, *nom de guerre*, varying s French and Scots Harre Hatesp reposed in sleep, he would labor which we call Hatesporre," Kn character, which this surname illustration, a couplet from our

"Let
Wi

‡ "Am

§ See the account of the this conflict, lying between called "Battle Stone," a Douglas who fell here was

prince incomperable,
 rey and pite the well,
 y joye etermynable
 lorde from all daunger of hell,
 the to byde and dwell
 the orient,
 and God omnipotent.

O lady full of grace,
 and goddis moder dere,
 ref comfort and solace,
 oure withouten pere,
 ove the starris clere,
 hy mediatioun
 it, and bringe to salvacion.

re hevenly yerarchy,
 sorte of that glorious place,
 into ther company
 hym that formed all solace :
 cy, and of grace,
 nd the holy goste
 of myghts moste.

SCRIPTION BY DR. JOHNSON

OF

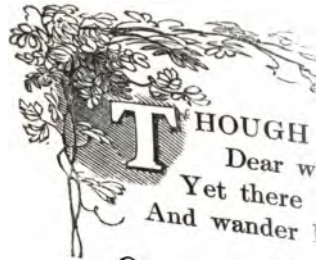
CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL ;

ER BY HIM TO MRS. THRALE, DATED 12, AUGUST, 1773.

bought us to Durham, a place of which Mr.
 particular notice. The Bishop's palace has the
 dal castle, built upon an eminence, and look-
 ; upon which was formerly a draw-bridge, as
 ; night, lest the Scots should possess it.
 massyness and solidity such as I have seen in
 waves than pleases, as it strikes with a kind
 aspires to no other praise than that of rocky
 e duration."

From an old

"When the Lord turned our Captivity the



Oft will she tal
Within its sof
Bearing my sou
To where my

Oh! God who
A humble an
Oh, let me to
Home of my l

Could I but sta
And hear its
Turn'd would l
I should be

THE late Mr. S—— of
was once travelling by
who sat near him avow
sacred volume—"Frie
ridiculous in the Bible
senses can believe the
head and kill him."
soft as thine there co

GIBB'S CROSS.

 N former times, many small crosses were erected over the wild districts of Northumberland. They were simple in structure, consisting merely of a free stone, nearly a foot square and about three feet long, set upright in another large free stone, which was hollowed out to receive it. Those in the neighbourhood of towns and villages were chiefly set up for markets to be held near them, during those periods when the

it unsafe for buyers and sellers to assemble in. But the greater number were placed, where a had occurred, to indicate the spot where some nage fell. Thus "Battle Cross," at Otterburne, oved in 1776, shewed where the heroic Douglas Northumbrian lances; and "Percy's Cross," at ill points out where that warrior, in 1463, yielded cause of his sovereign. Others of less note have ed; yet of these, not a few have given names to

which they were situated. Harwood Head near liam Winter was gibbeted, is still called "Sting ground, between Monkridge Hall and Overacres, amed "Stob Cross;" and at Hareshaw Head, and Otterburne, "Gibb's Cross" stood a few of a solitary dwelling house, now in ruins. The which the latter pointed heaven-ward, was still in nty years ago: it was not unlike a small *swine-* assive in its form, and the lower portion was sunk

s rude vestige of a ruder age is connected with a nt of which has floated down, on the breath of t day. A few miles to the west may be seen the Castle; and about a mile still farther, on the rth Tyne, appear the green mounds where Dally

The lords of these strongholds were men of istinguished prowess: but no good will, apparent- hem; for he of Tarsset Castle became enamoured- neighbour, and made love to her privately, being ould not receive the approval of her high-minded

brother. So far, however, d
Castle prevail over her lover
subterranean passage betwe
more frequently visit her un
attempted to be carried into
interviews, that Gilbert of
were, like all earthly pleas
his visits, he was detected
proportion to their strength
Dally Castle, ultimately, pr
miniously endeavoured to se
enemy at his heels, he cro
and betook himself to the
gained the highest point o
sable eminence, he was ov
ensued, and, again, he of
memorial was set up on th
age, it was known to the
of "Gibb's Cross."—*R. W*



cher was given to the
and proceeded with the
been heard of this fa
June 27th 1819, when
in Blyth, much cut up
highly probable that
to the north of Eng
proceeded to his form

THE BAILLIE OF BERWICK;

OR,

AS AN OLD MAN CAME OVER THE LEA.

An Old North Country Song.

COMMUNICATED BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.

 HIS curious and humorous song is from a copy taken down some years since, from the singing of Mrs. Mason, an elderly lady, with whom I resided when a boy, at Gaw-Flatt, near Skipton in Craven, and who died about two years ago, an octogenarian. She was the widow of a clergyman, and the respectability of her character, and the pleasant situation of the little farm house where she resided, induced many to place over her roof. The old farm house is now numbered at were, and its scite occupied by a gentleman's I passed the spot, and changed as it was, there maining, to call to my remembrance "the solitary the long winter nights, and the tales, the legends, and the old songs of Mrs. Mason. In many ies, there are passages which in these times, are ing!" Whenever these occurred, the good old the verse, but the alteration would be sure to be cal a manner, as to induce the boys to supply the true reading! This would please her amazingly; her spectacles, laugh heartily and say "But you men, I did not say so!" is to be found, in a rather scarce work called "The ed in London at the close of the last century, and "Scotch song, sung at Ranelagh." Version is the ly to the four-verse song in the Sky Lark, for it copy, being in a different metre to the following, abt, is the original. A version is also to be found work published in London, in the year 1749, and

The auld carle cam o'er the croft
Wi' his beard new shaven."

rs. Mason gave it, is an English tune of a simple

nature, but original, exceeding
doubted antiquity. I have
quaint song suggested to Burns
his "Last night a braw wooer
hance its value, and render it
interesting.



My mother bid me
Heigho! but I
Ballie Greig
And from Ber
Wi' his old grey

My mother bid me
Heigho! but I
I asked him
But I wished
Wi' his old grey

My mother bid me
Heigho! but I
I fetched him
And he sat
Wi' his old grey

My mother bid me
Heigho! but
I fetched
And he
Wi' his old grey

My mother
Heigho! b

I spread him the cloth
And he kissed me—the Goth!
his old grey beard just newly shaven.

mother bid me go fetch him some pie,
eigho! but I wont have him—
I fetched him some pie,
And he cut it awrye,
his old grey beard just newly shaven.

mother bid me go fetch him some tart,
eigho! but I wont have him—
I fetched him some tart,
* * * * *
his old grey beard just newly shaven.

nother bid me go fetch him some bread,
igho! but I wont have him—
fetched him some bread,
And he waggled his head,
his old grey beard just newly shaven.

other bid me go draw him some ale,
gho! but I wont have him—
drew him some ale,
nd he supped like a whale,
is old grey beard just newly shaven.

other bid me go get him a light,
gho! but I wont have him—
got him a light,
at he could not walk straight,
s old grey beard just newly shaven.

other bid me go shew him to bed,
ho! but I wont have him—
shewed him to bed,
d he asked me to wed,
old grey beard just newly shaven.

ther tells me he has plenty of brass,
o! but I wont have him—
Nick take his brass,
ill neer be his lass,
old grey beard just newly shaven!

WALL



WALLBOTTLE

Newcast
a beaut
parts a
deadly r
cotic kin
less pow
fatal effe

mistake them for sloes. A
the neighbourhood of Newb
whom they proved fatal: the
by proper medicines. After
were made to extirpate the n
ever have not been altogether
with fruit in the autumn of 18

About sixty years ago, I
hut in Wallbottle dean, again
with brushwood, about a furlong
resided some years with his father
of "Willie of the wood." His
husbandry, but at this time
waggon. The habitation was
broom: four staves driven in
served for a table, and a bed
corves turned up, and overlaid
under the spreading branches.
he was often seen, during leisure
In the summer season, the
melody of the birds, and the
rivulet, rendered the situation
prompted by curiosity, often
would have accosted them
glen, guid folk." The gentlemen
ous, that they were troubled
to turn the public curiosity
and cheese, ale, &c., which
to maintain his family in
Some colliers intending to
retired to rest, and the

stripling sons to his assistance:—"Rise Jock: rise x," cried he, "tak' ilka ane a staff into your hand, sword." The pretended robbers, however, went away y material injury.

able situation, two of Pettigrew's sons rose to ranks ne of them went into the army, and, in course of ed to a lieutenancy: the other acquired some cele- r in the Methodist connexion.

the stream a road winds along the very verge of its allowing only one vehicle to pass at a time and that difficulty, a peculiarity which has sometimes pro- lts. One circumstance in particular may be related. his wife driving a gig on this road seeing a house in inity, the former got out to make an enquiry. The reins, imprudently urged the horse forward, and the danger, one wheel slipped over the bank, and the horse and the gig, were precipitated to the n, a depth of about forty feet. The horse had his s collar bone fractured, the gig was much broken, band came he found his wife severely bruised, but red. She was conveyed to the adjacent village, ly recovered.

s of a much more disastrous nature attended the his small rivulet by heavy rains in July 24, 1796. ng been cast over this stream, an embankment of upon it for the purpose of making a waggon way olliery; the arch being too small for the admission ter, and the trees, hay, &c., brought down by it, up, and the water then forming an immense lake in t length burst down the embankment, and rolling y scarcely conceivable, instantly carried away an a man working in it, was drowned at a moment no danger. In its progress to the river Tyne, it houses at the east end of the village of Newburn, unfortunately lost their lives; all the houses in village were filled with water, and the inhabitants sion of their danger, escaped with great difficulty.



Dum

A

FROM THE GENTL



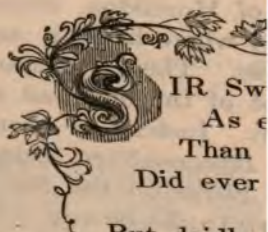
consequence of the bad f
apparent to the Scottish
the king of England, ar
Percies of Northumberl

Earl Douglas, who h
March, anxious to driv
of Nesbit Moor; and
Northumberland. Ten
followed the banner of
the Lothians to the
the earl, whom the Sc
from his repeated defe
of his race, enjoyed s
unable to learn militar
carried terror and de
without any force to
der, and marched in a
his ill-calculated adva
and his son, the Ho
of March, gathered
pered by his spoil,
posted near Millfield
perceived a strong I

* E. W. was an Irish
Volume of Poems which

and the good sense to seize it. The English, with the Earl of March, occupied the ridges of a neighbouring hill, and advanced to the assault; and Harry Percy (or Hotspur) charged up the hill of Homildon, when March called to him, and advised him to stay where he was, and begin his archers, not with his horse. The advice was taken; the bowmen advanced to the foot of the hill, and shot up with wonderful force and correct aim. Instead of charging at them, the English archers at Bannockburn, Douglas did not leave his people drawn up in ranks on the face of the hill, but they presented one general mark to the enemy. Scarcely an arrow flew in vain; the Scots fell in heaps without fighting. Douglas made up his mind to charge down the hill, or, as he exclaimed—"Oh! my brave fellow-soldiers, what fascinate you stand like deer and fawns in a park to be shot of? Let those who will, descend with me, and, in the Lord, we will break that host and conquer, or, if not, at least with honour, like soldiers." The English bowmen retired a little, but as they withdrew, and, presently halting, sent a flight of arrows so "sharp and strong," that they could withstand it; and as he was spurting forward, himself, whose armour was of the most perfect temper, fell mortally, in five different places. He was on his horse,—was made prisoner,—and then a complete rout ensued. Eight hundred of them remained on the field; the rest, it is said, were drowned in the Tweed. Douglas, whose principal wound deprived him of an eye, was the son of the duke of Albany, the earls of Moray and Argyll, eighty knights, (among whom were some French-archers, and many other persons of rank, were made prisoners by the English, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalmeny, Sinclair, Roger Gordon, and Walter Scott, were in the more illustrious slain. The English men-at-arms, squires, never drew the sword or couched the lance, the battle being decided by the archers. Such was the famous battle of Homildon Hill, which was fought on Holyrood-day, the 22nd of September, 1402.

HUMI



IR Sw
As e
Than
Did ever

But deidly
Between thes
'They never me
With all thei

At last they hi
To Bræ of E
Where Douglas
Wi' Knights

Now baith afor
And glowr'd
And half unsh
And quak'd

Then mighty
To redd the
"O Sirs!" he
"And quell

"For, look y
"On yond
"To morrow
"We'll ne

"Gin we to
"Our ro
"First spe
"Then f

He spake—
Now all
And arms
The sil

Bluid red clouds the Sun arose,
Which saw that fatal day
ere bretheless on the green hill side
a' many a bra' Scot lay.

sair—the English bowmen gall'd
The van—that ungear'd stood,
e thirsty shaft e'er reach'd the earth
Instain'd wi' Scottish bluid.

en Sir John Swinton loudly cries
Bra' lads! gif we must die,
ollow your chief, and syne your foes
Shall bear us companie."

se wor^{ds} when Adam Gordon heard,
e hastens to the place,
hen our dear country claims our aid
Let all our quarrels cease.

or mine are gone—most valiant Knight!
And now a boon I crave—
at frae the noble arm—the meed
Of Knight^{hood} I must have."

nd mine for ^{aye!"} —replies Sir John,
nd to his b^{rother} ^{lost} him drew;
a dubb'd his Knight, while deidly flight
arrows round them flew.

i wi' their men, these valiant twain
ush'd down the green hill's side,
'mongst their foes, wi' mortal blows
eir hands in bluid they dy'd.

two huge rocks on Bramor's brow,
hen loosen'd fra' their bed,
thunder down and overthrow
e pines which crown the glade.

they, thro' ranks, the Earl of March
d the bold Percies fought,
bluid and carnage mark'd their path
ere'er they step'd and fought.

At length they're
By numbers co
And fighting fall
And stain with

Thus did these v
Who liv'd in r
But lock'd in on
Dear friendship

And now the Sc
Wi' rout and c
And many a man
That strove to

The mighty Dou
For ne'er a foo
But first five gre
And also lost a

With Gordon and
Sir John of Ca
Sir Ramsay of D
And Sir Walter

And Roger Gord
Wi' Walter S
And many more
Whom valour

But past all cou
Wi' doughty
Fife, Murray, A
Lord Graham

With eighty Kn
Than can ee'
All captives led
By Harry Ho

Fra' forth to T
Was then a s
The cou'ter left
Lay rusting i

od prosper Scotland, let us say,
 And grant our wars be done,
 and may we ne'er see sic a day
 As that of Humbledoun.

DURHAM MUSTARD.

FROM "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

RIOR to the year 1720, there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time, the seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, rham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. She kept the secret for many years to herself, and in the exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of London and in particular the metropolis with this article. George II. was particularly fond of it, and with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements as regularly travelled to London, and the principal towns throughout the kingdom, as any tradesman's rider of the present day; and she contrived to pick up, not only a decent pittance, but a comfortable competence. From this woman's mustard, it acquired the name of Durham Mustard.

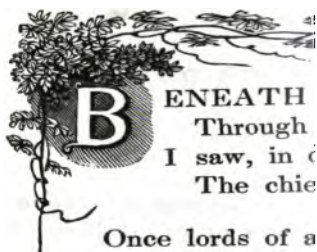
REMARKABLE STORY.

FROM "THE WONDERS OF NATURE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD."

REMARKABLE story from credible persons near *Sherburn*, in *Yorkshire*.—A poor man's swarm settled in a rich man's garden, and he challenged it as his own. The poor man wished it to whom the swarm of right belonged. The swarm was divided, and hung upon his beard, by which he carried them

Lines

ON SEEING THE COFFINS OF
IN THEIR V.



Once lords of a
Now cered i
They rest from
Till Earth gi

O'er one, confli
The noble yo
Beneath the he
Sad story his

In exiled Stuart
He bade his
And, forfeit to
Rank, wealth,

And yet, why
Man's honour
Illusions are, th
Like childhood

As snow-flakes
That, melting,
As bright creati
That flit ere

So perish quick
Let us, then,
In that eternal,
Where Death

inct **Cudberht** hys hatrid that
 vnto *Women*, and the begyn-
 therof, and hys forbyddynge them
 proche vnto hys *Chirches* bor-
 wyth y^e doleful difastirs y^t be-
 all such as trespaffide wythin y^e
 m: **Also** y^e straunge and
 schamefull penaunce apoynt-
 tyd vnto *Mayster Peter*
Baxter, Burgeffe in
 Nevve Castell, hys
 mayde servaunts
 twaine.

gathered out of auntient Cronicles and
ould Wrytynges very pythye and
pytyfull for to reade.



ctor quam magnus! gravis hīs, hīs mitis ut agnus;
 ti natus, justus, pius, et moderatus;
 peccanti, blandus culpas reseranti.

C. **Cuthbert**, in common with the majority of his canonized brethren, who figure in the annals of Romish hagiography, appears to have entertained or affected a profound and pious antipathy to the female sex.

There are on record, proofs of the super-saintly aversion which he exhibited, not during his life merely, but after his beatification. They were y circumstances of no equivocal character, and were

expressed with no small demon-
 "The origin of St. Cuthbert"
 informs us, "is said to have
 seduction made against him by
 kings."* The nature of this im-
 of supernatural power for whi-
 vindication of his innocence, a-
 from Hutchinson, who conder-
 of Kidwelly. "Divers books o-
 have been written, which set for-
 led a most recluse life, in the k-
 happened that the daughter of
 child by some young man in her
 her pregnancy, diligently exam-
 fact; whereupon she made thi-
 who dwelleth hard by, is he v-
 beauty I am thus deceived.
 hermit's place, with his deflo-
 knights, where he instantly acc-
 ner: What, art thou he, who,
 est the temple and sanctuary o-
 cloak and profession of a hern-
 Behold my daughter, whom th-
 fearing to deflower her: There-
 and plainly declare here, before
 seduced her. The king's daugh-
 father, very impudently stepped
 he who had done that wicked fa-
 amazed, perceiving that this ca-
 of the Devil, applied his whole k-
 Lord, my God, who only knowe-
 make manifest also this work o-
 the same, which, though it can-
 known by some divine token.
 these words, suddenly, and in
 earth made a hissing noise, pre-
 the presence of all the spectato-
 she for her corruption was con-
 king perceived this miracle, he

* Brief Account of

† The ancient rites, and monuments
 ham, collected out of ancient manuscripts
 J. D. of Kidwelly, 12mo. London, 167

lest for his furious threats he should incur the same. Whereupon he, with his company, humbly craving pardon of God, with a further petition to that good man St. Cuthbert by his prayers he would crave of God to have his petition granted, upon condition thence no woman should come near him. Whence it came that the king did not suffer any woman to enter into the church dedicated to that saint; * "which to this day is duly observed in the Churches of the Picts, which were dedicated in the name of the holy man."

He also mentions another circumstance that occurred later in the life of our Saint's earthly pilgrimage which, as that anti-conjectures, must have tended to fortify his already fixed opinion in this particular. "Some short time preceding his consecration, the monastery of Coldingham was burnt.† The society there consisted of monks and nuns, who occupied parts of the edifice. But the severe rules of the house were intended to prevent a shameful relaxation of discipline; in the destruction of that stately edifice was considered a source of the crimes and pollutions of its inhabitants. The monastery of Lindisfarne looked upon this event with religious horror, Cuthbert was made bishop, he forbade the approach of the monks to the convent, and even denied them access to the church, the monks performed their devotions. He caused a small island to be selected on a distinct plain on the island for their reception,

* History of Durham, vol. ii. page 221.

According to Bede this conflagration occurred A. D. 679.



RUINS OF LINDISFARNE (1814).

which, from its situation, was church. Women were afterwards buried in the cemeteries where St. Cuthbert's punishments are related which as the following cases translate Hutchinson is indebted for the

CHA

Concerning a woman who entered the vengeance she was punished.

"Some women indeed there have been who to infringe these regulations, and the punishments that ensued, have been made capital. One of these was named Sunge, who one night, as she was returning home, complaining to her husband that he was weary by reason of the filthy puddles in the streets, and in their good pleasure, must needs go to the cemetery of this—yes, of this city, to see themselves that by some little extra duty they might atone for their offence. But actually whilst the woman began to experience the effects of not what, exclaiming that she was out of her senses. Her husband, however, without any fear; but when she was in the enclosure of the cemetery, she fell on the ground, and being carried home the next night.

CH

Likewise concerning another woman who was punished by which she dispatched herself.

"Another similar event followed, which indeed in aftertime as a punishment for habit in this church,—who, being attracted by the beauty of the ornaments of the altar, a sudden becomes inflamed with desire to behold them. Nor was she able to resist, but bours on the score of her

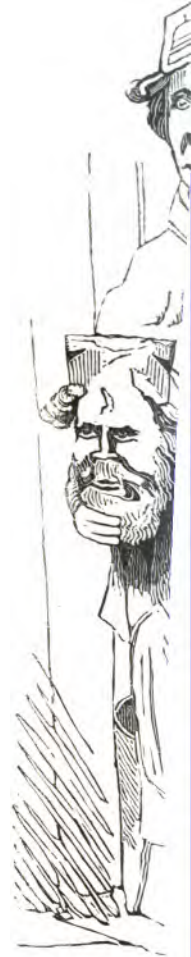
* Hutchinson's History of Durham, cap. xxii. A very judicious woman, of the Scottish border, was made in their

her mind. And sure enough she also took her way
 m^y tery of the church, in haste enough, but not with
 or losing thereupon her senses, she cut her tongue right
 biting at it, nor was she relieved of her madness, till she
 own hand relieved herself of life by cutting her throat.
 no easy matter to confine her within the house; and in
 andering from place to place, at length she was one day
 ad beneath a tree with her throat all bloody, and still
 r hand the knife with which she had dispatched herself.
 nt besides might I still relate as having been displayed
 similar attempts of female audacity. But I must pass
 ers and these may briefly suffice.”
 ver may have been the origin of this exclusive austerity,
 re of the saint exhibited itself on many occasions in
 unequivocal interpositions of his power. Neither was
 ster of persons or of sex, as is proved by the following
 ted from the interesting narrative of a learned and ex-
 writer, to whose researches the admirers of all that
 the opinion is, the manners, and state of society of the
 re so deeply indebted.—“The lane, leading from the
 1 to the city of St. Mary le Bow, (long afterwards
 e Church-yard) was of old called King’s Gate, from
 to its present this road, William the Conqueror was
 ance that, by where he had been struck with a sud-
 e from the shrine where he had been struck with a sud-
 f an alarming nature, in consequence of his infidelity on
 of Cuthbert’s in corruption. The king doubted, and he
 for his incredulity,—but by what hand?”*
 at this Church-yard, so formidable to females and to
 of the other sex, was not without its miracles of benevo-
 ness “we must tell one little story. In times of old,
 the diocese of Durham a good-natured fellow, who, from
 e, never went through a church-yard without praying for
 were buried in its soil. It happened to this same per-
 course of his days, to be chased into a church-yard, by
 ho had determined upon his murder, when, strange to
 e surface of the ground began to bristle with swords and
 ing out of the earth in his defence. The dead men,
 ns it contained, out of gratitude for his prayers, burst
 raves en masse, each clad in the armour which he had
 live, and most effectually protected him from his foes.”*

Raine, p. 135

* Raine, note p. 122.

Again toward the close of the meditated the erection of a cha from which female worshipper selected for his purpose the s foundations had actually been progress with the work, when



STATUE

discernible in its walls. The architect had probably not the good foundation, which might have been obtained. Wever, is attributed to St. Cuthbert; who finding that to be so nearly approached by the sex he detested, god, shook the little Olympus of his resting-place, and onoxious fabric totter to its base."* Imbued with the talent at the period, the workmen would easily be brought any interpretation of an accident, which it might suit the give; and they would have shrunk from the prosecution of , on witnessing half the tokens of his displeasure which the elated to have manifested. Of the Prelate who employed could presume to doubt that he felt acutely this rebuke of predecessor; and perhaps he would not complain of the , inasmuch as his obsequious abandonment of the site with be interpreted into a recognition of the power of the magnifying of whose influence he, in common with the o largely interested.* At all events he did abandon the attempt, and disposed the position of his receptacle for es at a more respectful distance from the hallowed and body.—CARIE CARENS,—of him whose abrenunciation ty of the sex was so stern and uncompromising. he possibility of misapprehension on a point so important as distinguishing the Cathedral floor, which even now is visible, be of the Cathedral floor, which even now is visible, be some western pillars of the nave, beyond which the ob- islike might not approach with impunity towards his Davies informs us, "There is, betwixt the pillars, on the hich the Holy water did stand in, and the Pillar which against it on the South-side, from the one of them to ow of blue Marble; and in the midst of the said Row of blue Marble, in token that all Women, who came Service, should not be suffered to come above the said. t chanced that any Woman came above it, within the urch, then straightwayes she was taken, and punished

* Raine, p. 69.

by which the attempt made by the emperor Julian, in the fourth cen- e temple of Jerusalem, had been miraculously defeated, could not be men; and, being known, they would doubtless be dwelt upon as fondly and preachers, as they appear to have been in yet earlier ages. And of any sudden subsidence of the foundations of Pudsey's projected edi- the monks, stored with incidents so congenial to their tastes, would for turning the event to account, and for improving it into a miracle, n of the imaginative, sic account, and for improving it into a miracle, z. xxiii., and the author- ty usual on such occasions.—See Gibbon, es quoted by him,—Warburton's *Julian*, &c.

for certain dayes ; because ther the holy man, St. *Cuthbert* was sacred Body. Also if any V Abbey-Gates, or within any P seen but her length within any and set fast, and punished, to the like."

For the latter restriction we there might have been "a b was intrusion lightly passed o as promptly punished, as it memorable instance of an intr occurred in the case of "Quee who, when at Durham with he leave his bed in the priory (n night, and run half dressed t covered the sinful intrusion o So much for the vigilance with the one case. Nor was the the other. The following ser unfortunate and over curious subjoined certificate of its ac which its sanctity was asserted

"**Mandate** to summon the punishment enjoined the to go up to the Feretory of S

The official of the Lord Bi lains of the churches of St. Newcastle upon Tyne, wished Whereas Matilda Burgh, a assert, of Peter Baxter of t the devil, and by their own cathedral church of Durha and purpose to approach b confessor Cuthbert, knowing greater excommunication, ar to all women whatsoever: of us, sitting in our tribunal selves guilty of this grave of nature a disposition to proc We, with the consent of M:

Durham, and of other men skilled in the law, with tting, have enjoined upon the said women duly es for their offence, viz:—that they and each of three feast days in front of the procession about Nicholas, and on three other feast days about the



SO. PORCH OF ST. NICHOLAS (1819).

Saints aforesaid in that same man's attire, in the same form in which they so daringly approached the said arch of Durham. We therefore enjoin and command regards the said women performing the said penance as t ye cite them on alternate days into your Churches, and solemnly declare the cause wherefore they perform such t no other women hereafter may have the hardihood to such a height of delinquency: Citing also, nevertheless, er Baxter, and his wife to appear before us or our Com- the Galilee* at Durham, on the Monday next after the Michael next, to alledge and set forth reasonable cause ey have) why they ought not to be punished in form of terers, abettors and counsellors in this behalf, and further,

sistory Court of the diocese was held for many years in the Galilee, of the rich by Bishop Pudsey we have had mention made above. The tomb of her prelate of the church, formed the tribunal. The inscription on the most appropriate: "Judicium Jehovæ est, Domine Deus, da servo tuo cor judicet populu' tuu' et discernat inter bonu' et malum." 1 Kings iij. 9.

to do and receive what justice
in the premises, see that ye c
place together with these lette

Given at Durham, the 18th
Lord 1417.

“*Certificate* touching the
voured to approach the Fereto

By authority of this mandat
Margaret unto the penance
who with all humble obedience
have devoutly fulfilled, by goi
front of the procession on Sun
form on them enjoined and o
unto the said penances, if the
less, if it be your pleasure, it w
conceded:—And so I am read
to perform your venerable man
cited according to the form of
said Peter hath travailed so
cannot decently appear.

By me Robert Croft,



RUINS OF THE CHURCH

we consider the amount of *proternatural* ven-
 ed to have overtaken the women in the cases
 ntrast this penance of the fifteenth century with
 an earlier age, we must consider that this Peter
 t" got off with comparative impunity. We
 some change had "come o'er the spirit" of the
 cannot dismiss this remarkable sentence and the
 he monkish historian, without taking notice in
 ie power of the Saint had suffered some curtail-
 me more forbearing, in the interval between the
 y's attempt in the twelfth century, and the com-
 eenth. Why else did he not himself punish the
 ps these later trespassers were too humble to be-
 ts of his wrath: and, upon the principle—"nec
 nus vindice nodus," he might reserve the fulmi-
 sure for the heads of incredulous Kings, and
 Prelates.

or others to decide, only observing that perhaps
 et as much of policy as of austerity in both these
 ous expulsion of a Queen in that age might do
 of their superiors, nay even in that of royalty
 eeling of annoyance had passed away, to advance
 ks for uncompromising austerity, and might help
 ing suspicion of diminished strictness in the ob-
 of their order. While the mortifying, though
 to which these poor servant girls were subjected,
 lar effect on the minds of the middle and lower
 neighbourhood. And whether we imagine the
 , have become weaker, or himself more reluctant

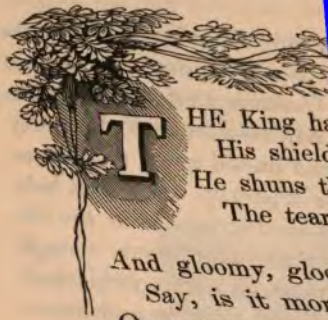


SEAL OF THE SEAL OF THE CONVENT OF DURHAM.

to exert it,—this at least is co
decisive exhibition of the auth
who were invested with his te
which it was capable of being
tions of his power, which are s
are marked by such a peculi
female curiosity, as to afford e
of the cautious judgment of
apprehensions of the appointe

THE KING OF THE

FROM RAINE



THE King has
His shield
He shuns the
The tear s

And gloomy, gloomy
Say, is it mortal p
Or secret sorrow's de
That cleaves his

"Oh daughter, wo

"That I have b

"The fairest jewe

"Were dim co

"But

and faded chee

"That guilt has w

"And brought m

"Speak, then; or t

"And vengeful s

"Declare thy faith

"The traitor's ne

Yonder sun that flames aloft
Hath sunk in ocean bed,
The wretch who wronged my child shall pay
The forfeit of his head.

And he the nearest to my throne,
A lord of high degree,
Whom had need be strong in fight,
Or swift his foot to flee."

O father, father, look not so,
For doom to death thy child,
On virtue's path by wily words
And cruel art beguiled.

He stands not near thy royal throne
Lord of high degree,
Whom strong his arm in bloody fight,
Or swift his foot to flee;

Coarsely clad in hermit weeds,
O grief! oh, shame to tell!
By he lives, a lovely youth,
In lone sequestered cell."

The march marked her quivering frame,
Her ears that downward stole;
All, but fell like sparks of fire,
Kindled all his soul.

He has sworn by Him who saved
Souls upon the rood,
That for woe, his sword shall drink
Only traitor's blood.

He left the castle gate,
Fought by his side;
The ten knights, a warlike train,
In order ride.

On the mountain's heathy van,
The aged steep descend;
The mist settles on their path,
And still they wend.

And the few trees
 They plunge into
 place were the
 A haunt of lawless
 list the raven's beak
 ched on the blast
 ver a word or voice
 solemn silence

Yet of the King with
 Turned to the much
 And now he wrings his
 Now grasps his iron

The daniel droops he
 Sore heaves her breast
 Nor dare she meet the
 Was went on her

Ere long, with winding
 The valley's shade
 Where moss-grown
 A mighty rampart

No living hand the
 He who beyond
 Must soar upon the
 Or bated rest be

A mountain burn runs
 Beneath the hoary
 Encircling with divide
 The hermit's tufts

No stop, no stay, the
 That laves the ha
 Now hide thee, Cut
 Thine enemies close

He flies not from the
 As nearer still the
 In sooth, he wist not
 But feared not w

unused to clank of arms,
 blaze of courtly pride,
 lid hue, nor passing blush,
 guileless forehead dyed.

thy vesture's russet folds
 graceful limbs confined;
 on his shoulders flowed his hair,
 glitter'd in the wind.

ke to him whose voice of old
 heard in desert air,¹
 straight the path for Christ the Lord,
 "prepare the way, prepare!"

ng, unmoved as rock of stone,
 says the saintly form;
 his bosom swells with rage,
 burst the gathered storm.

lave to lust, and child of sin!
 o in this calm retreat
 made thy lonely house of prayer
 rap for female feet.

sed of Him to whom thy vows
 resembling homage paid,
 l the victim of thy arts,
 wretched, ruined maid!

seem not Prayer or muttered spell
 hope of safety bring;
 protected damsel she—
 daughter of a King.

s the time thy fate allows
 grace divine to call;
 : thee, ere yet the lifted sword
 peedy justice fall!"

ccess hears the thrilling words,
 ost to maiden shame,

picture by Guido of John the Baptist when young.

With malice foul and
She fans the rising

"A fearless votary
"Nor dreamed of
"I spied no danger
"No ambush in

"Oh! would to He
"That I had nev
"What, though he
"Yet Satan lurks

The patient hermit
And kneels the l
Think not he kneel
Or mercy to imp

Inspired he seems;
Are fixed on Go
His arms are cross
His lips begin to

"O source supreme
"Thou God to v
"The evil treasure
"And all its tho

"The cry of death
"Has reached th
"Thou knowest th
"To strive with

"Forget me not in
"Nor heavenly
"Rise in thy stren
"Thy red right

He spoke, the ferv
Nature the influ
Trembled the earth
The rooted forest

The sacred island
Is cleft from sh

ty Princess shrieks aloud,
nks—to rise no more.

the cavern's horrid jaws
seen again to close,
ning from the depths of hell
d sulphureous rose.

l the world in brightness lay
thickest gloom was spread;
he King, and to his train!
osoms shook with dread.

s the wind, the murky cloud
d in flakes away:
is seen on bended knee?
en is heard to pray?

eheld the yawning chasm
ured daughter's grave,
s with tears and piteous plaint
it life to save.

he rues his hasty threats,
rs the wrath of Heaven:
I crave," the hermit cries,
ou shalt be forgiven."

it was, and easy price,
don to obtain,—
of womankind should e'er
te retreat profane.

ut in after time
the voice of fame),
y a church was dedicate
Cuthbert's name,

maid nor matron dared
ilege to slight;
stood an outlawed band,
d in mystic rite.

ieve this legend wild,
poet's dream,

If chance your way
To Wear's room

Would ye the dis
Of superstition?
Go search the st
In Durham's m

Where lifts the b
Its rich embroi
Between the nort
And holy wate

There still is tra
Monastic rigour
Weak barrier nov
A cross of mar

DR.

LATE LORD

THE somewhat uncommon
"Shute," gave occasion to ma
poem called "Speculum," f
and which is now exceeding
Barrington.

Of Shute the Bis
Performs his dut
Enough in way o
(This I must say
Tho' I say *Shute*
I would not have
For, as I'm told,
Within his dioce



HORSE STEALING.

OUR poets and historians who have touched on local subjects furnish us with innumerable proofs that from the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the insurrection of 1715, horse-stealing was practised to a great extent all over the Borders. The thieves were, for the most part stationed on the marches, or at no great distance from them; and many lived in the immediate vicinity of Bewnd. That district was evidently chosen by the favourite place of resort, from its central position, five tracts of moors which divide it from the more remote parts of the country. Indeed, so notorious had its practices of its population, that, during the last of the adjoining counties in England or Scotland, it seemed to disappear, the uprightness of the virtuous gentry was almost certain to be called in question. In the year 1732, at Chipchase castle, which was the Heron family, a favourite hunting horse was, indeed, taken from the stable. Information was carried to head quarters, and the owner himself set on search of the animal. Buckling on his brand, he counted a couple of horses, and, suspecting the direction, took the direct road to the north-western direction, took the direct road at past mid-day when they approached the little town, and presently they discovered the object of their search amongst a number of cattle, in a field which was high stone wall. The personage who occupied the field readily found: Heron acquainted him with his search, and the animal claimed it as his property. The beast had been put there by a relative, whom he was accused as a thief, without considering the consequences to himself, and therefore he hoped that the probability of his appearance, would not deny him the assistance of a gentleman. To this the other readily agreed, and lost no time in providing his weapon. Heron then found himself more closely beset in the engagement, for his opponent was a very powerful man, who ultimately triumphed over strength, and the lord

of Chipchase was, by the speed
Notwithstanding this, the van
which he was remarkable, ref
again mounted; he and his s
mutual *neigh* passed between
nized his visitors, and approach
liberty. With great sagacity t
the spirited *hunter* rallying vig
and jovially joined the return
pace, they met with no further
in safety towards night fall.—E

BARONS OF THE

FROM BANKS



EFORE
of Durl
ever el
Camden
their p
maxim
large a
out of
truces

within the bishoprick from
liament, and create barons to
Hilton of Hilton, Conyers of
tesse of Dinsdale, Hansard c
There is, amongst the old
liaments and the subsidies g
council, which then consist
called barons. But they, li
without rank amongst the b

• The Palatinate jurisdiction of
of parliament passed in 1836, intit



The Death of Percy Reed.

TAKEN DOWN BY JAMES TELFER FROM RECITATION, WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY ROBERT WHITE.



THE event on which the following ballad was founded, has been incidentally noticed both by Sir Walter Scott, in "Rokeby," and by my revered friend, Mr. Robert Roxby, in the "Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel." We have no historical evidence to prove at what period it occurred, but as the farm of Girsonsfield belonged to those who betrayed Percy Reed, and as that place has been in possession of the f Otterburne demesne ever since the reign of assign it a date not later than the sixteenth century to have taken a remarkably strong hold of almost every circumstance connected therewith, and distinctly transmitted down to the present outline of the same, traced in the light which may not altogether be uninteresting to those ballad with a perusal.

Reed was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated farm on the west side, and nearly in the centre of the island. The remains of the old tower may be seen to the west of the present mansion, commanding an extensive view of nearly the whole valley. Here lived a keen hunter * and brave soldier, he possessed the appointment of warden or keeper of the district, and was ordered the apprehension of thieves and robbers, in the execution of which, he incurred the hostility of the name of Hall, who were a family farm about two miles east from Troughend: self the hostility of a band of mostroopers, of whom he had been successful in bringing down several, were, however, artful enough to conceal their

view, which he discharged at a deer, killed a favourite dog has been made the subject of a beautiful painting by the name of Sir Walter Scott a poem of eleven stanzas. See

resentment, and under the
 an opportunity to be avenged
 his attendance on a hunt
 and, unfortunately, he agreed
 some strange dreams and omens
 ture; and at breakfast, on the
 from which he was supplied
 upwards—an omen which
 over the north of England
 of notice, Reed set out in
 a good day's sport, the probability
 hope, a lonely glen stretched
 little stream forms one of the
 of this arrangement had been
 Crosiers; and when they
 execute their purpose of vengeance
 a defenceless man. His courage
 previously driven his sword
 not be drawn; and had, a
 very long gun he carried, was
 useless when he came to meet
 the Crosiers instantly put
 out their sanguinary measures
 tradition says the fragments
 conveyed in *pillow slips* he
 speedily aroused against them
 abhorred throughout Red
 from their residence, and the
 appellation which yet remained.

Superstition, afterward
 heighten this tragical occurrence
 the twilight of the evening,
 seen in the vicinity of Beaumont
 in his green hunting dress
 over his shoulder. Again
 careering athwart the
 moonlight to hasten over

• When a late landlord of a
 respectable man, had taken his
 mind by thus reverting to the
 name—the name's Ha'—Tom's
 cheeks of the worthy host, "but
 hearted Ha's, that betrayed Parc

was frequently beheld in the neighbourhood of his
 saling destruction around him with a large whip so
 the very trees were threatened to be struck down.
 last century, and in the broad light of a sabbath
 the good people in the upper part of Redesdale, were
 meeting house at Birdhope-craig, they often beheld
 of Troughend, as he was called, under the mild
 ve, take its station on a large stone in the middle
 Pringlehaugh, and if any of the party made a bow
 ls it, by way of compliment, it very graciously
 tation. These examples shew the deep impression
 d fate of Percy Reed left on the memory of the
 desdale; and exhibit how easily any natural cause
 ongst a pastoral people, be construed into one of
 t region beyond the dark bourn which circumscribes
 ice.

lad was never before published, having been taken
 l friend, Mr. James Telfer of Saughtree, Liddes-
 anting of an old woman, named Kitty Hall, who
 s in the head of Kale water, Roxburghshire. She
 orthumberland, and observed she never liked to
 she knew them to be perfectly true, and con-
 bear to think there had been, of her own sur-
 as the betrayers of Percy Reed. Mr. Telfer
 resenting a transcript of the piece to Sir Walter
 at the end of his copy of the "Lay of the Reed-
 nd both now occupy a place in Press P, shelf 1,
 potsford.

rary merit of the ballad, little in the way of
 ic description may be found calculated to com-
 1 of those who are accustomed to look critically
 ons. It is rude and simple in its structure, but
 defect arises from the dialogue being so painfully
 re close. The aim of the Minstrel undoubtedly
 resentation of what may be supposed to have
 hero fell into the hands of implacable enemies;
 nplished, although neither with such spirit, nor,
 th such unapproachable felicity as some of his
 1 of that age exhibited, when sounding those
 strelsy, which now form so precious a portion
 ture.

opportunity of concluding these remarks to
 g to the circumstance, and it is with peculiar

pleasure I do so, of having spe
dale, and of enjoying on many
kindness of its people. Indeed
like *home*; and my heart throl
I passed there, when a num
bright around our family hear
me closely to Redesdale. Th
localities into verse was a su
Mr. Roxby, whose subsequen
at times contributed to rend
this, we have in its limits th
not only of the best conteste
chivalry; but also of one of
national ballads.. Whether,
point of view, the tract of co
which my feelings cordially re
sloping fields and solitary mo
ciations, are amongst the last

THE DEATH



OD send
Frae
We'll su
We'll

The outlaws com
They herry Re
The rich man's g
They canna pa

Sure it were we
Around his ne
And curses heav
On traitors vil

Now Percy Ree
He has delive
But Crosier says
He'll make th

Crosier says he will do waur—
e will do waur if waur can be;
l make the bairns a' fatherless.
nd then, the land it may lie lee.

the hunting, ho!" cried Percy Reed,
The morning sun is on the dew:
cauler breeze frae off the fells,
ill lead the dogs to the quarry true.

the hunting, ho!" cried Percy Reed,
nd to the hunting he has gane;
the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfeld
ang wi' him he has them ta'en.

hunted high, they hunted low,
heathery hill and birken shaw;
raised a buck on Rookan Edge,
nd blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

hunted high, they hunted low,
ey made the echoes ring amain;
music sweet o' horn and hound,
ey merry made fair Redesdale glen.

hunted high, they hunted low,
ey hunted up, they hunted down,
the day was past the prime,
nd it grew late in the afternoon.

hunted high in Batinghope,
hen as the sun was sinking low;
Percy then; "Ca' off the dogs;
e'll bait our steeds and homeward go."

lighted high in Batinghope,
ween the brown and benty ground:
had but rested a little while,
l Percy Reed was sleeping sound.

e's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
t him that risks to get a fa';
e's nane may in a traitor trust,
nd traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the
 And they've put
 They've fixed
 'T

"Awaken ye, waken
 Or by your ene
 For yonder are the
 A-coming owre t

"If they be five, s
 Sae that ye stan
 Then every man y
 And only leave
 We will them mee
 And make them

"We mayna stand
 We daurna stand
 The Crosiers hand
 And they wad k

"O turn thee, turn
 O turn thee, ma
 When ye come to
 My gude black
 He cost full twent
 Atween my brot

"I mayna turn, I
 I daurna turn an
 The Crosiers hand
 And they wad k

"O turn thee, turn
 O turn thee, ma
 When ye come to
 A yoke o' owse

"I mayna turn, I
 I daurna turn

Crosiers hand thee at a feud,
and they wad kill baith thee and me."

turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—
turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
er we come to Troughend again,
daughter Jean I'll gie to thee."

ayna turn, I canna turn,
aurna turn and fight wi' thee;
Crosiers hand thee at a feud,
they wad kill baith thee and me."

ame upon ye, traitors a',
sh your hames ye may never see;
stownd the bridle off my naig,
I can neither fight nor flee.

stownd the bridle off my naig,
ye've put water i' my lang gun;
fixed my sword within the sheath,
out again it winna come."

but time to cross himsel'—
yer he hadna time to say,
and him came the Crosiers keen,
ding graithed, and in array.

met, weel met, now Percy Reed,
art the very man we sought;
ag hae we been in your debt,
will we pay you as we ought.

y thee at the nearest tree,
we shall hang thee like a hound."
ercy rais'd his fankit¹ sword
ll'd the foremost to the ground.

and wae for Percy Reed—
he was an unarmed man:
pons pierced him all at once,
assailed him there and than.

¹ Confined, or sheathed.

They fell upon him
 They mangled him
 The slightest wound
 And they hae gi
 They hackit off his
 And left him lyi

"Now Parcy Reec
 Ye canna weel
 The Crosiers said,
 They rade the s

It was the hour o'
 When herds con
 A herd he saw a
 Says he, "can t

"There's some wi
 And some will
 Its little matter w
 My faes hae m

"There's some wi
 And speak my
 Its little matter w
 My life-blood r

"There's some wi
 And a' my virt
 I would much ratl
 A draught o' w

The herd flang at
 And to the nee
 He made his bon
 And wan the l

"Now honest he
 Ye maun do n
 Ye maun bear tic
 And bear likev

to my wedded wife;
 to my brother John,
 o the Troughend tower,
 t as hard* as any stone.

to my daughter Jean;
 to my young sons five:
 en at their father's hand,
 night been man alive.

to my followers a',
 neighbours gude at need;
 nk how the treacherous Ha's,
 he life o' Percy Reed.

Clennel bears my bow;
 o' Brandon bears my brand;
 ey ride i' the Border side,
 nd the fate o' the laird Troughend."

* Black, in the original.

Anecdote.

NGTON'S MORAL ANNALS," 1793.

EN the Martin, Captain Duff, went to
 ields, to aid in quelling the riots amongst
 e sailors, the Martin was stranded on the
 ach. The sailors were then in a state of
 rtiny, about their wages, and insisted on
 augmentation of their pay from the ship-
 ners, who employed them. When the
 lers saw the Martin's distress, they got
 ats, and went in great numbers to her
 3 aboard, they said to Mr. Duff "we know
 at you are come about, but we'll save his
 at," and accordingly got the ship safe off.



ST CUSTOMS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY JAMES HARDY.

tember, welcome! month of genial mood,
 hearts that crush'd in life's tumultuous press,
 for the rural paths of peacefulness,
 which the world's cold gaze may not intrude.
 calm that wraps the earth, and sky, and sea,
 suits the mind its own dear fancies bright;
 as in lone seclusion of the night,
 fast revives and glads our privacy.
 jovial train breaks on us as we muse?
 eaper bands 'mid fields of bending grain,
 e mirth's loud shout, sly joke, and winning strain,
 ght of joy, through deep stirr'd hearts diffuse.
 scenes of youth! and happy harvest hours!
 is no equal charms—no bliss like yours.—MS.



HARVEST, it has often been remarked, is
 the most genial and refreshing period of
 the seasons' round. Then or never is the
 happiness of the lowly born complete. The
 deep serenity of the autumnal sky, and the
 untroubled quiet of the ripening fields, are
 reflected in the peasant's bosom, and it
 gushes over with the combined emotions of
 cheerfulness and gratitude. And yet at no
 the year, is more strenuous activity demanded—
 more steadfastly urgent. It may be that then
 in union, more intensely and intimately encircled
 the vital current with an accelerated im-
 pulsion of his frame, and nerves every muscle for
 times his hours were solitary, his toils separate—
 of the speechless field—speechless to him—
 encourage or to cheer*—or if it be his partner,
 a load of family and "earth-born cares," that
 , blindest disposition, and fetter the buoyant
 Now those foreboding clouds have dissipated,

y a dyke side," is a well known expression of the solitary
 whose occupations take them to a distance from home.

olden time—the dear—poetic—dim—cloud-wrapt. their arresting—penetrative sway, elevate the mind of mystery, and lull into a transient forgetfulness of such pleasing episodes, unluckily, unless to one who with the harvest band, and becomes a partaker in its conversation, are by no means to be arrived. Like some rare, uncultured wild flower, the favourite “botanist,” they bloom only in the immensity of and outlandish retreats—difficult to be discerned. The example here presented, far removed from association—commemorative of the baleful effects of the one that stains the page of history—and as to which all rests on the peasant’s mind—is adduced not for instance—but as being an attainable specimen. harvest-ridge, once having the misfortune to be obliged to proceed home, for another. As she went bare hipling across the path before her, and then, seated on its haunches, and welking its long, The hunting appetite is irresistible—she hurled the hare, and it sprang suddenly across the field, hies were on its trail. At her return, as she drew out, she was much surprised at viewing the form of the hare, stealing athwart her way, and assuming an ungainly posture. Bent this time, not to permit the ordinary supper to escape, she took a steadier aim with the fresh sickle, and struck the animal on the side of the head. A scream of vengeance, darted upon her. The hare turned up and whetted for the nonce—catching her like a cat! Such a fierce encounter between two—woman and hare—that there is no doubt the matter might have proceeded—without any further delay, to the hare’s rescue—when on their attempting to lay the creature—it slipped through their hands, and all human hopes. This singular audacity in a hare, as speculation in the community, who all phrased of their own, forthwith set on foot an investigation of such unaccountable procedure. Nor was it unattended, that a solitary, friendless female, deeply advanced in age, from that very period of unsullied front, an ugly seamed gash, as if by a sharp instrument. It also appeared that this dame

behind the reapers, on the summit of the "stooks," the crowded ears, are fixed tempting morsels of "fairly *erish* baits" to lure young—unguarded lips, and int^{er}ites astray.

s changed." The riant flow of that joyous course of *almost* sped, and that firmly wedged compact fast dissolution. Amidst a country, dotted with rows of *it*," and an increasing frequency of yellow solitudes *golden* honours, we now behold them forming their along the edge of the last field of grain, destined to *reaper's* blade. Glad was the prelusive morn, that *se* of bright days, ushered in scattered knots, that *y* a-field—and as in some rapturous pastime of their *he* fresh novelty of their toils, did the first glib clips *ed* sickle, driven by a sinewy and eager arm, sweep *ears*," swollen *handfuls* from the ridge; but gladder *! with* what deeper welcome! the propitious day-*ald* s that labour's close. Not content alone with the *ts it* discloses, music must instil a relish intenser still, *ous efforts*, impart speedier wings. Some village *ng ecstatic* over squeaking fiddle or wind-blown bag-*day* attains "the height of his high argument," while *country's* hope *the* height of his high argument," while *to* height of *noblest* temper," prosecute "in perfect *Dorian* mood," *like* to a *their* modulated toil. High upborne *sole*, *like* to a *is* Roman maniple, their showy standard *l way*. *This* *is* the *corn-baby* or *kirn-dolly*, an image *quantity* of co^{rn}, *selected* from the field last to be cut *ured* some time *previous* to the day of harvest home. *of a full gro* *female*. The spikes of grain being *unch*, *are* *com*pressed and tied where they unite *to* *the* head and neck. Upon its head is placed *uch* as *country* maidens delight to exhibit themselves *occasio* *is*, and a white muslin smock, trimmed with *kn* *enow*, being fitted over the straw, it at length *finitely* more gracious semblance to humanity, than *an* divinity. The longest fork shaft procurable, being *ugh* it, ensures a desired facility of transport from *ing*, or if business press—for its being stationed star-*head* of the field, the reaper's "star of Arcady"—*lynosure*."

arrive at a conclusion, in seasonable time, that is before *the mid-day's* interval of rest, or it may be on occa-

behind the reapers, on the summit of the "stooks," the crowded ears, are fixed tempting morsels of "fairish baits" to lure young—unguarded lips, and invites astray.

s changed." The riant flow of that joyous course of almost sped, and that firmly wedged compact fast dissolution. Amidst a country, dotted with rows of it," and an increasing frequency of yellow solitudes or golden honours, we now behold them forming their along the edge of the last field of grain, destined to reaper's blade. Glad was the prelusive morn, that of bright days, ushered in scattered knots, that a-field—and as in some rapturous pastime of their fresh novelty of their toils, did the first glib clips sickle, driven by a sinewy and eager arm, sweep ears," swollen handfuls from the ridge; but gladder with what deeper welcome!" the propitious days that labour's close. Not content alone with the it discloses, music must instil a relish intenser still, us efforts, impart speedier wings. Some village eg ecstatic over squeaking fiddle or wind-blown bag-day attains "the height of his high argument," while country's hope and glory, moving to his volant touch. o height of noblest temper," prosecute "in perfect Dorian mood," their modulated toil. High upborne le, like to a Roman maniple, their showy standard way. This is the *corn-baby* or *kirn-dolly*, an image quantity of corn, selected from the field last to be cut red some time previous to the day of harvest home. f a full grown female. The spikes of grain being ach, are firmly compressed and tied where they unite to form the head and neck. Upon its head is placed sh as country maidens delight to exhibit themselves casions, and a white muslin smock, trimmed with knots enow, being fitted over the straw, it at length itely more gracious semblance to humanity, than n divinity. The longest fork shaft procurable, being h it, ensures a desired facility of transport from g, or if business press—for its being stationed sta- ad of the field, the reaper's "star of Arcady"—nosure."

ve at a conclusion, in seasonable time, that is before the mid-day's interval of rest, or it may be on occa-

refuse to participate the general joy, by joining in the ears properly "cobbed," that is sensibly lengthened, not very smooth process. In the fertile flats of Glent abbreviated version of the harvest rhyme, is in use.

The master's corn is ripe—and shorn,
 Ve bless the day that he was born,
 houting a kirn! a kirn! ahoe!"*

on adjoining farms, if within hearing often take up of jubilee, and speed to more remote districts the news.

home is now marshalled. The musician, with many rides in front. Then comes the corn-baby on its pole; of the day, bearing over her arm, neatly plaited, the fortunes. Behind, troop the obstreperous multitude. me, the thrilling shout is again raised, the last cut the hands of the master, and the fiddler choosing his y-dance is struck up on the sward before the door of which in presence of master and mistress, as if anticipating revels, both lad and lass bounce lustily, "with no s." To prepare for that happy festival, the central day, of the hopes, the wishes, and the conversation and, they now disperse to their several abodes. of the Kirn "hymned by loftier harps,"—its length-preparations—the Kirn gifts of new caps conferred on her deserving damsels—the display of rustic finery "umflower," rosette and robe of motely pattern—t and song—the long memorial recapitulation of of the season—its songs, its stories, and its more the merit of fiddle-de-dee and his exhaustless store and mettle" of the dancers—and the character of dance of dances—the *cushion dance*, not excepted—mena of over-prolonged suction—the breaking up—f all "the setting home"—all these as familiar, less and less frequently recurring observances of rous in its usages, than that which has succeeded it, It may not however be out of place to mention the

the call of the Durham reapers is given in Hone's Table Book, ii

"Blest be the day that Christ was born,
 We've gotten mell of Mr ———'s corn,
 Well won, and better shorn.
 Hip, hip, hip!—huzza! huzza! huzza!"

all the females in the room, and while thus engaged, capers "wildly graceful," and such dexterous feats of raw forth the unqualified admiration of the assembly. The rest, is entitled as his due, to a proportionate share as being the "best guisard." Some preserve their eyes close, and depart without affording any token by which they might be gratified. Others having performed their duties of their disguise, and return to join some fairer ring the previous farce, had been selected as their evening.

usions also there are pranks, far less praiseworthy, at the ideal terrors of others. Not unfrequently, a com- turn home from the feast, will be waylaid by some of the for the purpose of giving them a fright. At one of these, as runs the story, a youth had planned a scheme against himself. Wrapping himself in a white sheet, he hid besides a gateway, which he knew some of the kirn- ss. The spot had long in vulgar belief, inherited the ing ghost-haunted. Here with desperate boldness he then suddenly the real ghost rose up out of the earth the opposite side of the gateway, in shape and costume himself, that to his confused perception, it seemed the Terrified to the utmost, he attempted to spring to away, but the shadowy figure, significantly nodding him in slow, solemn tone of authority.

you come to scare, I come to scare,
while I sit here—sit you there."

with amazement, the poor rustic swooned away, in an death-like, though not ultimately irrecoverable, his friends on their arrival.*

of Robert Bolam's Notes. This resembles an encounter with of Meldon," as garrulous tradition has preserved the incidents. known for his scepticism in regard to ghosts, had often heard of a frightening people, but would not credit them. He however had ting the belief amongst a credulous community, so, one mirk night, pery, he placed himself on the parapet wall of Meldon bridge—a t unquiet spirit—and there sat awaiting strangers. He had not und Meg herself seated beside him. "You've come to fley," me to fley, let's both fley together." At the same time she drew im, while he jealous of too familiar an intimacy, moved still further her movement, and he still shrunk from her approach. She at

* Frighten.

I.

re was too in the long harvest eves,
 py toil, when the late leading wain,
 ing moonlight, housed the ready grain,
 he *builder* with the forth-brought sheaves ;
 the horse to *trace* the o'erladed team ;
 to *forker's* hand the distant *stook* ;
 n the car its way through moorlands took,
 the wheels with glistening moss-fire gleam.*
 e were the wild sports when work was o'er,
 by the mazy *stacks* concealed ;
 and *seek*—or *Bases* far a-field ;
 y *Gled* that off the younglings bore.
 life give back the gladdening hours,
 l those fervid *Harvest* games were ours !

II.

that youthful *merriment* was gone,
 er feelings—nobler motives—thrill'd,
 those scenes with fresh enjoyment fill'd,
 had vanish'd amply to atone :
 g reached some upland's airy line,
 s stretch'd the woodland prospect fair,
 es of fancy might with that compare !
 s so varied ! or what tints so fine !
 3 w hen "she comes forth with buds " and flowers,
 or when awake her splendid things,
 id purple, green and azure wings,
 mid her radiant sun-lit bowers ;
 ch fascination, could so move,
 four tains of the heart's deep love.

interesting period of the woodland's changing um-
 repa of nature's energies diffuses a quietude, un-
 niven as if in harmony with the inactive scenes
 cuit of harvest labour completed, and the anxieties
 l his labourers brought finally to a close. Then is

swampy moorlands in Autumn, the wheels of carts, or the shoes
 seen to glimmer as if beset with thousands of luminous sparkles, or
 This is occasioned by breaking in upon the decayed vegetable
 the surface, which teem with phosphorescent matter visible only in
 us excited. I need not say that the flame is innocuous, and des-
 ties. This phenomenon is usually called *Wild-fire*.

our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 patient of labour when the end was rest,
 indulged the day that housed the annual grain,
 With feasts and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 He joy their wives, and sons, and servants share
 Ease of their toil and partners of their care:
 He laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smoothed ev'ry brow, and opened every soul.*

er and as a gleaner we entered the harvest field—these
 he sparing result of our devious search, disposed in a
 sted fascicle, we dedicate to the benign genius of the

The Humble Petition

OF

THE REMAINS OF STOCKTON CASTLE.

FROM "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," FOR JULY, 1800.



THE ancient castle of Stockton could boast a
 remote origin, and, it is believed, occupied
 the site of some Roman structure, for in
 digging the foundation of a quay, there was
 found near the spot where the castle wall
 joined the river, a coin of Nero Claudius
 Cæsar, who invaded Britain about A.D. 59.
 The castle however, was in existence pre-
 vious to the eleventh century, must have
 strengthened, and appears to have been built by one
 after which it became the occasional resi-
 dence of Durham. Until the beginning of the
 castle and manor of Stockton was compre-
 hended of Norton, and are supposed to have been given
 Norman barons, in conformity with the religious cus-
 oms, to the see of Durham. Philip de Poitou, bishop
 particularly attached to king John, whom he is
 entertained on a visit at Stockton castle, where John
 granted a charter to the burgesses of Newcastle, dated
 January 5th, 1214." Bishop Farnham made Stockton
 his residence for eight years, and died here in 1257,

* Pope.

e magnificence, a massy pile,
 nphant here its Norman banners wav'd,
 ark bold, array'd in antient style,
 st gentle Tees its strong foundations lav'd.

our this for Rapine's dreadful sway,
 aughty baron rul'd indignant here,
 ible peasants lawless lords obey,
 pe in silence the neglected tear.

er morals find more ample room,
 lamp'd, alas! by Superstition's dream;
 pel penetrates the deadly gloom,
 heds abroad a more instructive gleam.

is small ruin lifts its humble head,
 lls the tale of desolating Time,
 es a race of holy Prelates led,
 smiles dispell'd the rigour of the clime.

n trees the Gothic mansion stood,
 grateful shed a sacred gloom around;
 ents reflected from the flood—
 trench'd mote a sure defence was found.

r war alone these tow'rs were rais'd,
 ce and loyalty more joys afford;
 broad hall a thousand torches blaz'd,
 l banquet a smok'd upon the board.

id revelry, nor base misrule,
 by sights! this hallowed pile confest;
 old power, Ambition's dang'rous school,
 m Cham sought it as a place of rest.

the torrent down the mountain's side
 gry clouds the alter'd year deform;
 roll, destructive as the tide,
 p the scatter'd remnants of the storm.

r'd, tho' sunk in hoary years,
 ng slowly to mild decay;
 ler all my glory tears—
 I not civil discord find its way?

Now strewn abroad
 Forlorn, deserted
 Scarce mark the sp
 Scarce tell the pi

Yet 'midst the wrec
 Benevolence a sac
 Not propt on bases,
 But wet with orp

Soft verdure crowns
 The shepherd's r
 Nature's first bev'ra
 The infant's suck

Sonnet to

BY TH



TWEED!
 O'er hill
 If so his
 Delighted

The waving bran
 O'er thy steep
 The murmur o
 Seems to his ear

Delightful stream
 When Spring
 The shepherd's o
 Yet here with
 Far from the sto
 To muse upon

¹ Shute Barrington, Bishop of I
 other parts of his demesne lands
 use of the poor of that place.

by 150,000 meals, which a
 taining a heart which has be
 the vital fluid during a hun
 have been strangled in the
 looked upon with admiration

"Strange that
 Should keep

Such a monument of the C
 was our next-door neighbou
 Old Betty Carr before I wa
 extreme age makes them o
 entitled to our esteem; bu
 memoir. She has been de
 recollection of her feeble
 bidding physiognomy—dirt
 maiden name had been, I n
 at the time of her death,
 been twice wedded. Her
 always retained; the seco
 tree in the eastern boundar
 a saying, which was associ
 "Ah Hinneys, its a fine th
 The house she lived in was
 the rent of a spare room,
 back door, where, besides
 its owner, she grew mint
 Sundays, to young folks fo
 her tenant for some years
 house. Occasionally Tar
 held, for the old woman's
 vain amusements—had ca
 practised playing the old
 stone formed her seat at th
 on summer evenings; whi
 never abandoned but to c
 along by the wall to an a
 consumption—her arms bla
 toothless jaws in ruminatin
 nance fierce and repulsive.
 a plain shilling, "ye need
 not take a bad one if they
 "unlucky bairns," the m

recations; and often has the complaint been made to Betty Carr says bad-words."

er hundredth year, some heartless wretch robbed her of her feather bed and pillows; on which occasion her neighbour wrote her a brief, which is now before me. of her death, which was in 1823, she was reputed to be four years old; having been a subject of all the kings of whom reigned about threescore years: and she was—had her share of the common infirmities of old age, with but few of its redeeming qualities. It is though poor, to keep her own house over her head and it was inherited by a man who bore the family name scarcely any other claim to the property.

JOHN came originally from Allendale, and never laid down his dialect, though he lived in Hexham during the life of all the people inhabiting it on his settling there. How diversified is Language, when places only ten miles asunder are so different! Not only the grand divisions of the continent and larger Islands, not only the quarters of the British Empire—Kingdoms—States—Provinces and Counties, have their Languages and Dialects; but adjacent parishes have their dialects; as is plainly audible in the conversation of a native of the country, with an inhabitant of the town. Joe Dawson's place in the Newcastle Chronicle, at the time of his death, it affords data in proof of his age, I shall here re-

lated on the 8th inst., (June) at Hexham, aged 101, Mr.

Like many old people he could not satisfactorily be ascertained; but it might be inferred pretty nearly, from facts repeated—he was old enough to be engaged in ploughing during the Rebellion of 1745; and was on one occasion driven, from that employment, by the appearance of a white horse, on Whitfield fell, which however, turned out to be a mare. *

with the "twee lads," as he continued to call his sons, who advanced in life; who made a tolerable livelihood by the cart and cart; though poor in appearance, and unbecoming habits, as all men become who dispense with the necessities, and abandon the decencies of life. Unaided by

boys, carrying bags of ore upon their backs, from the Lead Mines to



390

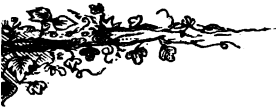
bo
kn
m
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n
,

has been made to collect the scattered legends and tales, the portion of the *English* Border.

One of the "*Wizard's Cave*" is as familiar to the inhabitants of Tynemouth, as "household words." A few during the summer season, even fair damsels might be seen to stretch their slender necks, to ascertain, by adventurous exploration, whether Walter the Knight might not, in his hurry, have one of the treasures of the Cave: but, alas! Time on other things, has laid his heavy hand; for the falling in of the earth, and peradventure the machinations of the discomfited, have, one or both, stopped up the dark passage of the depth of ten or twelve feet. The entrance of the cave, known by the name of "*Jingling Geordie's Hole*," is partly of solid rock, and partly by masonry, and can be reached without danger, about half way up the precipitous cliff, on the north castle and priory stand. It commands a beautiful bay, on the north of Tynemouth promontory, badly strewed with fearful beds of black rocks, on which there is a perpetual murmur.

D.

THE WIZARD'S CAVE.



YOUNG Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight,
Far fam'd for his valour in border-fight,
Sat prattling so sweet on his mother's knee,
As his arms twin'd her neck of pure ivory.

Tell me, dear mother, young Walter said,
What feat to be done by the bow or the blade,
Or by be quell'd or some charm be undone;
For assurance, or fame may be won.

Look'd on her war-born child,
To show him his ringlets, and kiss'd him, and smil'd;
In high deeds of the Percy brave,
Which he e'er could pierce, or the helm-plume wave,

In wild tales, all of magic spell,
Which were hidden in mountain or dell;

Where wizards, for ages, lie
'Neath the mould'ring dam

—But list thee, my Walter,
Where chant the cowl'd monks
In a cavern of rock scoop'd
Lye treasures in keeping

It avails not the Cross, even
It avails not the pray'rs of
It avails not, O dread! He
Great treasure long held by

Far, far 'neath the sea, in
Bound down by the chains
Lies the key of gold, cou
And there it will rest 'till

Nay, say not so, mother,
Not win from the fiend all
Can no lion-soul'd knight,
Do more than cowl'd monks

Now hush thee young Walter,
Thy heart is too reckless,
When reason with courage
I will tell how the treasure

Full many a long summer
Saw the flowers blossom
And the fleetest in chase
Grew young Walter, the

Full many a long winter
Swept through the cold v
But heedless of sleet, snow
Young Walter e'er brav'd

Who is that young knight
Who wieldeth the falchion
Who strideth the war-steed
—'Tis Walter, the son

Thy promise, dear mother
When my reason can ac

she wept o'er bold Walter her son,
reat where renown can be won.

she told what to brave knights befell,
of life sought the dark treasure-cell ;
conquer the fiends of the cave,
dwell 'neath the green ocean wave.

old bent of young Walter could turn,
d at her fears, as in veriest scorn—
are thy good harness, my bonny brave son,
y task on the eve of Saint John.

e green ocean's howling din,
of Saint John was usher'd in :
s of the sea-gulls, high whirling in air,
the land, like the screams of despair.

their vespers sing loud and shrill,
of the north wind are louder still ;
to the Virgin is lost in the roar
that foam on the whiten'd shore.

mail'd heel of the knight in the sand,
e dark cell, arm'd with basnet and brand ;
s the steel of his aventayle bright,
p the rocks, in the darkness of night.

raven, and waves o'er his crest,
the heart-blood that flows in his breast :
proud eye that shines calm and serene,
e storm his bright mantel of green.

ow swarving the slipp'ry steep,
the knight gains the first cavern keep ;
flash round him with maddening glare,
rbolts hiss through the midnight air.

he rock winds the pathway drear,
f the spirits seem near and more near,
from their eye-balls burn ghastly blue,
ound the knight with a wild halloo.

with scales of bright burnished brass,
ed fire where the warrior must pass ;
3 E

But rushes
And with he on with

Huge hell

Huge hell-dogs come
Sulphureous flames in

And the spring to,

And again in all is sunk

Still down winds the

Now menac'd with spi

Till far in the gloom

A pond'rous lamp she

Then eager the kni

Holy mother!—Why

A wide chasm opens

And now what availlet

Loudly the caverns wi

And the eyeless spec

And thrive thee young

And thy doom is to d

One instant Sir Walter
Of the bottom

Of the bottomless

Doffs hauberk and

And darts like an

Forefend thee

Now rises to

And rises to crush thee
And monsters

And coil round

A noise, and thy limbs

Is heard, as if world

But it quail'd

He will quail not: the vast ocean

He seized the conquer the f

To sound the

It turns the bugle

And its

mouthpiece snake in

The vain is a piece in

is fill'd with the warrior's breath,
und loud in the caverns of death.

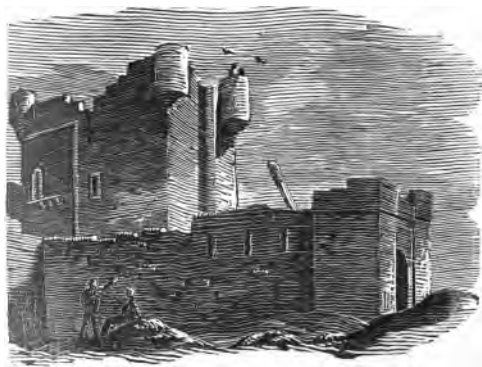
rk crows from a brazen bill,
its broad wings, as it shouts so shrill;
s in lightning the demon array,
of the cavern in thunder give way.

of jasper their columns uprear,
pillars of crystal clear,
d amethyst sparkles the floor,
beryls stud the thick golden door.

lamps, from the fretted doom,
light through the cavern gloom,
of onyx their incense fling
ell'd throne of an eastern king.

sung what treasures were seen,
pon gold, and emeralds green,
and rubies, and sapphires untold,
courage of Walter the Bold.

ng castles, a hundred domains,
ding forests and wide flowery plains,
their lord, fairly purchased by right,
the son of Sir Robert the Knight.



GATE of TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,
As seen in 1783.

BELIEFS IN PH

GO

These, and all
In which our wa



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wo
go
ten
An
wh
hav
ma

dence for human weal or we
of reasoning, given rise to b
superstitious and vain.

It is an opinion prevalent
also on the Continent that th
any girl intervening, is endue
attributed only to crowned h
that he is destined to be skilft
one whose reputation surpasses

"Convenient theme

Which he may tre

Curious conjecture

And either side of

He may a system l

Start new opinions

Or may some simp

And be its patron,

As an attestation and seal of

breast be examined, and lo !

"rainy Pleiades !" visibly imp

This miraculous gift a Fre

testimony to the wisdom of ti

excluded from the inheritance

seventh sons, with whom I was acquainted, there were not cure anything, and the third was firmly persuaded of many diseases, although he had cured none.*
 ut strange remedy for sleep-walking, is monopolized by with their feet first. A benevolent and even sensible privileged "in life's morning march," once rose from mortal illness, to perform the assuaging rite upon the tless grandchild. This she did by stamping nine times," upon his breast.

Descriptions of *evil-eyed* persons, no far-fetched con- led to intimate, that "squint suspicious" and the neighbour's property are never far distant; and with speakers, it requires no *tingling of the ear* to convey the at the course of life is through good report and through wever exist in Northumberland, and perhaps are not h elsewhere, a particular class that fall under this when conducted home to a good man's house, woe!

of the number seven can be traced back to the earliest ages, and to und institutions. Among the Jews it was the symbol of sanctity and ir history, as recorded in the Bible, we have many instances of the In the rites of the Chaldaic nations, it still preserves its pristine had her seven sages—the ancient world its seven wonders—and seven t of the musical scale. Seven cities laid claim to Homer; sevenfold e ample shield of Ajax; the Nile was the seven-headed river; Thebes y; seven was the number of the planets; and the heavens were en circles. At Rome, the number seven was held in much reverence. ys Cicero, "*rerum omnium fere nodus est.*" In the number seven, hers, "there is a mystical perfection that our understanding cannot tue was transmitted unimpaired to the middle ages; seven was the nces, and without seven years arduous study, no education could be n, an ancient Saxon, wrote a treatise on the dignity of this number, e last of the "numerists." In Scotland so much is this number erson is believed sane, unless he have seven senses. Seven planets, ssing an idea borrowed from the Egyptians, govern the universe, and nan. The astrologers but repeated the long established opinion. By destiny is swayed, and in the flow of times and seasons, there is no ntous, than the completion of the series of seven. Sixty-three, the life, is but the crisis of revolutionary septenaries. "Beginning from : were by steps finish a man's life." "Thus hath it fared with num- s Browne remarks, "which though wonderfull in it selfe, and suffi- from its demonstrable affections, hath yet received adjections of : multiplying conceits of men, and stands laden with additions which admit."—Remains of the Rev. A. Nisbet. Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar* rs. B. IV. c. 12. Cicero de Republica. lib. VI. Brand's *Pop.* nd the authorities cited. Wright's *Biogr. Literaria*. Vol. I. pp. 69. V. c. 4. &c.

woe ! to the poultry yard, at
waddlers, that form such a con-
helpmate. These are *the* e
never set a "clutch" of chick
upon an egg, but straightway
Against such let every farm

BY RO

FROM ROBERT



PWA
plianc
vailed
numbe
full d
Glarin
such
as old
point

viceable, retaining their hue for
in a humble sphere of life, who
and who wore it only on holiday
story is still current in a small
of an old veteran in wedlock wh
and who invariably wore the same
his children successively in the
this way before the minister u
vest was the innocent occasio
suggested that each husband of
some time and was not likely to
of obtaining that honour, borrow
coat of his more fortunate neigh

The following stanzas tell the
author, who had purchased a copy
Mr. Roger Hall of the High
handled with considerable freedom
are finely illustrative of the char

Stanzas.



I'THER come, I do invite thee ;
View two vestments I have got ;
know it will delight thee,
of them shall be thy lot.

Alliant scarlet is their colour,
And the buttons gilt wi' gold ;
they hae toom'd my purse o' siller,
And are splendid to behold.

ed adorns the cheeks o' lasses,
Blooming fresh as flowers in May :
ed's the wine that fills our glasses ;
Red's the rising orb of day.

ed arrays the gallant sodger,
Who attracts each lady's heart ;
nd why may not Bob and Roger
Wear the colour and be smart.

ted's the rose that blooms the rarest,
'Mid the dells or cultur'd plains ;
tuby lips are aye the dearest,
When young blood is in the veins.

Elsdon Fair is fast advancing,
There our waistcoats we'll display ;
With the Redesdale damsels dancing,
Skip the gayest of the gay.

When the lilting pipes¹ resounding
Rouse the jocund company ;
Lads and lasses lightly bounding
Join in reelsome revelry.

ted Jamie Allen was then **Piper to the Duke of Northumberland**, and
at Elsdon held on the **26th August**.

Youth's the time
 When the heart
 Youth's the time
 Wine and wome

Now's the time w
 Lithe's the limb
 Time, the thief, w
 But we'll spend

When old age and
 Frail the limbs
 Farewell joys of I
 Dancing day, an

Monkridge hall. 12th Aug. 1

The King



N interest
 in the rive
 which, on
 festive a s
 are led to
 Crown; w
 Countess c
 came into
 trates the

A boy of the name of Moses, born in the ham, commenced his career in life under the name of Mowbray, residing at a property lately purchased by John. The young man acquitted himself so well that he was sent by his master to join a firm extensively engaged in commerce. His qualities were soon discovered and his duties he was advanced to those of a partner in the house, and some time afterward he was admitted into a firm, in Riga, where his integrity and industry led his employers to admit him to a small share.

y with thirty thousand pounds. She dying shortly he married another lady with a like fortune; and ending her, he married a third, who was also mistress d pounds. By this time, Mr. Moses was a man of part of which he laid out in purchasing property in . One of the estates thus acquired is near his nasingham—another in the neighbourhood of Easing-Knitsly, in the parish of Lanchester—and a fourth ows. The issue of his three matrimonial speculations hter. Heiress to such immense wealth, no wonder

Duchess of St. Alban's; and as her property was herself and her children, it descended to her only er, who married Lord Deerhurst, now Earl of

AID OF FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.*

A Border Ballad,

BY THE LATE R. SURTEES, ESQ.,

WITH REMARKS BY J. H. DIXON, ESQ.



WILLIAM HOWITT in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," thus speaks of the late R. Surtees, esq., "Mr. Surtees was a poet of a high order. His ballads are full of a wild and solemn spirit, which recalls the dark days and doings of strange and half savage times; the spirit of the black heath the mountains, and the dirge hymned half by beldame, and half by the midnight winds. With some of he even imposed on Sir Walter Scott, who received with exultation as genuine relics of antiquity, and i them in his "Border Minstrelsy," but inserted them o his metrical romances, and even part of one, the erstonehaugh, in the text of Marmion itself." It since we had looked into our copy of Marmion, but

Border Minstrelsy of Scott, "The Death of Featherstonehaugh."

the passage just quoted induced as Howitt states, viz: that a haugh is inserted in Marmion, a note, as a genuine relic of an may be found in the first canto,

“The whiles a north
Chaunted a rhyme

“*How the fierce Th*

Stout Willime

And Hard rie

And Hughie of Ha

Hane set on Sir A

And taken his life

Scantly Lord Mar

The harper's barbe

BARBAROUS indeed! and withall Inglis,” that we are not surprised one phrase in the ballad, viz: “I induced an antiquary, to suspect

From what Sir W. Scott say appears to the world as having I went the alembic of Abbotsford. to an agent at the Alston mine Mr. Surtees sends it to Scott, th tioned in a passage of the song c

“Somebody came

That somebody

In some newspa

Sir Walter Scott thus writes. ballad was taken down from the age, mother of one of the miner lead mines there, who communic ent, R. Surtees, Esq., of Mainsf for many years; but when she w makings, ‘till the roof rung agai rude rhyme, it is here inserted slaughter, marks that wild and d murder was not merely a casual exceedingly good jest. The st: ‘Fray of Suport,’ having the sar: No doubt of the resemblance! sort of a dish to set before the M gish antiquary not only provides ‘

but sends with it "a full, true, and particular" ingredients! "In explanation" says Scott "of this Mr Surtees has furnished me with the following local 'Willimoteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family rated two miles above the confluence of the Allen and house of strength, as appears from one oblong tower, preservation. It has been long in the possession of mily. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to ut means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was of expences incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' illiam Ridley of Waltown, so called from its situation Roman wall. Thirlwall castle, whence the clan of ed their name, is situated on the small river of Tippell n boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, me from the rampart having been *thirled*, i. e. pierced, t its vicinity. Featherstone castle lies south of the Alston Moor. Albany Featherstonehaugh, the chief family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A ly exist between the Riddleys and Featherstones,* pro- consequences as the ballad narrates. "24 Oct. 22do. quisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup. visum corpus, therston, Gen. apud Grensilhaugh, felonice interfecti, Nicolaum Ridley de Unthanke, Gen. Hugon Ridle, e, et alios ejusdem nominis." Nor were the Feather- their revenge; for 36to Henrici 8vi. we have—*Utlaga- ztherston, ac Thomæ Nyxson etc. etc. pro homicidio Will. ile.*"

"local memorandum" received from Mr. Surtees by orandum" written in a style equal to any annotation 1 that ever emanated from old Rabelais, or from the lsby!

may be said, in extenuation of the literary fraud actised on Scott. Between Scott and Surtees there eatest intimacy. No man was fonder of a good practi- the Border Poet, and the instances in which he palmed ymes as "old songs," "old plays," &c, were neither far between." Scott, we may imagine, had frequently, ersion with Surtees, laughed at these tricks, and we

: descendants of the Featherstonehaughs generally so abbreviate their

can fancy the good humour
clever fellow, a capital hand
hand on you!" How he de
reader is aware! That Surt
"old song" would be ingra
of a note in a Metrical Ro
probably to his dread and su
historian no doubt thought i
dreading lest a breach of fr
at large might take up the a
motives and designs to him,

The head
Was this—



HOOT awa',
Ha' ye he
and
Ha' set upon Alba
And taken his life
There was W
And Hardridin
And Hughie of Hawc
I canno tell a', I
And mony a mair tha

The auld man went c
Run away afore the f
And he run, and
And afore they w
There was mony a Fe
As never was seen sir

I canno tell a', I cann
Some gat a skelp,² an

¹ Pronounced

² Skelp—signifies *slap*, or rather is the *san*

gar'd the Featherstones hand their jaw,³
 , and Alick, and a'.
 a hurt, and some got nane;
 harness, and some gat sta'en.⁴

IV.

a twist o' the craig;⁵
 a dunch⁶ o' the wame;⁷
 aw gat lamed of a leg,
 ran wallowing⁸ hame.

V.

at, the auld man's slain outright!
 now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrowful sight.
 at, thou donnot,⁹
 lay my best bonnet,
 as a new gude-man afore it be night.

VI.

ay, lads hoot away,
 be hangid if we stay.
 the dead man, and lay him ayint the bigging.
 e's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,¹⁰
 his great bull's pizzle,
 pp'd up the broo', and syne—in the piggin.¹¹

³ A vulgar expression still in use.—Scott.

r were plundered; a very likely termination to the fray.—Scott.

ck. ⁶ Punch.

⁷ Belly.

⁸ Bellowing.

⁹ Border bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain
 which he seems to think might be soon repaired.—Scott.

Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This
 order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping

¹¹ An iron pot with two ears.—Scott.



Biograph

ROBERT CLARKE

FROM THE MONTHLY



PRIVATE
 liar worth
 even stre
 terest, w
 pher; bu
 ior a cas
 when tho
 cised in
 comes a
 tues we may imitate, and the
 emulation and improvement.

In goodness of heart and ability, few men, within the same age, were equal to **ROBERT CLARKE**. From his knowledge and ingenuity in the sciences, he came into notice, he inherited a genius for philosophy, and in very early life he was engaged in the imitative arts. At the period when he was engaged in agriculture in Scotland, after at Dalton, in the county of Northumberland, over at Belford, in Northumberland, the eye of his father, the bent of his application to those objects as he came so conspicuous: for, at a perfect knowledge of the French language, indispensable to the completion of the researches of science with a view to open a way to independance the nation, his father was induced to study medicine, as an apt state for the time. The commencement of his profession at Newcastle upon Tyne, with a view to the different professors; among which, chemistry, seemed to have peculiar science to which he became j

ery considerable degree of proficiency. In 1787, he as an assistant to a medical practitioner in Sunderland continued about twelve months. The two followed him in the employment of Mr. George Midford, of whose gentleman's opinion of Mr. Clarke's abilities and talents, may be best gathered from a circumstance that some time after, when Mr. Midford politely offered him an introduction to his friends and connections at Morpeth, partly by the removal of a Mr. Hawden, who had succeeded in a tender of his services in any way that Mr. Clarke was disposed to accept of. This occurred at a time when other prospects in his view, induced him to decline the engagement. He was, however, attracted the attention of Dr. Keith, with whom he entered into a scientific and friendly correspondence, and whose good offices were eminently useful to him on future occasions.

Before he quitted Morpeth, his father died at Leith, and he received subscriptions for a course of lectures in natural philosophy, which were obstructed by his declining health and subsequent dissolution. Mr. Clarke soon proceeded to offering to return the subscription-money or to deliver himself, the latter was preferred; and, from every advantage, he was induced to believe the subscribers were much gratified and the masterly way in which he acquitted himself on the subject. For a lecturer, indeed, he was well qualified, uniting to his father's theory and experiments, a good elocution, a clear mind, and a forcibly interesting manner. Mr. Cuthbert, then for many years publisher of "The Astronomical Tables for Sunderland, Shields, Newcastle, Leith, &c." this table survey of the places for which the tables were adapted annually by our young philosopher, with the most exactness, till the winter of 1796, when other objects of attention he was induced to discontinue the publication. He entered into another professional engagement at Sunderland, continued about two years; and where the cultivation of friendships, and a growing estimation of his talents and the destiny of his future life. At this time he distinguished himself by his activity and assistance in the establishment of a manufactory at that place; for which, and for his successful treatise on "suspended animation," he received the thanks of the committee and was elected an honorary member of the institution. The engagement closed in the spring of 1793, about which time he was employed in drawing plans necessary to the specification for a "Machine Rope Manufactory," since estab-

lished, on an extensive scale, in The state of dependence to which he was deemed unworthy of his liberally offered to support him : completion of his medical and carried into effect in the October dissections of Dr. Keith introduced several of the most eminent practitioners as dissecting pupil to Mr. John Bell, whose intelligence and unwearied application to gain the approbation, and especially that able and ingenious professor connected with his professional life by his diligence and observation—nothing was neglected which seemed fitted to practice with success : that, in which his interest and his efforts fixed him.

On his return to Sunderland : practice ; and very soon had the society supported. A Dispensary being established at that time, the solicitation of many of his own abilities, together with John Bell, induced him to offer to become surgeon, to which a numerous body of his pretensions. But an objection—over which, however, at length he drew a veil—had influence enough to prevent of some, on that occasion, we believe he never, entirely, lost sight of.

His professional avocations did not prevent his other scientific pursuits, but rather his combined knowledge of surgery and the inductive of practical utility. A key-tooth-instrument, and the aniquet of M. Savigny were among the first. The principles upon which they were communicated, the ingenious Anthony Carlisle in the "Medical Facts and Observations" was received by professional : the usual mode of working pumps, and at length, attracted his attention ;

proportion to the muscular labour employed. His friend soon pointed out an improvement in the use of a screw, and making the action the same with that of rowing, once, to the superior ease as well as muscular power so employed. This was successfully carried into effect, on ship, the Archimedeia of Sunderland, and an ample plan, with requisite engravings, was published after the "Repertory of Arts." During the construction of this work, the cast-iron bridge at Sunderland, in which Mr. Clarke was, upon different occasions, consulted, excited, and his opinions generally received attention. His favourite amusement, to present a token of respect to a friend, and at the same time to preserve some means by which so vast an arch was turned, he was to make a drawing of that elegant structure previous to the taken down. In this design, beauty and accuracy were fully blended, that with all the general effect of an exercise, every block of iron of which the outward range was every piece of timber of which the scaffolding was framed, and of stones in either buttress might be minutely distinguishable to the admiration of all who saw this drawing, and the attention of the gentleman* immediately concerned in this useful structure, induced him, with some reluctance, to send, together with a companion print of the Bridge in the plate. The two beautiful aquatinta plates, with a plan of the parts, now before the public are ample proofs of his minute application, and will remain monuments of his skill and general execution, and what must very much increase the richness and versatility of his talents, the writer of this volume, from his personal knowledge, that though he had practised drawing with a view to anatomical representation, his first attempt at landscape and perspective.

As a man of genius and talents was now fully established, a rapidly increasing practice promised amply to reward him when his friends, with extreme concern, saw in him the symptoms of a consumption. In the spring of 1797, these alarmingly gained ground, and he was urged by his friends, to try a change of air: his consent could not be obtained, as a removal was considered as no longer advisable. At his approaching dissolution long attended him, and at last he committed his papers to the flames; amongst

Rowland Burdon, Esq. M. P. for the County of Durham.

which was an anatomical work, progress. Occasionally the vigour of his love of science to the last was before his death, in a conversation of early period nature had frequently feelingly observed, "she has put

His illness gained fast upon him on the 24th of February he closed his eyes, regret of numerous admirers of his science sympathising in the fate of departing

He was a man of virtue and mind, and with an intense sensibility excelled in correct delineations of relations; and his drawings of apparatus, through all their minutiae, were accurate and beautiful. His powers of excitation received impressions with keenness, modified by his own peculiar sensibility, least, equally forcible. His mind objects of magnitude and interest proportionably raised, and was in discussing, his eye brightened, whole countenance became in one, in whom an inventive genius, active application, were dignified disposition, and a heart of uni-

A Life preserved a
FROM THE "C"



hook, in order to his makin

OH
coa
La
ma
La
ho
mo
to
sh

pit, casting up very strongly a thick dense vapour, in the attempts of laying hold thereof, and, by his centre of gravity, unsupported, too far over the mouth he unfortunately fell to the bottom; a depth of 42 yards.

On his falling, a cart was sent for, to convey the body. A person had ever been known to survive such an accident; but, to the great surprise of the other colliers, on being hoisted to-bank, or drawn out of the pit, in a corf, and after recovering in some degree from the violence of the fall, he was uninjured, neither to have a broken or dislocated bone or external wounds, or even marks of contusion; yet the rigour of the human frame had received such a shock and from the momentum of his striking the bottom, that he was unable afterwards to walk without the assistance of two

very pretty jolly man at the time of the accident, of about 40 years of age, and survived it about twenty years, getting his liveliest old shoes, not being able to work any more in the

They have attributed this very remarkable escape to the retardation met with in falling from the force of the strong up-cast in the pit, having retarded the acceleration of his descent. I think that reason of little consequence; it ought rather to be ascribed to his having fallen perpendicularly, and without having been deflected and reverberated from side to side in the shaft (as happens when any thing is dropped down a pit), and from striking the bottom in the most favourable position for the preservation of his head, &c., and the consequent saving of

very remarkable, that he broke the strong chain on the rope at the bottom of the pit, consisting of links, made of round iron, near 1/2 of an inch diameter. On his being asked concerning his escape during the fall, he said he descended very smoothly; the descent was confined only to a few seconds, it cannot be said that he could, during so short a space of time, employ the imagination in any considerable degree.

de's Colliery, March 5, 1788.

JOHN BUDDLE.

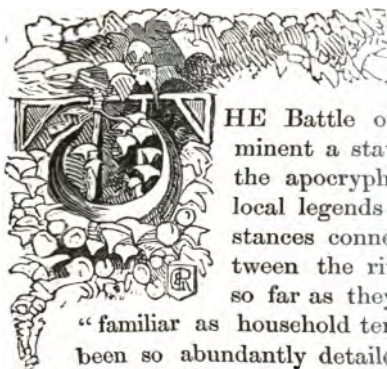


THE LEGEND C

A Northumbrian

BY JAM

"I have saved th



THE Battle o
minent a sta
the apocryph
local legends
stances conn
tween the ri
so far as the
"familiar as household te
been so abundantly detail

tition here would be a work of su
are only necessary to give the fol
increase the interest of the orig
ment. Legitimate history at the
light, or what painters term gen
of itself, without the aid of conje
this and the subsequent battle
ham, when the Lancastrians again

"The earthqu
To them the br

Mr. Wright, in his History of
points out the scene of action, &
it is yet a pertinent question—
fought?" From the *known* inci
Hedgley Moor, it may be inferred
indeed, the very circumstance of
sufficiently strengthens the hypo
most stern and uncompromising
the field. The very name almost

the most turbulent spirits on the English borders,
to untameable excitement.

as the name that oft hath cast
r when given to the blast ;
as the charger when the tide
ple strife rolled far and wide ;
vengeful blades were thickest flashing,
was seen in fury dashing !—
havoock's fiend was wildest raving,
is dreaded plume was waving !
the yell and shout were loudest,
is banner soared the proudest !—
s the name that many a hill
ottish glen remember still ;
the bugle's blast, and the ban-dog's howl,
the turretted raven and owl !
rieks below, and fires on high
ed the troubled and startled sky,
ledon's sons the foe was nigh.—
who deemed not aught was done,
vere fled and all was won ;
ew not parley nor retreat,
work of victory was complete !

Vide Service's Reminiscences.

was the only nobleman of the red-rose party who
ity of his vow inviolate to Henry, and "the bird
ed to his own honour ; and who, when basely
Hungerford and Ross, obstinately maintained his
gasp, and "foremost fighting fell" among the
To him may be applied these lines of Milton :—

————— " Faithful found
le faithless, faithful only he ;
numerable false, unmoved,
, unseduced, unterrified,
he kept, his love, his zeal ;
er, nor example, with him wrought,
from truth, or sway his constant mind,
gle."

THE LEGEND



AIR morn betide the
 "Fair morn betide the
 Up spoke the fa
 "Chief! in this
 "Through the dark night hou

"Chief! to the battle plain sp
 "Far be from Hedgley thy p
 "A vision comes o'er
 "Hosts gather before
 "The mighty rush on—but tl

"Ho gallants! a Seer!" quot
 "Knight and squire, page and
 "The voice of a strang
 "Warns PERCY from
 "Fly, fly we like cravens—s

"Ha!" cried the wizard then
 "Yet again, and but once, lis
 "Trust not the Ross's
 "Shun the dark Hung
 "Fly the proud Montacute—

"On," said the PERCY, "and
 "Burst like a storm on the r
 "Accurst be the omen
 "Parts foeman from fo
 "Stout hearts for the red rose

Darkly they serried their line
 Darkly they closed, and the l
 Rung on the sighing g
 Many a dying wail;
 Steel clash'd on hauberk—sha

Many a goodly steed masterle
 Many a rider lay reeking in

a bloody hand
 he red bill and brand,
 it fell to rise never more !

chieftains rush—lo ! where the proudest fight,
 through the phalanx bounds fearless and first—
 banner far streaming
 rescent is gleaming,
 his hands through the serried links burst.

l is the crescent's light—lo ! where he bleeding lies !
 e words he recklessly braved ;
 ye his glazing eye,
 e his dying cry !
 he bird in my bosom I've saved."

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

a pillar commemorative of the death of SIR RALPH PERCY, who was
 e of Hedgley Moor, in one of the contests between the Yorkists and
 e year 1463, when nearly all the vassal population of Northumberland
 The cross stands in a field on the east side of the road leading from
 ler, and at a short distance to the north of the 21st milestone. The
 d Lucy and other heraldic insignia are rudely sculptured on the four

Of the dark grey stone,
 Now shattered by time and rugged grown,
 Memorial of deeds gone by,
 Yet woos the passing wanderer's eye—
 Lone vestige of the mighty past !
 Upreared by long-sepulchred hands,
 Like monarch old in exile cast,
 In ruined majesty it stands—
 Casting an aspect of the tomb,
 A shade of monumental gloom,
 O'er the rude heath, that far and wide,
 (As travellers' weary eye may ken),
 Scarce shews a trace of human pride—
 A distant residence of men.
 'Tis sculptured with devices o'er,
 And mottoes of the brave of yore ;
 But there time's wasting breath hath been,
 And the winter winds of heaven keen,
 And the tempest's rush and the drenching rain,
 That will not beat for an age in vain,
 Mouldering the artist's toil away,
 Wasting all in slow decay.

'Tis of the PER
 That dark gro
 It bears the PER
 For near its b
 And there, whe
 Dark Hedgley, c
 Oft have I linge
 That died in
 Seemed laden w
 O'er that lone
 And oft imagina
 Dim through the
 Dark shadowy sc
 Each wielding in
 The semblance o
 As if the spirits
 Who found on H
 To mourn above
 That bears their

ENI

A. RICHARDS







